Jan. 24, 1959

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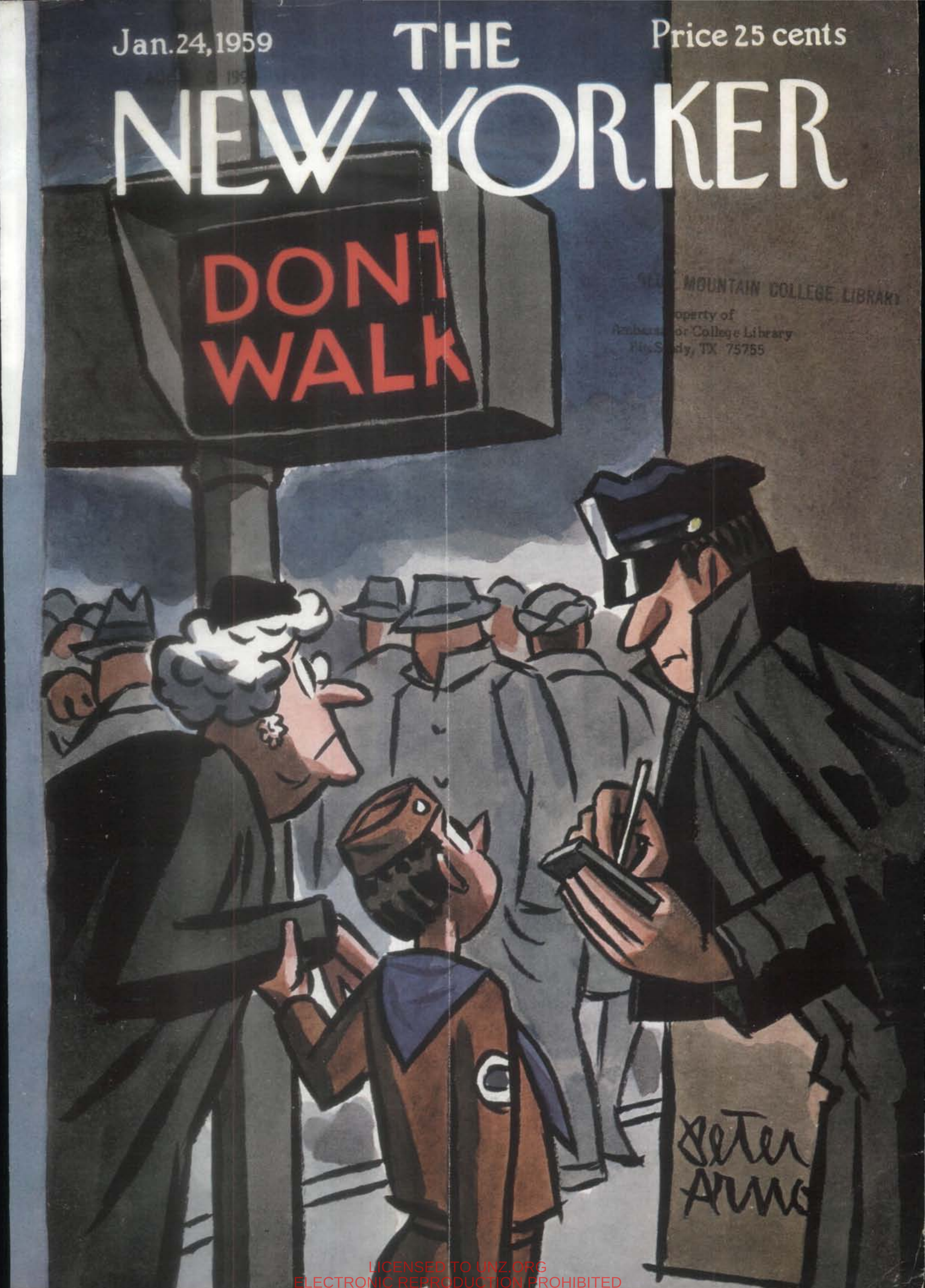
THE NEW YORKER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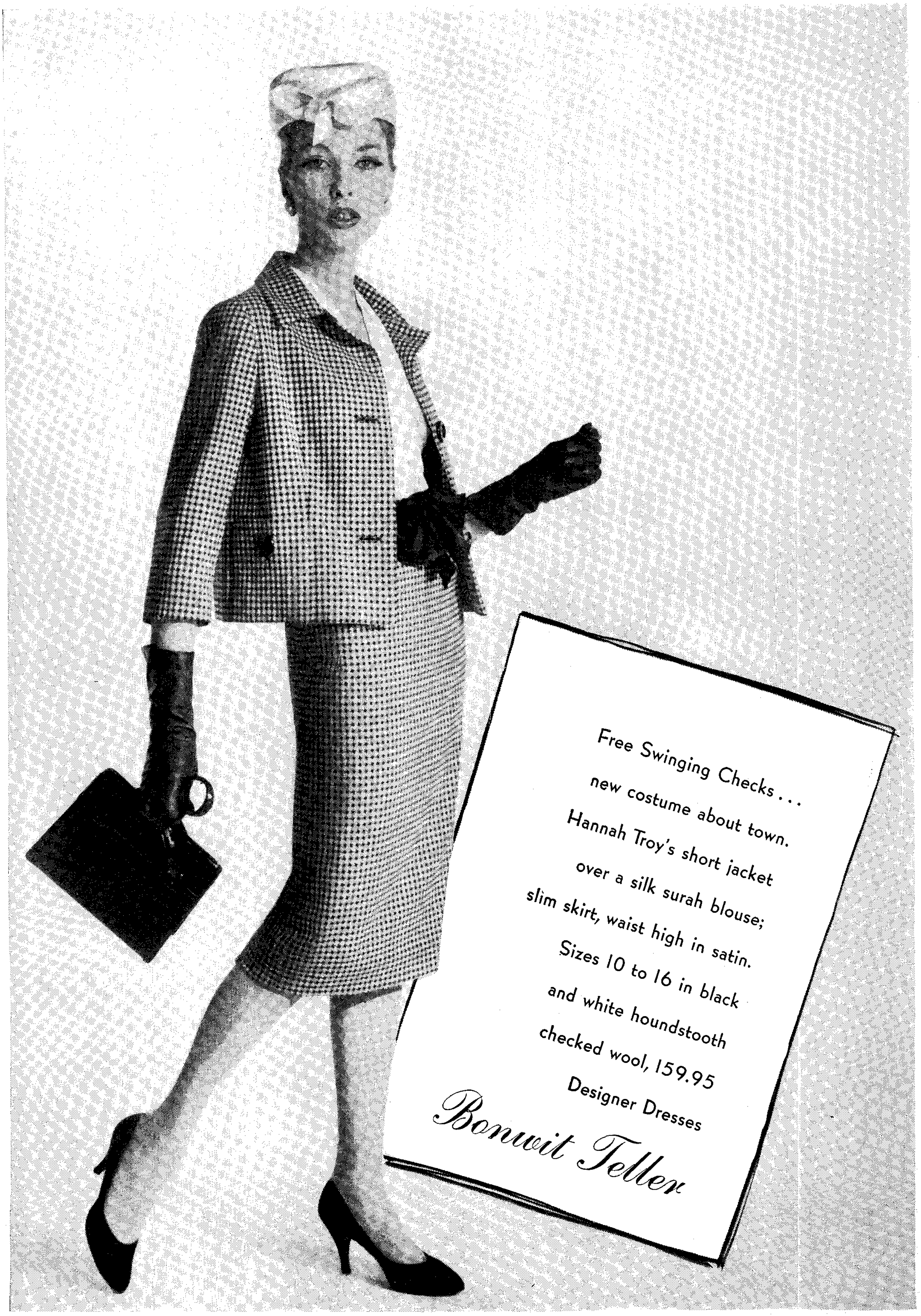

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Ages of Man—John Gielgud in a solo show taken from Shakespeare's sonnets and plays. Presented for a five-week engagement by Jerry Leider, in association with Tennent Productions, Ltd. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Final performances Saturday, Jan. 31.)

The Cold Wind and the Warm—Eli Wallach shares top billing, but Maureen Stapleton, as a *gemütlich* matchmaker, is the best thing about S. N. Behrman's play, which looks back in rather mushy charity on the author's childhood. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Disenchanted—The last days of a great writer, lover, and drunk, distantly related to F. Scott Fitzgerald. Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit have written some memorable scenes for Jason Robards, Jr., though the play as a whole misfires. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—Back on Broadway after a quick initial closing, this is a candid, moving study, by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton, of a sardonic young artist living off a Philistine family. Robert Stephens, full of spleen and pathos, appears alongside Eileen Herlie in this excellent British import. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Gazebo—Walter Slezak and Jayne Meadows are the leading participants in Alec Coppel's frail comedy thriller about a television writer who gets mixed up in an alleged murder. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Girls in 509—Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are ingratiating in a play by Howard Teichmann that tries, without much success, to make sensible fun of the world of politics. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 24.)

J. B.—The Book of Job, confusingly modernized by Archibald MacLeish but vividly acted by Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer, and Raymond Massey. Elia Kazan's direction is stunning. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—Leslie Stevens' examination of the behavior of American husbands and wives is at its best when Julie Newmar, a statuesque and scientific siren, is trying to break up the home of Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, a couple of college professors. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 25.)

Once More, with Feeling—The professional and domestic doings of an eminent conductor who is even more difficult than most. An occasionally mildly amusing farce, but also rather flimsy. Arlene Francis, Joseph Cotton, and Joseph Buloff participate. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

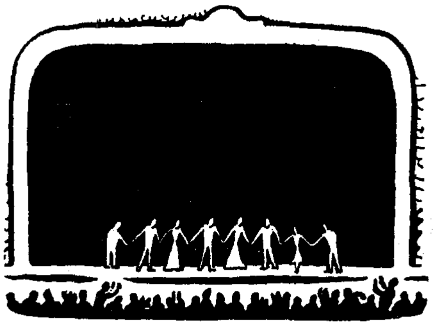
The Pleasure of His Company—A somewhat heavy-handed comedy by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, having to do with hearth and home in San Francisco. It benefits from the direction of Cyril Ritchard and also from his presence in the cast. Mr. Ritchard has the help of Charlie Ruggles, Walter Abel, Dolores Hart, and Miss Skinner. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Third Best Sport—A dishevelled comedy, by Eleanor and Leo Bayer, about Organization Men at a convention in Florida. Celeste Holm, as a worried company wife, is funny whenever the script permits it, which is seldom. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Touch of the Poet—A strong, slow dose of posthumous Eugene O'Neill. With Helen Hayes, Eric Portman, Kim Stanley, and Betty Field. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The World of Suzie Wong—The brothel that is the scene of this commonplace play is full of high-minded people played by hard-working actors, including France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**look homeward, angel**: The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, stripped down to its essentials by Ketti Frings. Currently with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **sunrise at campobello**: Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **two for the seesaw**: William Gibson's piece about a couple of lonely people in New York. Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft serve as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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MUSICALS

Flower Drum Song—The new musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein concerns a romantic imbroglio in San Francisco's Chinatown, and shows the great men at less than their best. Pat Suzuki, Miyoshi Umeki, and Larry Blyden perform brisk salvage work. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Goldilocks—Jean and Walter Kerr's reconstruction of how things were in the early days in movieland. Loud and sometimes funny, with a score by Leroy Anderson. Elaine Stritch, Don Ameche, Russell Nype, and Pat Stanley head the cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

La Plume de Ma Tante—An unpredictable Parisian revue in which Robert Dhéry, assisted by Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, Jacques Legras, and several lively girls, explores the fringes of Surrealism with extravagantly comic results. The language, where there is language, is English. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Whoop-Up—An earsplitting musical about life among the contemporary Indians, with clever performances from Susan Johnson, Danny Meehan, and Paul Ford. The music, by Moose Charlap, is as raucous as the direction, which was done by Cy Feuer. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing**: Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **jamaica**: A West Indian idyll with Harold Arlen songs and Lena Horne to sing them. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the music man**: Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for this musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady**: Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes are at present the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **west side story**: "Romeo and Juliet," moved uptown and set to music. Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley lead the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Rashomon—A play by Fay and Michael Kanin, taken from stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. The cast, directed by Peter Glenville, includes Claire Bloom, Rod Steiger, Oscar Homolka,

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 49, January 24, 1959. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1959, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and Akim Tamiroff. The producers are David Susskind and Hardy Smith. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 27. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

Tall Story—A new comedy by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, suggested by "The Homecoming Game," a novel by Howard Nemerov. Hans Conreid and Marc Connelly are in the cast, Herman Shumlin is the director, and Emmett Rogers and Robert Weiner are the producers. Opens Thursday, Jan. 29. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Requiem for a Nun—William Faulkner's dramatization of his novel, starring Ruth Ford and Zachary Scott, which has previously been seen in London. Directed by Tony Richardson and produced by the Theatre Guild, Richard Myers, and Julius Fleischmann. Opens Friday, Jan. 30. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, Jan. 25: "La Bohème."... ¶ Starting Friday, Jan. 30: "Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Antony and Cleopatra—Bare-stage performances of Shakespeare's tragedy, put on by the New York Shakespeare Festival, with George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst in the title roles. (Heckscher Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Feb. 7. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Judson Morgan head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:30; Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Fashion—Enid Markey and Will Geer in a revival of a comedy by Anna Cora Mowatt, with a score by Deems Taylor. (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Hamlet of Stepney Green—The mantle of the Melancholy Dane descends upon the son of a Jewish herring merchant in this pleasant and extremely promising first play by England's Bernard Kops. The cast, which is excellent, includes Michael Gorrin, Dino Narizzano, and Jeanette Roony. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Héloïse—The British playwright James Forsyth has abstracted a splendid drama from the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. It is competently, if not spectacularly, performed by a cast that features Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag as the celebrated lovers. Henry Kurth's ingenious sets turn a tiny stage to good account. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

Ivanov—A thoroughly rewarding production of one of Anton Chekhov's lesser plays, in which the tedium of provincial life is charmingly scrutinized to the ultimate stifled yawn. Paul Stevens is first-rate in the difficult title role. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, in which William Shust, Audree Rae, and Helen Jean Arthur appear. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

The Man Who Never Died—Joe Hill, the union martyr who figures so prominently in the dreams of folk singers, is framed by a crew of heartless reactionaries, and pursued by them through court after court. The playwright, Barrie Stavis, might have made his point with a great deal less jurisprudence. Mark Gordon plays Joe Hill. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

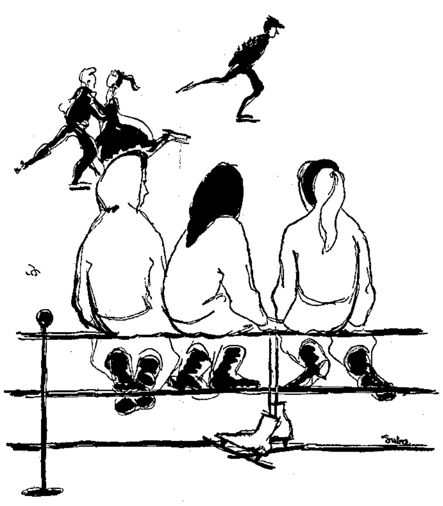
Many Loves—Three shrewd prose playlets within a verse play, and all by William Carlos Williams. Viewed as an exercise in intelligent entertainment, the production is perfectly satisfactory; as an exercise in dramaturgy, somewhat less so. Judith Malina, George Miller, and Ronald Durling are featured in the cast. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Mistresses and Maidens—A double bill, "Maidens and Mistresses at Home in the Zoo," by Meade Roberts (with Leueen MacGrath), and "Song of Songs," by Jean Giraudoux. (Orpheum Theatre, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. GR 5-8807. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

On the Town—Harold Lang and Pat Carroll in a revival of the 1944 musical, with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Leonard Bernstein. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. JU 6-7663. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Power and the Glory—The power, if not the tarnished glory, of Graham Greene's novel has been transferred intact to the stage by Denis Cannan's and Pierre Bost's intelligent adaptation. Fritz Weaver is magnificent as the slovenly and discreditable Mexican priest who is hunted to a martyr's death during the anticlerical outbreaks of the nineteen-thirties, and he receives excellent support from his co-workers. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)



The Quare Fellow—Brendan Behan's rather discursive comedy drama about life and execution in an Irish prison is redeemed by a great many mordant studies of convicts and their keepers. The large and capable cast includes Lester Rawlins, Roy Poole, Bryan Herbert, and William Myers. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

She Shall Have Music—A musical with a book by Stuart Bishop, music and lyrics by Dede Meyer, and a cast that includes Lawrence Weber, Skedge Miller, and Betty Oakes. Opens Thursday, Jan. 22. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price, Christiane Felsmann, and Paula Stewart. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Time of the Cuckoo—Kathleen Maguire and Robert Pastene in Arthur Laurents' revised version of his comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Thursday and Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Jan. 24.)

'Tis Pity She's a Whore—A revival of John Ford's Jacobean tragedy, which contains a profusion of plots, stratagems, and murders, but which, when the last corpse has been cleared away, doesn't seem to mean very much. Ursula Stevens and Christopher Drake play the unhappy siblings, and Martin Kosleck plays the villainous Vasquez. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

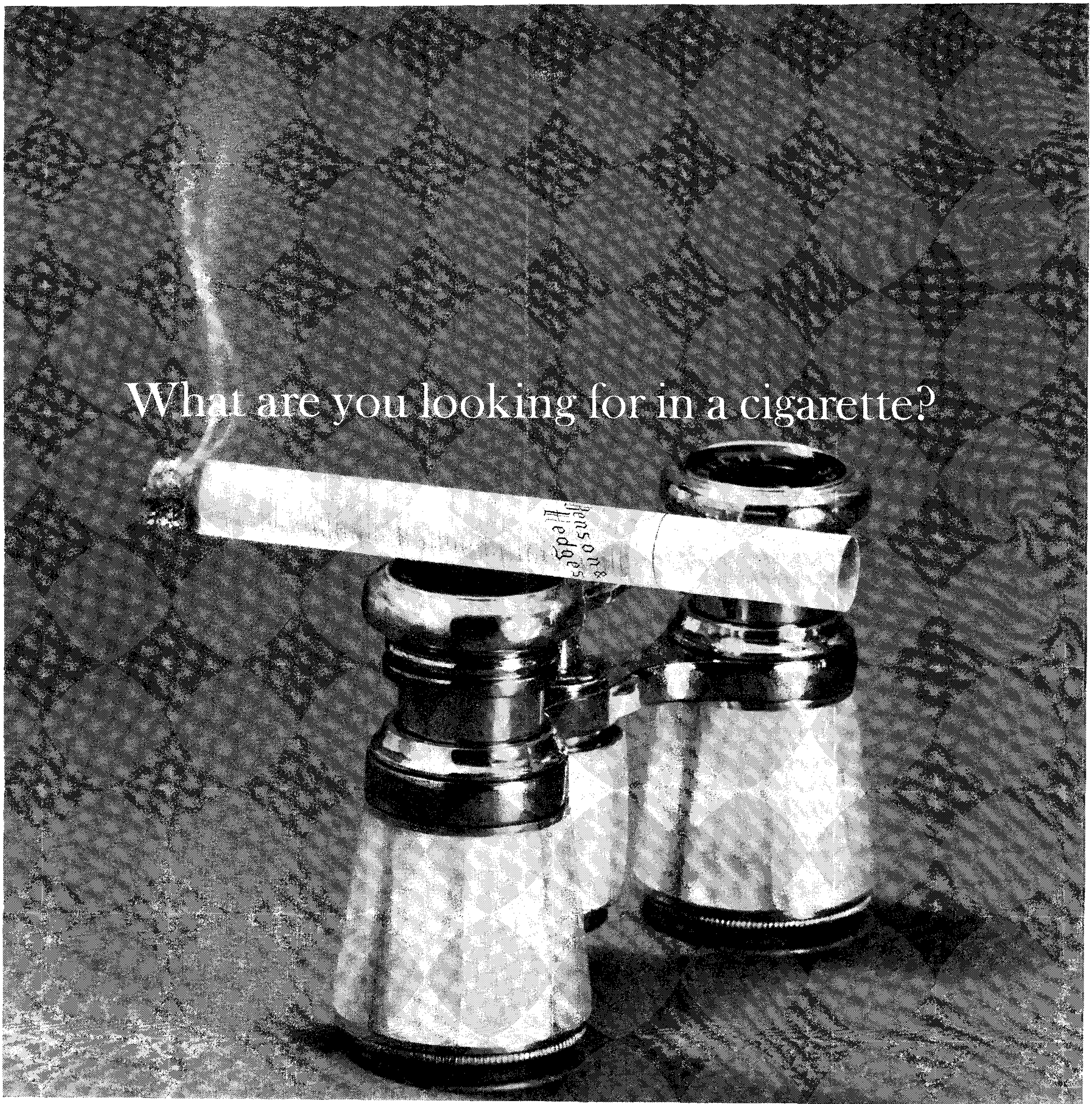
BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 22: "Fanfare," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 23: "Agon," "Apollo," "The Cage," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 24: "Square Dance," "Souvenirs," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 24: "Interplay," "The Cage," "Pastorale," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 25: "Swan Lake," "Native Dancers," "Firebird," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 25: "Scotch Symphony," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 27: "Gounod Symphony," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Native Dancers," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 28: "Native Dancers," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 29: "Swan Lake," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Agon," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 30: "Gounod Symphony," "Pastorale," "Native Dancers," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 31: "Swan Lake," "Fanfare," "Pas de Dix," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 31: "Fanfare," "Apollo," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Dance Recital—Geoffrey Holder and his company, the Juilliard Dance Theatre, and Midi Garth. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Betty Comden and Adolph Green—Songs and sketches of their own concoction. (Golden,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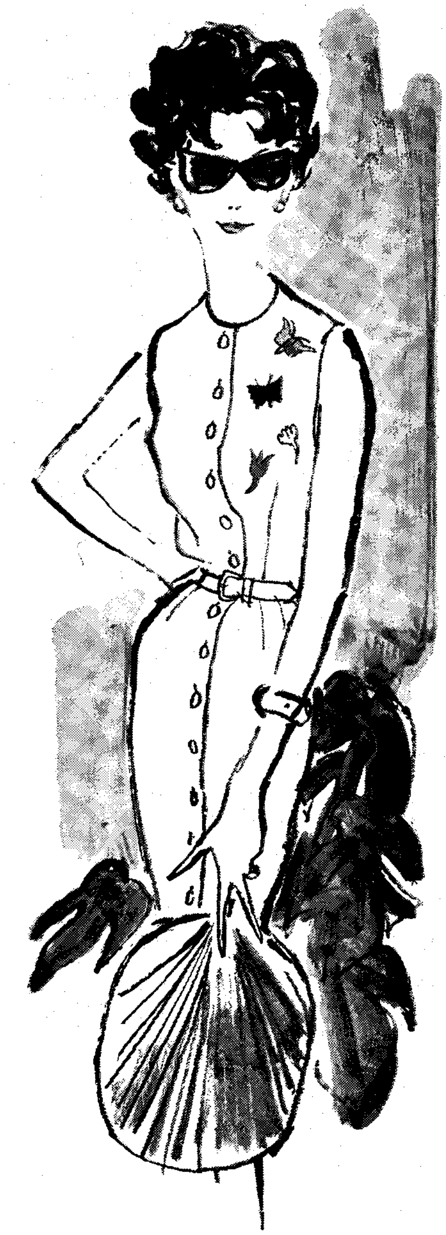

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45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Saturday at 2:45. Final performances Saturday, Jan. 24.)

ICE SHOW—"Ice Follies of 1959." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Am Tel & Tel 235½, up ⅜; Gen Motors pf 108¾, up ½; US Steel pf 151, up ¾. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra keep any curiosity seekers from hearing what the customers and the customers' men are saying.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The sound of America—the brave and gay new world of Jerome Kern—before the rockers and rollers came on the scene is presented at nine-thirty (and also at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays) in the Cotillion Room by the stalwart voices of Mark Dawson and Jim Hawthorne and the tremulous voice of Lois Hunt. Music for dancing comes from the bands of Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a daily hoofers' haven. The wherewithal is the product of a small group of musicians, usually Stanley Worth's.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Carol Channing, a fine, upstanding broth of a girl, will raise the roof of the Persian Room for the last time on Tuesday, Jan. 27. Next evening's arrival will be Lilo, a Parisienne chanteuse whose native sod could just as well be on the left bank of the Hudson, the Missouri, or the Monongahela. Showtime for both ladies is dinner and supper. Ted Straeter's band, just about the best dance instructor we own, is around most of the evening, along with Mark Monte's effervescent minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which is town-and-country in both scenery and populace, presents dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, starting at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's light cavalry plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either glen.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his family tree, which often sounds the way a potted palm looks, are doing the dance tunes in the mighty Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the pomp-and-circumstance Maisonette, Margarita Sierra, a small Latin counterpart of salt-and-pepper, sings with art and ease at dinner and supper. The tiny dance bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari keep up their animated conversation all evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, his piano, and his dance band are tinkling away in the Café Lounge. The music goes on at the cocktail, the dinner, and the supper hour every day of the week.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, as good a winter palace as you'll find anywhere, has Chauncey Gray's orchestra alternating with Quintero's band for dancing after nine, and there is dinner music earlier. Closed Sundays.

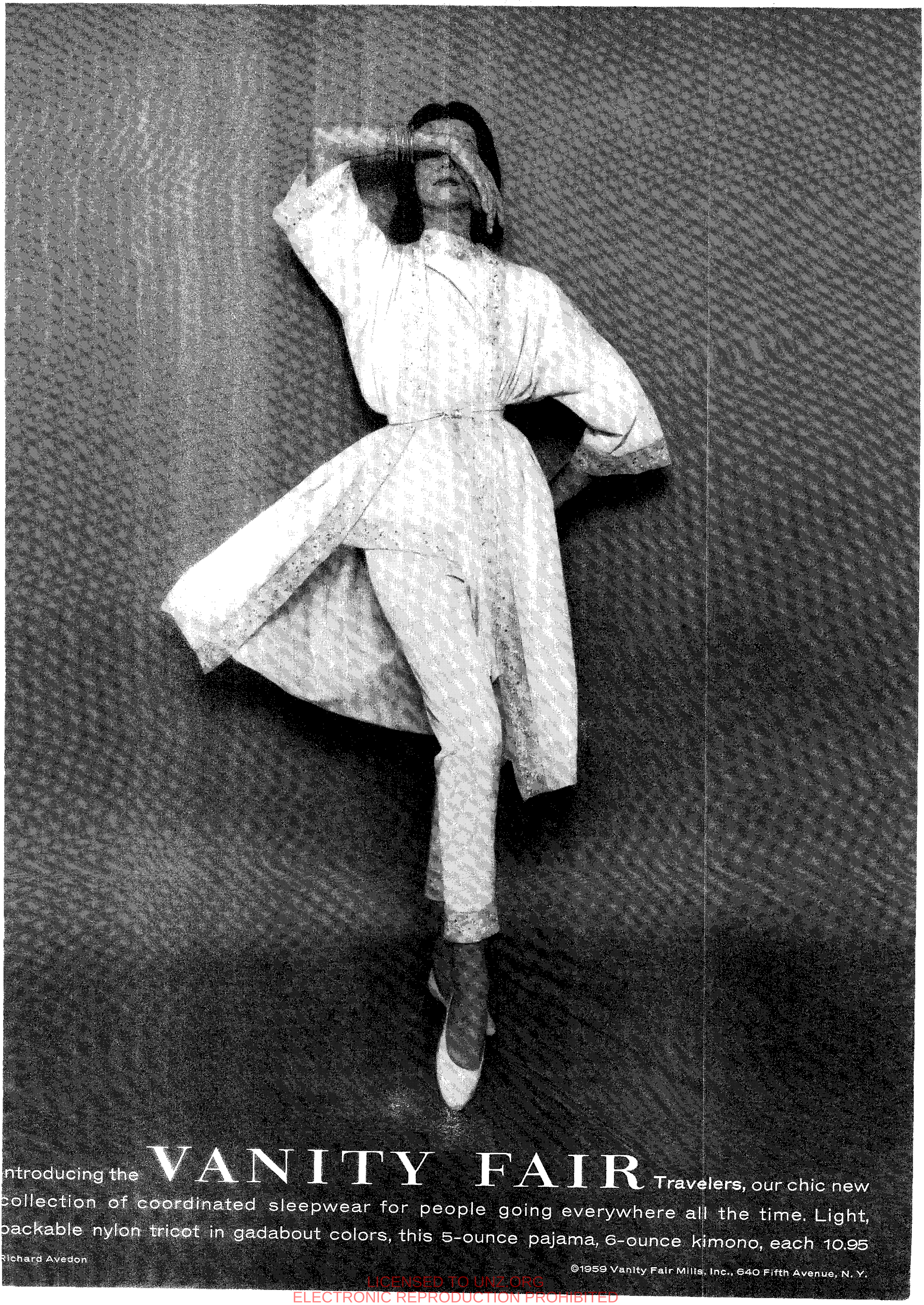
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Eartha Kitt, tempest in a teapot, nightingale, and cat that walks by itself, gives her final performance in the Empire Room on Saturday, Jan. 24. On Monday, Jan. 26, Edith Piaf, international lady of sorrows, will begin her requiems for the living. Opening night is a benefit for the French Hospital. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's band do dance music full blast the whole evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one segment of Peacock Alley, a many-chambered nautilus, the trio of Jozsi Ribari plays listening music (Mondays through Thursdays) and dance music (Fridays and Saturdays) from seven until twelve. Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band is the dance master.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, the chalet at the summit of the Rockefeller Range, presents canapés, cocktails, and brandy, but no St. Bernards. It operates from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday, and Joseph Sudy's trio plays drinking songs most of the time. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Johnny Mehegan, whose innermost thoughts call for complex fingerwork at the keyboard, is on piano from nine to one in this high-style enterprise; Addison Bailey, a long-term resident, does an earlier shuffle, from five to eight-thirty. Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The inmates, who are judging only by hearsay, will tell you there's nothing west of Jersey City but buffaloes, Indians, and Carry Nation. At the back end of the awning-striped dining room, after nine, the eminent Rack Godwin extracts precocious counterpoint and humor from what looks like a perfectly innocent piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational school for social research, open (naturally) from cocktail time on. Bob Printz plays piano from five to seven-thirty, and Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders alternate after that, sometimes with four-handed galops. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, deaconess of the art of singing for one's supper (eleven is her check-in time), treads many a green pasture and stirs many a verdant memory on her journey through the small hours. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, is also a calm, collected soloist on the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): It's even money whether you get a napkin or a violin tucked under your chin in this Roman villa. The employees, who all have violins and will travel, move from table to table under the jurisdiction of Theo Fanidi. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Ralph Strain, choosing his portfolio and his chords with care, is at the piano in one of our better midtown drawing rooms from six to eight and from ten to one or two in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAYBILL**, Eighth Ave. at 44th St. (PL 7-6100): Cy Walter, headmaster of the solo-pianists' guild, is in the upper-level bar from five-thirty to eight-thirty and in the lower-level dining room, which is red in the face from a surfeit of plush, after ten every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain, you come to think, is a never-never land of all play and no work, with emphasis on song, dance, and the pursuit of happiness. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A drawbridge and moat are the most recent additions to this medieval refectory. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The Iberian Peninsula in miniature, and some of its indigenous arts—cuisine, piano, and guitar—in full size. The music begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): At ten in this tongue-in-cheek little art gallery, Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, which puts a bit of jump into its most sentimental journeys, and Cecil Young's duo, which is happy-go-lucky all the time, remove their dust covers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): An evening-long seminar on how to play the zimbalon, an instrument that is now one with the whooping crane. Even the headwaiter sings in the course of a long but cheering musicale. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): On the whole, *haut monde*. At frequent intervals from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two, there's piano by George Feyer, whose music is in the Tinker Toy vein. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of

ntroducing the VANITY FAIR **Travelers,** our chic new collection of coordinated sleepwear for people going everywhere all the time. Light, packable nylon tricot in gadabout colors, this 5-ounce pajama, 6-ounce kimono, each 10.95

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a chipper pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten.... **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, with a piano on his hands from five to eleven, gives it some reasonably lively touches. Closed Sundays. ... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose circuit runs as far afield as South America, is now at the north end of his orbit (the room called Casino-on-the-Park), where he plays nourishing piano from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday.... **COAT OF ARMS,** 140 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1820): Enough garden walls to persuade you that you're dining outdoors. Marty Berns is at the piano weekdays, and Joe Moon is in charge of it on Sundays. The music begins at seven and ends at one.... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Al Mello scampering most effectively up and down the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays. ... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Not only violin but song, delivered at the table while you wait. The deliverers are apt to be European; the landscaping is Louis XXX-boudoir. Dancing from ten-thirty. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A ship of extravagant state, staffed by travel-folder scenery, dancers of fever-heat energy, and a gaggle of glorious young ladies in remarkably practical work clothes. There are also thoroughly professional performances by Jaye P. Morgan, a truly outgoing canary, and her Morgan Brothers; by Harry Mimmo, a pantomiming buffoon; and by Francis Bruun, whose handiwork (all in a juggling vein) is manifestly superhuman. Dancing.... **CASA CUGAT,** 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): A new pleasure dome, dedicated to two projects—(1) Good Neighbor music, from the fox trots of Charles Holden's Manhattan band to the Latin pulsings of Xavier Cugat's orchestra, and (2) Good Neighbor cookery, from the forty-ninth state (Baked Alaska) to the Caribbean (papaya). Pretty, cool, and comfortable, and full of taut dance tunes between six-thirty in the evening and four in the morning on weekdays and between eight-thirty and three on Sundays. There are also Saturday and Sunday matinées, from three to six.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jimmy Durante, as venerable a menace to peace and calm as Moby Dick, is taking this old cellar apart so thoroughly that all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot put it together again. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dorothy Loudon, whose chants are a blend of antic hay and grapes of wrath, leaves no lyric unturned in the course of her glorious rampage. There is also humor from the yesteryear of vaudeville by Bob Lewis, not to mention the graceful Portuguese folk music of Los Indios Tabajaras, direct from the Brazilian hinterland, and the team of Little, Dane, and Mason, who sing with almost aggressive enthusiasm. The Little, etc., squad signs off on Tuesday, Jan. 27, and the Kingston Trio, those vocal California spoofers, return the next evening. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard provide the background. Fridays and Saturdays, the romp begins as early as nine-forty-five.... ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty conducts his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, every night except Saturday and Monday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's also a catch-as-catch-can session by the Lyons group.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): As wise and witty a fools' paradise as was ever devised. It offers, at nine-thirty and twelve, the fools to prove it—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall, who populate a completely Inside New York revue put on by Julius Monk. The pit band is the pianos of Jay Thompson and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Katie Lee, looking like a young matron in town for a matinée but sounding like an analyst with an overdose of truth serum, breezes in to sing after the theatre. The admirable double pianos of Stan Keen and Carl Norman are the other embellishment of this Julius Monk pavilion. The bar opens at five, the piano music starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A chaste and ornamental Florentine school of cooking that tries its hand at being a supper club late in the evening. Calm, clear piano by Dick Hankinson from dinnertime on; after the theatre, there is purposeful song by Greta Rae, plus the brisk, pungent piano of Herman Chittison. On Fridays and Saturdays, Enzo Lembo, as Italian as chicken *cacciatore*, adds his voice to the proceedings. Closed Mondays. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Mickey Deems, whose discourse tends to indicate that domestic bliss is the most perilous of all occupational hazards, tells his tales of woe in the bar every evening but Sunday. Betty McNamara, who sings, has Monday to herself. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, sit down to the twin pianos whenever anyone else pauses for breath.... **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The mock *chinoiserie* that forms the décor at the rear end of the Midtown Café is as much fun as the balladry of Janice Mars, who never lets her composers down. The piano is run by Baldwin Bergersen, one of the aforesaid composers, and Gene Hunt, a Jack-of-all-trades, including ragtime. They get to work after the theatre Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, the Tarriers, a guitar-and-piano foursome, are the amusement. Matinées Sundays, three to six.... **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Matt Dennis, from whose pen have flowed such romantic lullabies as "Violets for Your Furs" and "Everything Happens to Me," is proving that his voice and piano are as mighty as his pen. Jack Kelly's trio assists Mr. Dennis, who, by the way, takes Sundays off.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): There are, after all, still moments of unalloyed joy on this Village green, as when Mae Barnes goes to bat against an array of popular songs, when Alice Ghostley pours forth, in ballad form, an analysis of the chaos in the minds of most ladies of Manhattan, and when Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames prance through their music for madmen. Tony and Eddie, wild and woolly wearers of sock and buskin, venture into earsplitting pantomime both pure and impure, and Jimmie Daniels, entrepreneur of this unruly horde, attempts some boulevardier ballads once in a while. The intermission pianist is Murray Grand. Closed Mondays.... **DEN IN THE DUANE,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): The philosopher's stone melts easily in the mouth of Milt Kamen, cosmic commentator and sidewalk humorist. Little, Dane, and Mason, now at the Blue Angel, arrive here on Wednesday, Jan. 28. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The doorstep is just south of the border, and so is most of the populace, onstage and off. In the back room, there's Panchito's Latin dance band and a show of sorts (mostly Latin, too); in a bustling alcove beside the bar, a Costa Rican guitarist named Ray Tico sings his happy heart out. Things get going around nine; Sundays, the sole operation is a Latin tea dance from three to eight.... **CAFÉ SAHBRA,** 253 W. 72nd St. (TR 3-1276): It's practically an Israeli consulate, replete with indigenous folk and folkways, especially on weekends. The transcendent voice belongs to Shoshana Damari, whose vivid arias favor her native tongue; the badinage, in a more familiar tongue, comes from Leo Fuld and Jackie Clark. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Be patient through the early doldrums of the miniature revue ensconced here, and the reward will be a fairly merry climax. Merry all the way through (thorough brush and thorough fire) are Ellen Martin (a chip off the Old Nick), Lynne Stuart, and Sheila Smith. Performances at nine-thirty and at twelve. Closed Mondays.... **LE CUPIDON,**

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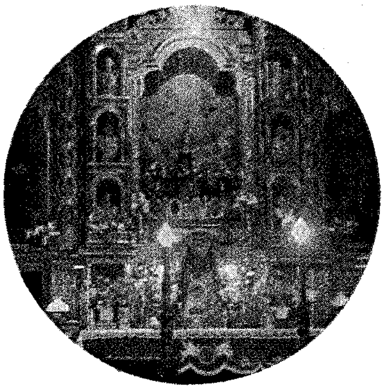

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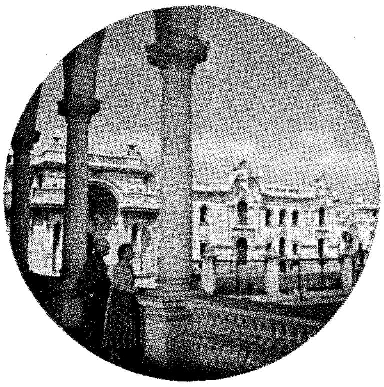

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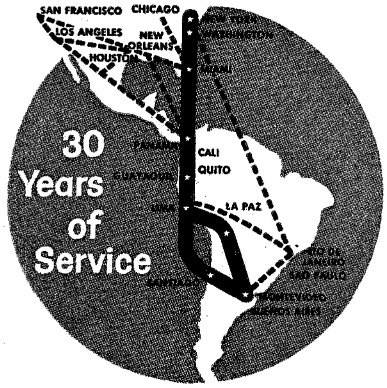

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40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Every midnight but Monday, Gigi Durston's well-remembered voice is raised in song, along with the tenor of Kuldip Singh, first and only crooner from Pakistan.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The Battle of Jericho is reproduced with such fidelity that you can actually hear the walls come tumbling down. Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin are on the firing line, and Mr. Condon, the proprietor, often joins in with his one-man school of anecdotal-style guitar. Bob Hammer is the interlude professor at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Though the Dave Lambert Singers (Jon Hendricks and Annie Ross are Mr. L.'s aides-de-camp) sound like a good old-fashioned saxophone section half the time, Nat Pierce's trio is on hand to give them coals-to-Newcastle backing. They depart on Sunday, Jan. 25; Sonny Rollins' trio comes in on Tuesday, Jan. 27. Orson Bean, who can't read a note, acts as master of ceremonies, spirit of questing youth, and *triple-sec* wit. Sundays, there are matinées, four-thirty to seven, as well as the nighttime sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Undaunted by the pine panelling of this satire on Camelot, the Dukes of Dixieland, a seven-man segment of nobility, give their all, and that's aplenty. They and Peter Appleyard's quartet will knock off on Saturday, Jan. 24. On Monday, Jan. 26, Bob Scobey and his Frisco band, a famous Dixie settlement on the West Coast, will move in, along with Teddy Wilson's exemplary trio. Sundays, other playboys have the use of the hall. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): The way Bourbon Street looked back in 1900 to Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Wilber Kirk, and other ancestor worshippers. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and visiting brass shoots the evening breeze every Monday. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, who heads the trio at work within the oval bar, sometimes paints his piano every color of the rainbow, but underneath it all he is a masterly technician. Ten-fifteen is starting time. No music Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, a name that tells all, are clanking their hammers and tongs in one of our oldest hollow oaks. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some venerable musicians, trying to break the sound barrier into kindling. The disorderly parties are usually Claude Hopkins, Tony Parenti, J. C. Higginbotham, Red Allen, and Buster Bailey. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays. Sunday afternoons, and Monday and Tuesday nights, another deal—a group headed by Roy Eldridge, J. C. Heard, and Coleman Hawkins. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The triple-jointed fingers of Billy Taylor, hugging all eighty-eight keys at once in a fond if furious embrace, are the real reason for dropping in on the back room. He and Gene Rodgers alternate on the podium. Both players have trios. The Rodgerses are off Sundays, the Taylors are off Mondays. Their music, which is new-school, begins at nine. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Ernestine Anderson, whose soprano does not reside under a bushel basket, and Urbie Green's band exit on Wednesday, Jan. 28. A day later, Chris Connor will resume her broken-field running through her repertoire of jazz ditties, and Mundell Lowe's quartet will begin its hymns to the mutations of the new music. Jam sessions Mondays, which are layoff days for the regulars. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A primer of Early Americana, setting forth the facts in broad, sweeping, but readily comprehensible statements. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, the faculty should include Jo Jones, Charlie Shavers, Willie the

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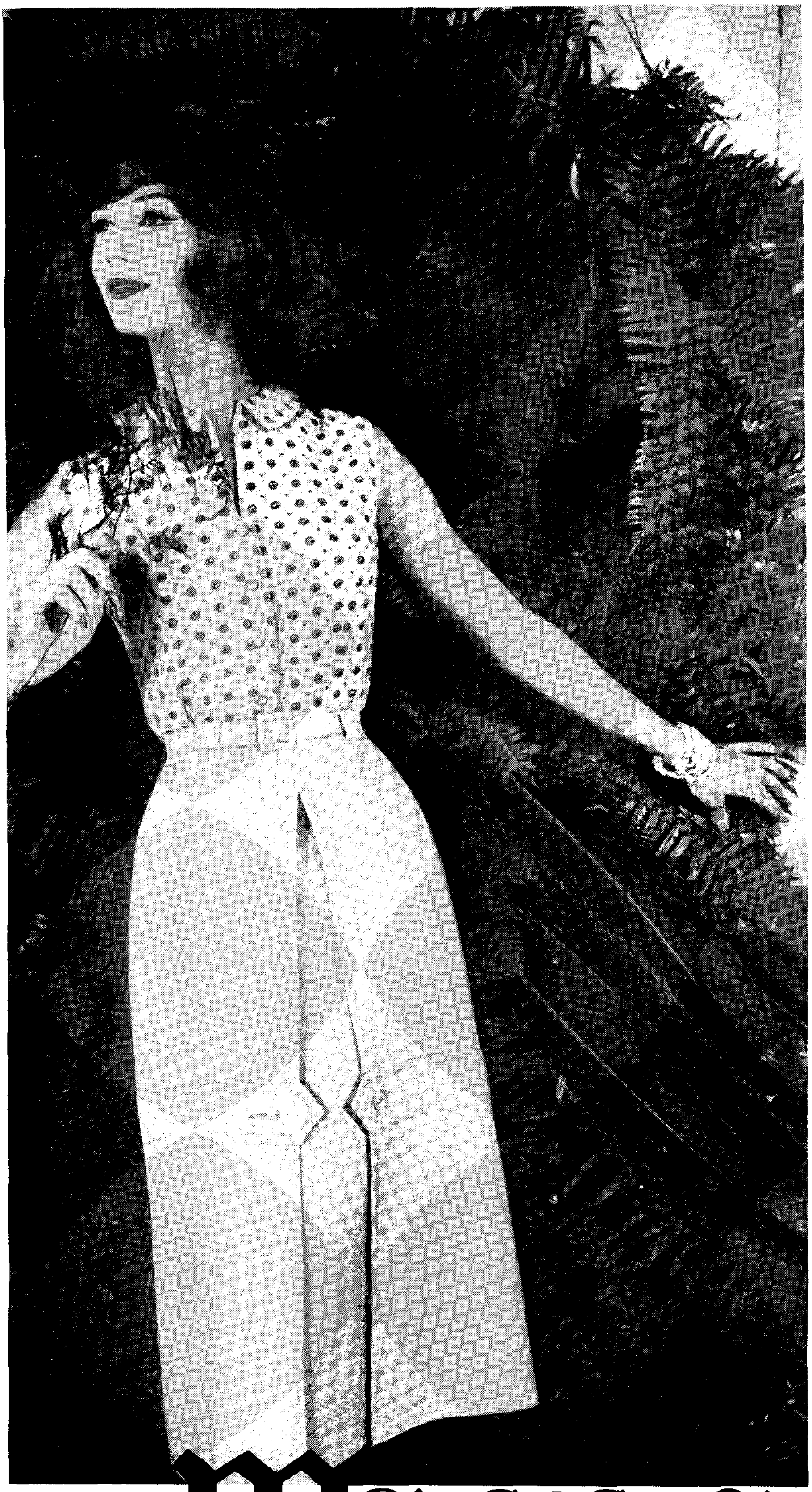

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Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Panama Francis, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, and Dick Wellstood. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A trifle hard of hearing, mostly because some convention or other is always underfoot. The Jonah Jones quartet, a star boarder here, and Charlie Beal's trio bow out on Saturday, Jan. 24. Their heirs and assigns are not yet designated. Eight-thirty is the usual tee-off time. Other faces, other paces on Sundays. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A study hall for serious students. The principal speaker is the quintet of Zoot Sims (Mose Allison is his first mate), which occasionally sinks deep into its own mystique. Closed Mondays. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): Collectors of entertaining curiosa may wish to know that Blossom Dearie, her childlike voice, and her witty piano are part of the melee here, the rest of which you can take or leave alone. She vacations on Mondays; Jacques Kayal, a soft-spoken pianist and tenor, vacations Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CAMERON BOOTH—Abstract canvases; through Feb. 7. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

GANDY BRODIE—Landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

DORIS CAESAR—Bronzes, mostly small, including a set of her recent studies of flowers; through Feb. 7. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

KAY CHRISTENSEN—Delicately fanciful paintings by a contemporary Danish artist; through Feb. 7. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—New paintings and drawings, mingling angels and pi-mesons; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

NASSOS DAPHNIS—Non-objective paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

ROBERT DELAUNAY—A lively revival of paintings by one of the early French abstractionists; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Large abstract oils; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St.)

CLEVE GRAY—Impressions of Spain; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

MARION GREENWOOD—Paintings on Mexican and Haitian subjects; through Feb. 7. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Drawings and lithographs; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

HANS HOFMANN—Early works, dated 1940-47, by the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

KAETHE KOLLWITZ—Drawings, etchings, posters, and woodcuts; through Feb. 7. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER—A small, neat showing of oils, water colors, and drawings of two decades—1919-29 and 1944-54; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

GEORGE MCNEIL—Large, swirlingly colorful Abstract Expressionist oils; through Feb. 7. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

BERNARD MEADOWS—Sculptures by one of the younger British artists; through Feb. 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

BEN MEYERS—Abstract oils, most of them based on flower patterns; through Thursday, Jan. 29. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.)

SUE MITCHELL—Impressionist landscapes and flowers; through Feb. 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

CYRIL OSBORNE—Chunky, colorful abstractions, by a contemporary English painter; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

JULES PASCIN—"The Nude," a show comprising twenty-seven oils, largely loans; through Feb. 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

AD REINHARDT—Abstract paintings exploring the variations of black on black; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE RICKEY—Intricately fashioned, ingenious new mobiles; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—Bits of junk raised to artistic levels, in a new set of his imaginative welded sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

VICTOR VASARELY—Abstractions; through Feb. 17. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—Oils and water colors covering this retired artist's considerable career from 1895 to 1932; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St.)

FRITZ WINTER—Abstract oils, mainly naturalistic in impulse, by a German contemporary; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

AUDUBON ARTISTS—Their seventeenth annual, containing works in various mediums by both members and non-members; through Feb. 1. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Collages and constructions by, among others, Jasper Johns, Bruce Conner, and William King; through Saturday, Jan. 24. . . . **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Four walls covered by four Abstract Expressionist paintings (by Sam Francis, Fritz Bultman, Michael Goldberg, and Alfred Leslie), plus a single sculpture by John Chamberlain; through Feb. 14. . . . **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: A painting apiece by Jackson Pollock, Robert Motherwell, Josef Albers, and five other Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY,** 131 W. 55th St.: The sixth annual exhibition of water colors, chosen this time by John von Wicht, Chen Chi, and Mario Cooper; through Friday, Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PARSONS,** 11 E. 57th St.: "Paintings for Unlimited Space" (large oils) by Ellsworth Kelly, David Budd, Agnes Martin, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by, for instance, Ben Benn, Jules Pascin, and Joseph Stella; through Saturday, Jan. 24.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Painters and sculptors, including Alan Davie, Afro, Mirko, and Bernard Rosenthal; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About two hundred and forty works by Winslow Homer, on loan from museums and private collections; starting Thursday, Jan. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Recently acquired prints by Matisse, Klee, Kirchner, and seven other European artists; through March 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—A selection of paintings submitted for the 1958 Guggenheim International Award, including some of the winners; through Feb. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Primitive sculptures in metal, among them bronzes from Benin, in Nigeria, and pre-Columbian goldwork from Central and South America; through Feb. 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Oils, sculptures, woodcuts, and lithographs by twenty-eight contemporary Danish artists. After Sunday, Jan. 25, the Museum will be closed until Sunday, Feb. 1, when there will be a new exhibition. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Four Amer-

Gerald Hochman
a FABERGÉ presentation
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ican Expressionists": Sculptors Doris Caesar and Chaim Gross and painters Karl Knaths and Abraham Rattner; through March 1. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 22, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Regina Resnik, Sebastian Feiersinger, Otto Edelmann, Giorgio Tozzi, and Karl Doench. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Cesare Valletti, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Martha Lipton, Dimiter Uzunov, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, George London, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Antonietta Stella, Jean Madeira, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Margaret Roggero, Eugenio Fernandi, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Vanessa," with Eleanor Steber, Rosalind Elias, Regina Resnik, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2: "Lohengrin," with Lisa Della Casa, Margaret Harshaw, Brian Sullivan, Walter Cassel, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, Mario Zanasi, and William Wildermann.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Sir John Barbirolli conducting performances of Elgar's oratorio "The Dream of Gerontius" on Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 23, at 2:30; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3 (all with Maureen Forrester, contralto; Richard Lewis, tenor; Morley Meredith, baritone; and the Westminster Choir). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 30, at 2:30; and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30 (all with Leonard Rose, cello).

American Opera Society—Nicola Rescigno directing a performance of Bellini's "Il Pirata," in concert form, with Maria Meneghini Callas, soprano; Piero Miranda-Ferraro, tenor; Constantino Ego, baritone; and others. A benefit for the American Opera Society. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing a program of Spanish Renaissance music by Tomás Luis de Victoria. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Rudolf Firkusny and Erica Morini—A program of sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The fourth concert in the series, this one by the Kroll Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, from 4 to 7.)

Saidenberg Chamber Players—Daniel Saidenberg conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Società Corelli—Italian string orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-59—The first in a series of eight concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff, violin; the New Art Wind Quintet; and composers Vincent Persichetti, James Redding, Wallingford Riegger, and Charles Wuorinen. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Stanley Babin—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3.)

Sunday Concert Society—The fifth in a series of eight concerts, this one by the Claremont Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 5:30. For tickets, call PL 7-0782.)

Charles Lassueur—Swiss pianist. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Renato Bonacini and Robert Conant—Violin and harpsichord, in a Bach-Mozart program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Renata Tebaldi—Soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Beatrice Krebs—Contralto, in the second of three lieder programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

Festival Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Note—Joseph Szigeti will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 1, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 26, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Les Jazz Modes quintet, with the Asadata Dafora African dancers. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Tony Anthony vs. Reuben Vargas, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 30. *Preliminaries* at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 7:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Detroit. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2:30. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.) . . . ¶ Philadelphia vs. Cincinnati and Knicks vs. St. Louis. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 7.)

Track Meets—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Jan. 23, at 7:30. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.) . . . ¶ Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **New York Philharmonic**: Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Jan. 24, at noon.) . . . **Brooklyn Philharmonia**: Siegfried Landau conducting, with soloists and a chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 3.)

Plays—By the **Pilgrim Productions**: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 11.) . . . **Merri-Mimes**: "Sleeping Beauty." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave.

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at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **THEATRE EAST:** "I Wish I May," Saturdays at 1:30....¶ "Star Bright." Saturdays at 3:15. (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220.) ... **THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Clown Face." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30 and Sundays at 1.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Sky Is the New Frontier," reviews the conquest of space thus far and previews this year's astronomical events. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene on Friday, Jan. 30. In the meantime, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY, PROSE, AND DRAMA READINGS—At **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, Y.M.H.A.: Mary McCarthy reading from her own works. Thursday, Jan. 22....¶ Stephen Spender reading from his own works. Thursday, Jan. 29. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Evenings at 8:30.)... **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** A group of actors, sponsored by Peggy Wood, in a reading of Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell." (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—Everything to please the boating enthusiasts, including a fleet of some four hundred and thirty craft and an assortment of nautical fittings and trappings to go with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 22-23, from 2 to 11; Saturday, Jan. 24, from 11 to 11; and Sunday, Jan. 25, from 1 to 7.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—Among this year's exhibits are a Louis XVI dining room, a Duncan Phyfe Federal New York group, and an Early American house and garden. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement, the Stepney Camp, and the Winifred Wheeler Day Nursery. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, from 1 to 11; Sunday, Jan. 25, from 2 to 9; Monday, Jan. 26, from 1 to 11; and Tuesday, Jan. 27, from 1 to 9.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, at 1:45, and Friday, Jan. 23, at 10:15: Part II of the Arthur J. Sussel collection—American furniture, Oriental Lowestoft porcelain, Gaudy Dutch ware, Georgian cut glass, brass and iron implements, portraits and prints, and decorative objects....¶ Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 1:45: First editions by English and American authors, books on natural history, and other literary material; from the library of Mrs. Constantine Johnston Sorsbie.

I could shoot myself

all she wants from me

is seamless stockings

by Hanes

don't give up, boy, just give! the price is right.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny version of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are first-rate, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 27, tentative.)

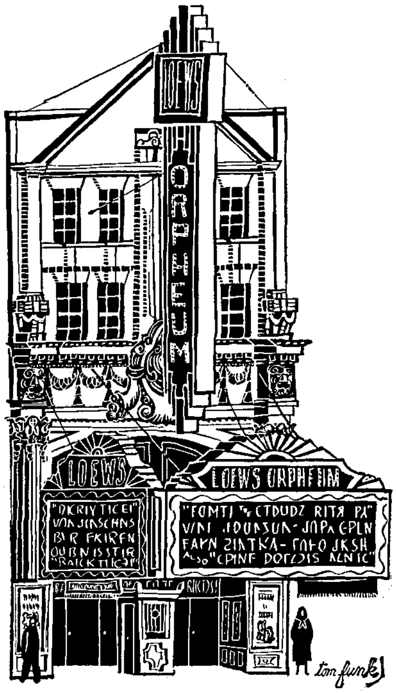
The Case of Dr. Laurent—The subject of natural childbirth explored in a French film that is at once dramatic and enlightening. As an Alpine village doctor who proves that this method of parturition is feasible, Jean Gabin is a memorable figure, and Nicole Courcel is most convincing as a young woman who agrees to follow his instructions during her pregnancy. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 27, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Jan. 25-27, tentative.)

The Defiant Ones—At the outset of this picture, a pair of convicts, one white and one black, escape from a Southern prison farm chained together, and from there on, what with the prisoners despising each other's color and a posse hot on their heels, quite a head of melodramatic steam is built up. Admirably directed by Stanley Kramer, the movie also has the advantage of a pair of strong performances by Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis in the central roles. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through Jan. 27, tentative.)

Gigi—Plenty of chromatic views of Paris, a lot of nice songs, and some beguiling acting by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, and Louis Jourdan distinguish this adaptation of Colette's novel about a girl who snares the richest and handsomest buck in Paris after being trained by her family to become a courtesan. Alan Jay Lerner is responsible for the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Cecil Beaton for the costumes. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

He Who Must Die—A fine French film, directed by Jules Dassin and based on a novel by Nikos Kazantzakis, that relates movingly and dramatically the story of some Greek peasants who become so intense about the roles assigned to them in a Passion play that they begin to behave like New Testament characters. Photographed on Crete, the movie is wonderful to look at, and is excellently acted by a cast that includes Pierre Vaneck, Melina Mercouri, Gregoire Aslan, and Fernand Ledoux. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Horse's Mouth—Joyce Cary's novel about a modern artist who can't conform to current conventions has been adapted by Alec Guinness, who also performs as the artist in question. Mr. Guinness does better as actor than he has done as adapter, but nevertheless the film adds up to a stimulating piece of work. With Kay Walsh, Renee Houston, Robert Coote, Veronica Turleigh, Mike Morgan, and Michael Gough. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)



The Inn of the Sixth Happiness—Ingrid Bergman taking a sentimental journey from London to China as an English parlormaid with the fixed idea that she has been ordained by the Lord to take the Word to the heathen. Miss Bergman is delightful as the missionary, and the others in the cast are uniformly agreeable. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Me and the Colonel—Danny Kaye is most ingratiating in this pleasant comedy based on S. N. Behrman's play. It has to do with the lively adventures of a Jewish refugee fleeing the Nazis after the invasion of France in 1940. In company with the refugee is a Polish colonel (Curt Jurgens) who is none too bright, and a French girl (Nicole Maurey) who has eyes for both her escorts. The direction, by Peter Glenville, is altogether satisfactory. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 25-26. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Jan. 28.)

Pather Panchali—An on-the-spot depiction of life in a village in India. Extraordinarily affecting, after a slow start. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Roots of Heaven—Trevor Howard, playing a man dedicated to saving elephants, gets quite an odd assortment of characters to assist him in combatting ivory hunters in Africa. Directed by John Huston, the film is lengthy, but it does have its tense moments, and the actors supporting the capable Mr. Howard—among them Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Orson Welles—are all sound performers. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Jan. 22.)

Separate Tables—An intermittently effective adaptation of the Terence Rattigan play about some sad and lonely people in residence in a seedy hotel in Bournemouth. The cast is headed by David Niven, Deborah Kerr, Wendy Hiller, Burt Lancaster, and Rita Hayworth. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Seventh Seal—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, this Swedish film makes a fascinating business out of a depiction of morality in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging throughout Scandinavia. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 24.)

Witches of Salem—Jean-Paul Sartre's version of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," a drama about witchcraft and theocratic oppression in the Salem of 1692, may not have much in common with our notions about the way things were in New England in the old days, but it has quite a few dramatic episodes. A good cast is led by Mylene Demongeot, Simone Signoret, and Yves Montand. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; Jan. 22.)

REVIVALS

The Awakening (1958)—Anna Magnani as a nun whose love of a small boy induces her to forget her obligations to her order. An Italian film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 27-28.)

Five Fingers (1952)—Spy stuff, with James Mason as the sneaky one. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 25-27.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 27.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the King. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 22.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 22.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years"—Through Jan. 24, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Male and Female" (1919), directed by Cecil B. deMille, with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 25, showings at 3: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), with Douglas Fairbanks and Anna May Wong. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
SEPARATE TABLES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Buccaneer," Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston, Claire Bloom.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"A Night to Remember," Kenneth More.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Geisha Boy," Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald, Sessue Hayakawa.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Some Came Running," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Bell, Book and Candle," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Rally Round the Flag, Boys!," Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

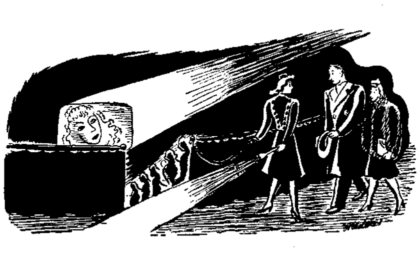
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Perfect Furlough," Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Keenan Wynn.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Anna Lucasta," Eartha Kitt, Sammy Davis, Jr.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES



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25	26	27	28			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 27 (tentative): **THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT** (in French).
From Jan. 28 (tentative): "The Night Heaven Fell" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Jan. 27: "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy; and "Enchanted Island," Dana Andrews, Jane Powell.
From Jan. 28: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy; and "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 24 (tentative): "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien.
Jan. 25-27 (tentative): **THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT** (in French).
From Jan. 28 (tentative): "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Jan. 22: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.
Jan. 23-27: "Party Girl," Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse; and "Dunkirk," John Mills, Richard Attenborough.
From Jan. 28: "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "As Young As We Are," Robert Harland.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Doctor's Dilemma," Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 27: "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy; and "Enchanted Island," Dana Andrews, Jane Powell.
From Jan. 28: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy; and "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Bell, Book and Candle," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"My Uncle" (in French), Jacques Tati.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
HE WHO MUST DIE (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 28: "La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Jan. 22: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.
Jan. 23-27: "Party Girl," Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse; and "Dunkirk," John Mills, Richard Attenborough.
From Jan. 28: "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "As Young As We Are," Robert Harland.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 27 (tentative): **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**
From Jan. 28 (tentative): "The Night Heaven Fell" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 25: "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy; and "Enchanted Island," Dana Andrews, Jane Powell.
Jan. 26-27: "Girl in the Woods," Forrest Tucker; and "Eighteen and Anxious," revival, Mary Webster, William Campbell.
From Jan. 28: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy; and "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Jan. 22: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.
Jan. 23-27: "Party Girl," Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse; and "Dunkirk," John Mills, Richard Attenborough.
From Jan. 28: "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "As Young As We Are," Robert Harland.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Jan. 24: "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "The Female Animal," revival, Hedy Lamarr, Jane Powell.
Jan. 25-26: **ME AND THE COLONEL;** and "Paradise Lagoon" (formerly called "The Admirable Crichton"), revival, Kenneth More, Diane Cilento.
Jan. 27-28: **THE AWAKENING** (in Italian), revival; and "The Last Ten Days" (in German), revival, Albin Skoda, Oskar Werner.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 27 (tentative): "Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.
From Jan. 28 (tentative): "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
PATHER PANCHALI (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Jan. 22: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.
Jan. 23-27: "Party Girl," Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse; and "Dunkirk," John Mills, Richard Attenborough.
From Jan. 28: "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "As Young As We Are," Robert Harland.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 24: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish); and "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.
Jan. 25-27: **FIVE FINGERS,** revival; and "David and Bathsheba," revival, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.
From Jan. 28: **ME AND THE COLONEL;** and "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Jan. 25: "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy; and "Enchanted Island," Dana Andrews, Jane Powell.
Jan. 26-27: "Girl in the Woods," Forrest Tucker; and "Eighteen and Anxious," revival, Mary Webster, William Campbell.
From Jan. 28: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy; and "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Nine Lives" (in Norwegian), Jack Fjeldstad.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Marianne of My Youth" (in French), Marianne Hold.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
SEPARATE TABLES.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Jan. 22: **WITCHES OF SALEM** (in French).
From Jan. 23: "The Sins of Rose Bernd" (in German), Maria Schell, Raf Vallone.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE HORSE'S MOUTH.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 27: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.
From Jan. 28: "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "As Young As We Are," Robert Harland.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 27: "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
From Jan. 28: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy; and "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders.

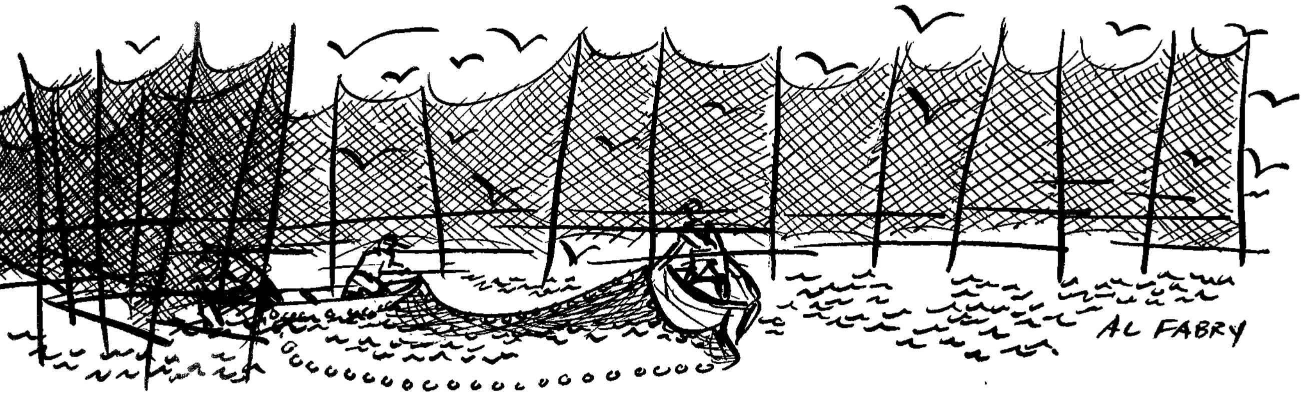
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 22: **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL,** revival; and **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII,** revival.
Jan. 23-26: "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier; and "Boris Godunov" (in Russian), revival.
From Jan. 27: **THE INFORMER,** revival; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.

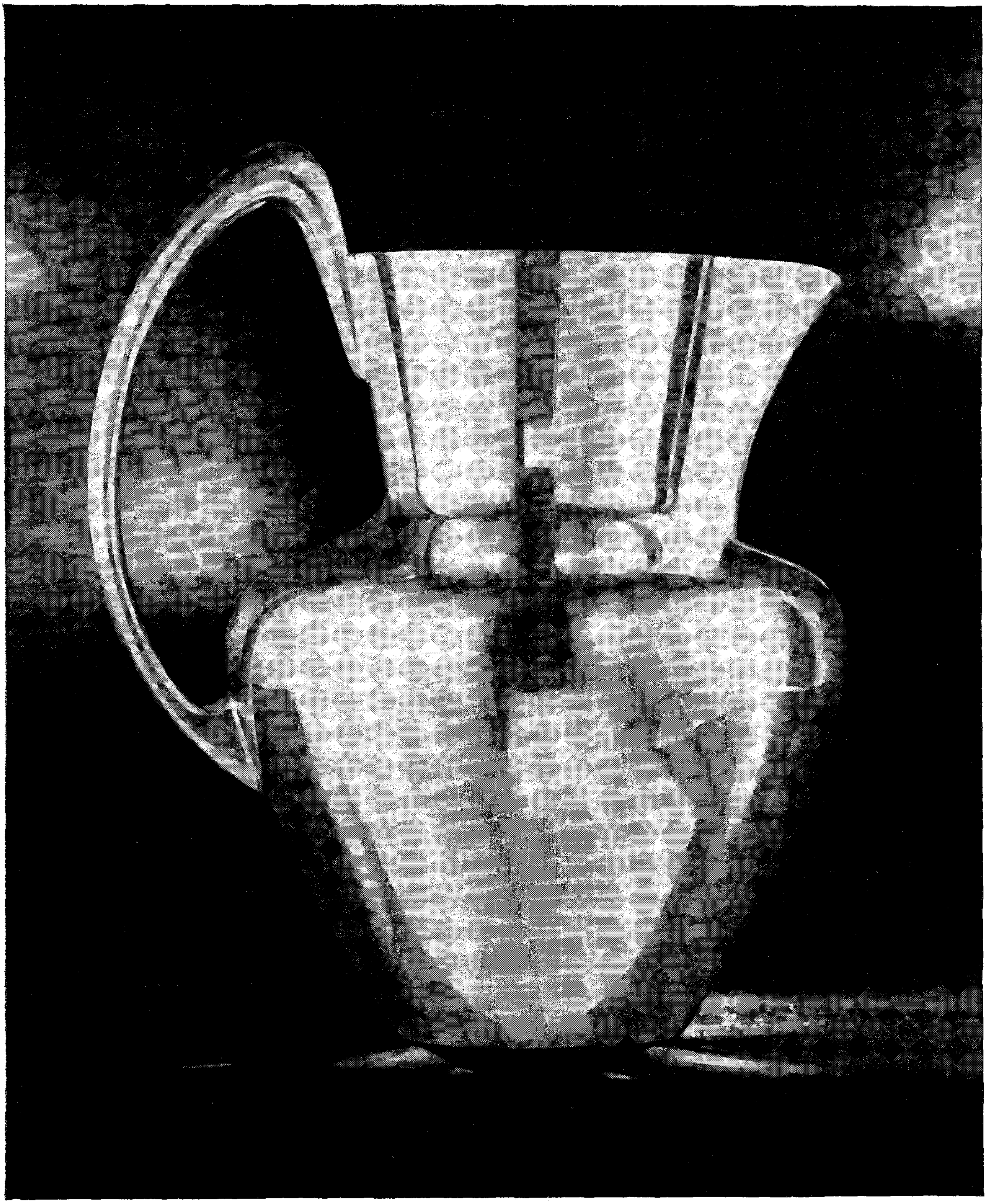
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Jan. 22: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN;** and "Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.
From Jan. 23: "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy; and "Enchanted Island," Dana Andrews, Jane Powell.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Jan. 27 (tentative): **THE DEFIANT ONES;** and "All at Sea," revival, Alec Guinness.
From Jan. 28 (tentative): "The Night Heaven Fell" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Jan. 27: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.
From Jan. 28: "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "As Young As We Are," Robert Harland.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Jan. 27: "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy; and "Enchanted Island," Dana Andrews, Jane Powell.
From Jan. 28: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy; and "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders.





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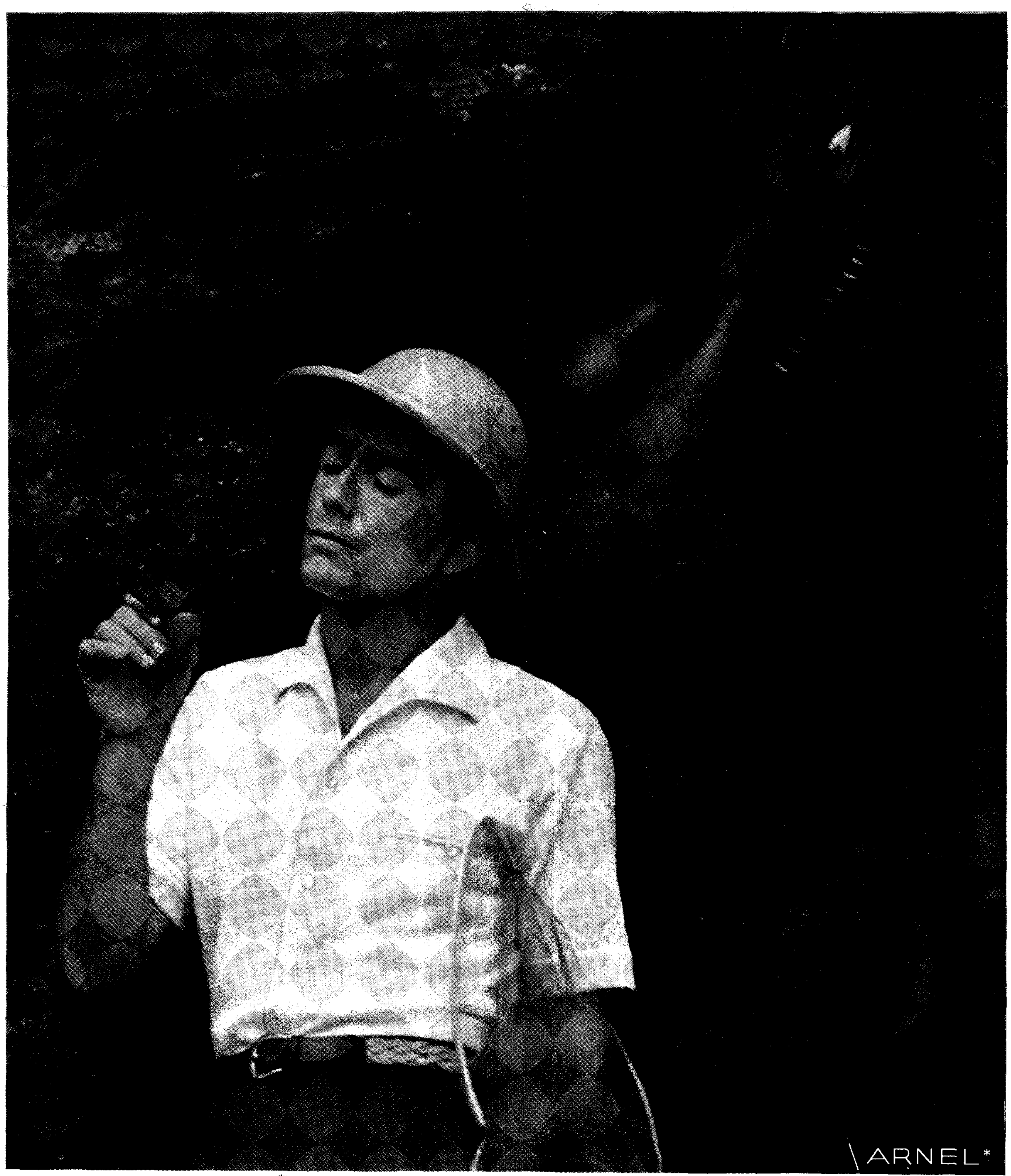

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Take a good, humid day and most shirts look as wilted as yesterday's boutonniere. Not so those of Arnel, the new Celanese fiber. Example: this Arnel triacetate and nylon shirt, knitted to look like boucle. Cram it into a suitcase, and it bounces back free of wrinkles. Even muggy days do not ruffle its cool, collected look.

Alfred of New York tailors the Triplex fabric handsomely. It washes in the automatic, drip dries, goes right back on with little or no ironing. In white, black, beige, canary, red, light blue. Sizes S, M, L, XL. About $15 at Kolmer-Marcus, New York; Julius Lewis, Memphis; M. L. Rothschild-Young-Quinlan Co., Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul; Sakowitz Bros., Houston; Jas. K. Wilson, Dallas. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

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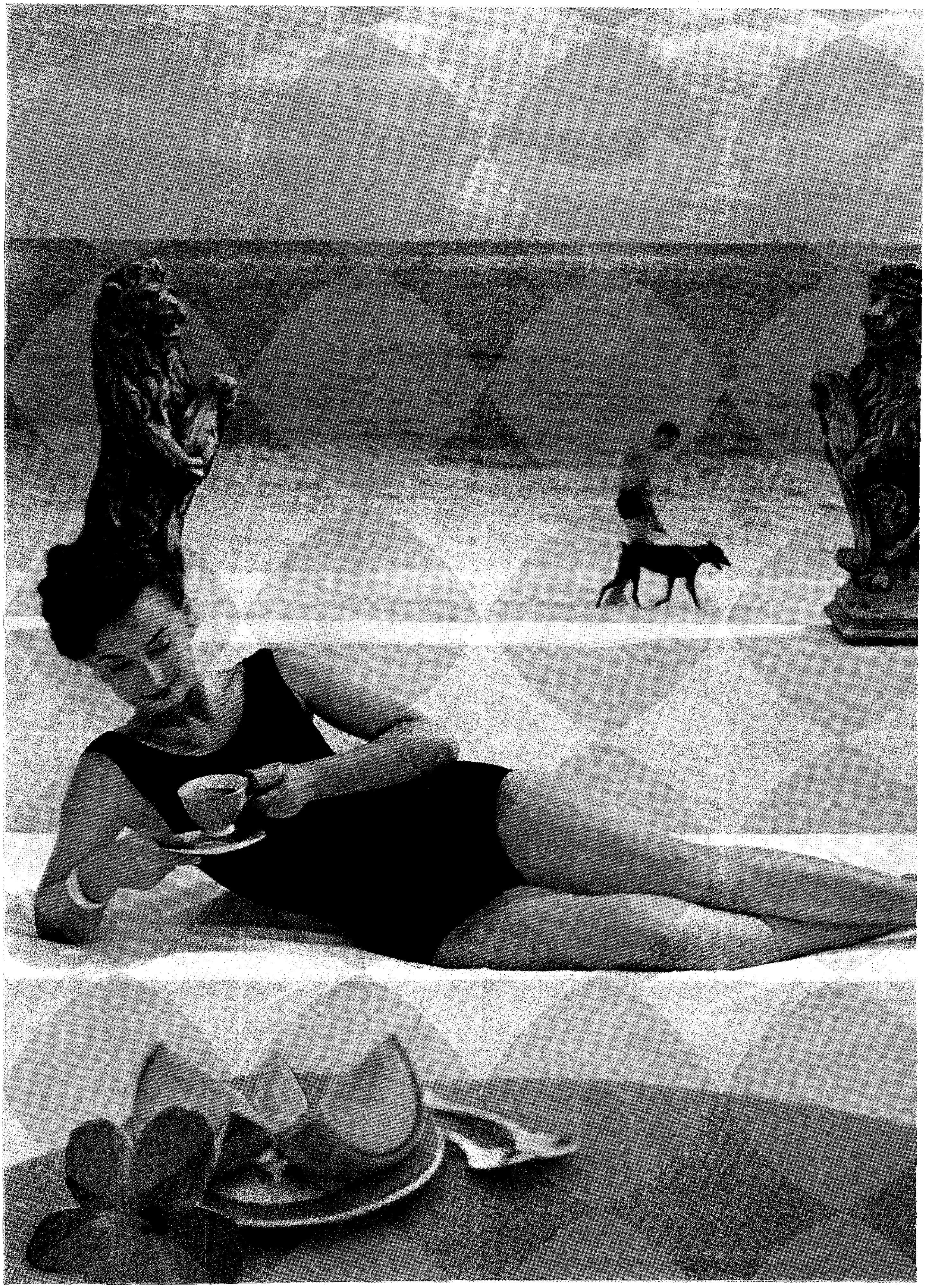

. . . it's springtime all the time in NASSAU and the Bahama Islands

NATURE was in top form when she created Bahamian weather. Here the difference between the average winter and the summer temperatures is only 10°. Only the pages of the calendar change.

In the winter, the Gulf Stream surging up from the south insulates the Bahamas against the northland's icy blasts. In the summer sea-washed trade breezes cool the islands.

Only in such a climate can such extraordinary beauty flourish. Flowers bloom in every month. Ornamental trees have names like frangipani, golden shower, butterfly plant, poinciana, touch-me-not and woman's tongue. Sunlight filters down through the crystal-clear waters so that skindivers 25 or 30 feet below the surface move in an enchanting world of liquid sunshine. Everywhere—throughout the 70,000 square miles of the island-studded Bahamas—there are sweeping expanses of pink beaches, the most beautiful, many believe, in all the world.

Nature's bountiful mood has shaped the pattern of life—as well as the beauty—of these happy islands. The leisurely tempo, the gay and gracious ways, the warmhearted welcome and the endless opportunities for relaxing sport ashore and afloat are as changeless as the seasons.

The center of this wonderfully different world is Nassau. Here you find the luxurious hotels and clubs that have made this the annual gathering place of cosmopolitan pleasure seekers from the world over. Here, too, is the springboard for rapid flights or indolent voyages to the vast network of Outer Resort Islands and their easy-going clubs and inns.

Please see a travel agent about arrangements for your Bahamas holiday. He's your expert on transportation and accommodations. Or write Dept. E-5, Nassau, Bahamas, Development Board, 307 British Empire Building, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. The telephone number is PLaza 7-1611.

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A morning swim . . . a lazy breakfast on a sunny Bahamian beach . . . what a happy way to start your day. Photograph by Carroll Seghers II.

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BY SEA: From New York every Friday on the 24,400-ton, fully air-conditioned S. S. NASSAU. Seven and nine day cruises from $170. Incres Nassau Line (Home Lines), 42 Broadway, New York 4.

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE December eclipse of the New York newspapers came at just the wrong time for their publishers, who lost the Christmas advertising, but the emergent *Times's* résumé of the news during the long strike showed that the readers had not missed much. It had been a period singularly devoid of good stories. Things changed on January 2nd, the fifth day of the papers' return, when an infant two hours old disappeared, clearly having been abducted, from the nursery of St. Peter's, a small Catholic hospital in Brooklyn. It was a story that hit both sexes instantly—women because of their maternal prepossession, men because of their sense of property. Having a baby is a serious matter; it was not pleasant to imagine one vanishing as casually as a handkerchief in a laundry. The baby-taker was referred to as "she" from the start, but identity, procedure, and motivation all provided ideal topics of speculation. When the next day brought no ransom note, the ugliest and least stimulating explanation was out. It was the kind of story that any two people in the City of New York could converse about as easily as the weather, and there was more heart in it. One man's notion about the viability of new infants is as good as another's, and so is any woman's notion of what kind of woman would do a thing like that. The papers sent reporters to ask hypothetical questions of psychiatrists, fortune-tellers, and pediatricians, and other reporters to extract used clues from the police (who seldom give one out until they have discarded it). Still more reporters, with photographers, were sent to picture the prayers of the prostrate Chionchios, the parents, who were an ideal couple for the purpose—young, pious, and attractive. The hospital was criticized, but without heat, for not keeping a sharper watch. Newborn infants are precious but not easily negotiable, so few people expect them to be guarded as carefully as, say, money. There were, as always, reports of "suspects" and of crank notes from "culprits," thrown in by the press as booster shots for news interest, but after three or four days the story subsided. It did not have time to die away entirely, but Castro, and then Mikoyan, stole the headlines. Gruesome photographs of Cuban executions and snaps of the disarmingly devious face of the Soviet visitor pushed pictures of the bereaved Chionchios to inside pages. (Mikoyan's expression is so patently wily that it constitutes a form of frankness; here, at least, the newspaper reader tells himself, is no confidence man trying to look like what he isn't.)

And then, as we walked up Fifth Avenue in the Twenties early on the afternoon of January 12th, a Monday, we noted activity unusual at that time of day at the newsstand jammed against the side of the old Flatiron Building. The rush ordinarily comes later, as workers head for the subway. We looked at the headline on one of the newsdealer's papers—it happened to be the *Post*. "BABY ALIVE," it said. After we got closer, we could see that there was a smaller line, "Mother of 7 Held," above it, and another, "Police Crack Case on Tip," below. Our dime was out and in the dealer's hand in an instant. "Say," we said to the man, who had a wind-bitten face—pointed, like the building he works next to. "What do you know?"—as if he could have helped knowing, selling papers as fast as he was. "They found that baby alive!" We scuttled to the curb and hailed a taxi, as though we had to get the news to our office. We had planned to walk all the way from the restaurant where we had lunched, and had an even mile to go, but urgency prevailed.

The cabby was a better audience than the newsdealer.

"What do you know?" we said, flourishing the paper in his rear-view mirror. "They found the baby alive!"

"No!" he said, letting the cab get far out on the crosswalk before he remembered to stop. "I would have laid ten to one against it."

"A hundred to one," we said, feeling he had laid the baby a short price.

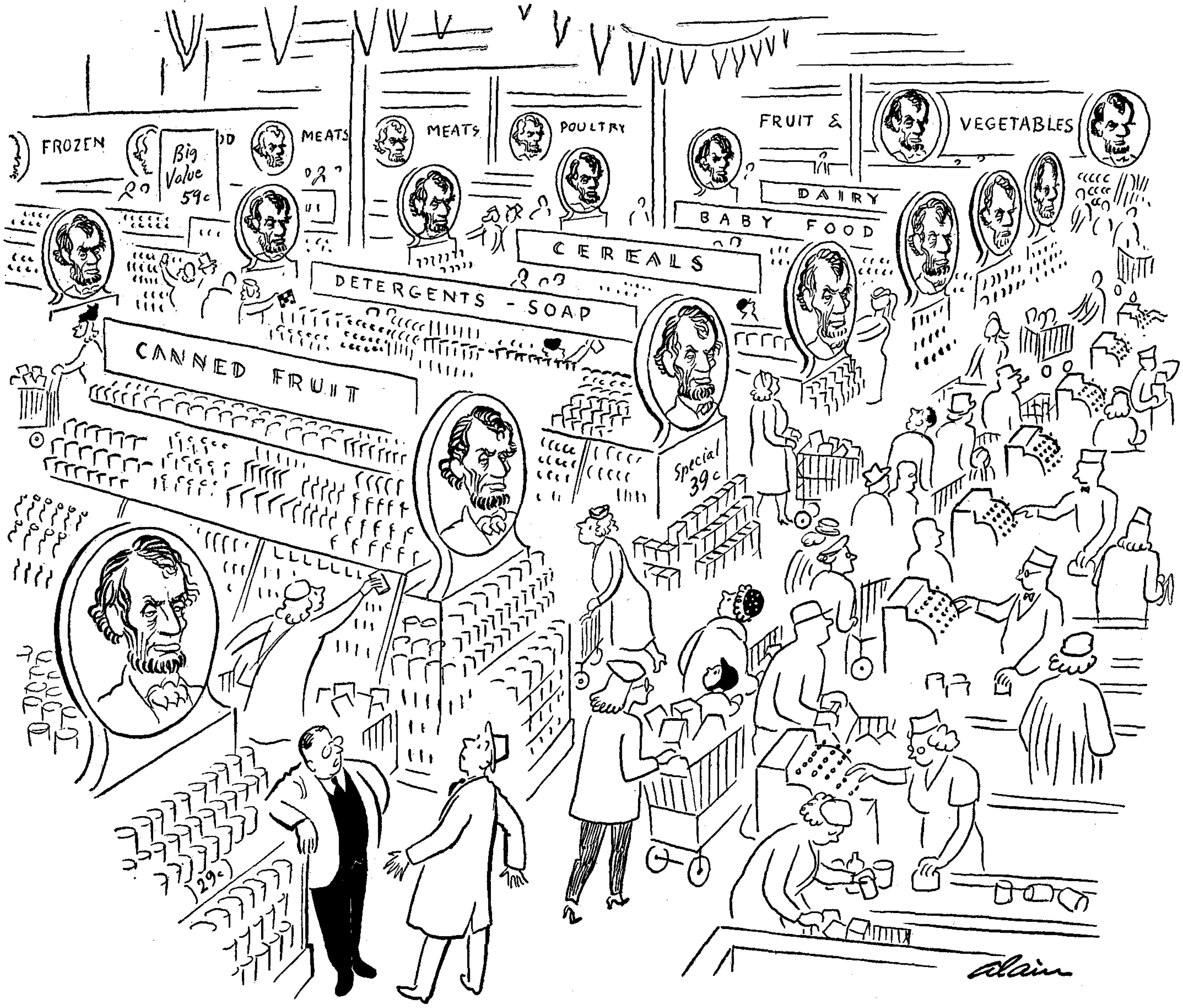
"Who did it?" he asked.

"Wait a minute, I haven't read it yet," we said, and turned to where the story began.

That was the day we couldn't have done without the newspapers.

Peter

WE don't know why, exactly, but it seems to us that it is only in England that certain types of situation develop. Take the situation, which we've been told of by one of our London correspondents, created by a patas monkey belonging to a Mrs. Hotchkiss, a lady of American origin and eccentric disposition. She has been keeping the monkey in her house, in Hampstead. Now, in the first place, the monkey was given the name Peter, and is still referred to as "he" or "him" by Mrs. Hotchkiss, other members of the Hotchkiss family, and the neighbors, although a year or so after Mrs. Hotchkiss got him it was discovered that he was a female. In the second place, as long ago as the first of last October, Mrs. Hotchkiss had regretfully resigned herself to presenting Peter to the London Zoo. Her neighbors had been polite enough, yet they



"Our losses from shoplifting have been cut to practically nothing."

• •

had left no doubt in her mind, by the expressions on their faces and by words of innuendo dropped here and there, that they felt that while Peter had been amusing as a youngster, he had reached an age—the age of four—when it seemed to be altogether too easy for him to escape from Mrs. Hotchkiss's house when the postman came, and that his way of peeling and eating tulip bulbs before they were planted, and of jumping into children's perambulators and searching their heads for tasty grains of salt, was distinctly unfunny. Mrs. Hotchkiss reluctantly wrote to the Zoological Society of London, which runs the Zoo, and received in reply the following letter:

DEAR MADAM:

The Society would be glad to accept your Patas Monkey into the collection as a gift. I have pleasure in enclosing our Gifts of Animals form which perhaps you would be good enough to complete and return.

Meanwhile, if you would indicate to me when it is convenient, I will arrange for our transport to call round and collect your monkey.

Yours truly,
OLIVER GRAHAM-JONES, M.R.C.V.S.
Curator of Mammals & Veterinary Officer

But the Gifts of Animals form turned out to be less pleasant, in Mrs. Hotchkiss's view, than the letter from Mr. Oliver Graham-Jones. "The Zoological Society of London regrets that it is unable to accept presentations of mammals, birds, reptiles, or fishes with reservations or conditions attached to the gift," the form stated coldly, and went on to say that Peter would "become the absolute property of the Society" and that "although the Society endeavors to keep donors informed if their gifts are removed from the Society's menagerie by exchange, gift, sale, death, or in any other way, the Society cannot undertake to do so as an obligation." Even though the form concluded by saying, "The Zoological Society of London is of course very grateful to its friends for their valued gifts, and in no way wishes to appear unappreciative in stating these particulars," Mrs. Hotchkiss was unable to face the dispiriting finality of the thing—until, that is, she had the happy thought that Peter was, after all, a female, and a mature one, and that it might well be that the Society would breed Peter and let Mrs. Hotchkiss have the first-born, who would cause her and the neighbors no trouble for at least a couple of years. She called the Society about this, but was informed by Mr. Oliver Graham-Jones' secretary, in a kindly but firm tone, that "we are afraid that when an animal is presented to the Society it becomes ours, as it were, body and soul, and we are afraid we cannot accommodate you with its offspring, as infant monkeys, like other small animals, are particularly popular with our younger clients."

On top of this there came to Mrs.

Hotchkiss a letter from her son, who lives in this country but had recently been home on a visit. It said, in part, "Peter crops up constantly in talk or memories of you all. I have a feeling he was the *genius loci*, the epitome of the household in all its aspects, a kind of spirit of the hearth, in whom (he was, all in all, a person) one could find the shades of feeling and action that ran through all of us as we met and went our ways in and out of the various rooms and events at Hampstead."

Our correspondent wrote us that at this point Mrs. Hotchkiss decided to keep Peter and somehow find a way of preventing him from sneaking out of the house, and thus bring about an adjustment of monkey and neighborhood. Mrs. Hotchkiss accordingly wrote to the London Zoological Society, and received in reply the following letter:

> Dear Madam:
>
> Thank you for your letter of 13th November. I note that at the moment your monkey will not be available to the Society.
>
> If, in future, you should change your mind, perhaps you would be kind enough to let us know and we will go into the matter again.
>
> I do see in view of your son's letter how you must feel.
>
> Yours truly,
> Oliver Graham-Jones, M.R.C.V.S.
> *Curator of Mammals & Veterinary Officer*

"This is where the matter now rests," concluded our correspondent.

◆

Literary Intelligence: A sign on the door of the reading room of the public library in Ogunquit, Maine, says, "Any person of respectable character and condition may have free access to the Reading Room."

Surgery

THE theatre this season is a veritable babel of foreign accents—Chinese, French, Irish, Jewish, Cockney, West Indian, and even American Indian—and while some of these accents are natural to the actors employing them, others have had to be laboriously acquired; in some cases, moreover, an actor speaking English with a particular foreign accent has had to be coached to abandon it in favor of a slightly different and, for the purposes of a given play, more authentic one. To remove unwanted accents and supply wanted ones is the specialty of a local speech consultant named Dr. Simon R. Mitchneck, whose skill is to be detected in several current hits. Or, rather, *isn't* to be detected, for Dr. Mitchneck prides himself on having left no trace of artifice in the multitude of voices he has higginsized. We had a talk with Dr. Mitchneck the other day, conducted entirely in standard American; among other things, we learned that Mitchneck—a stocky man in his forties, with a dry, self-confident manner—is a graduate of Columbia, where he also taught, and took a Ph.D.; can speak a dozen languages; and has spent twelve years in Hollywood, to which, he confesses, he was drawn by motives of almost unparalleled purity.

"I was sick of seeing distinguished foreign actors appear in a movie or two, then drop from sight because their accents rendered them practically unintelligible," he said. "I've devoted my professional life to producing clarity of speech on both stage and screen. It's thoroughly creative work, like that of an artist or perhaps a surgeon." Two of his first surgical cases in Hollywood were Michèle Morgan, whom he taught to speak English as if she were English, not French, and Charles Boyer, who, when Mitchneck first went to work on him, was eager to leave his "charm" period behind and get into serious character acting. "Boyer broke new ground by accepting the part of an Austrian doctor in 'Arch of Triumph,' " Dr. Mitchneck said. "My job was to rid him not only of his own very famous accent but also of certain American undertones he had picked up in Hollywood. Within a year or so, he was ready to take on a major stage role in 'Don Juan in Hell.' "

Dr. Mitchneck has had interesting problems to solve in "The World of Suzie Wong" and "Flower Drum Song." For example, one of the actors in "Suzie" is a Chinese whose strong accent threatened to make him incomprehensible to a New York audience. Having successfully cut away the accent and fitted an ordinary American one in its place, Mitchneck permitted the actor a total of four Chinese ways of intoning words; these were scattered at judicious intervals throughout the script, and thereby produced an effect truly Chinese and yet easily understood. Miyoshi Umeki, the Japanese girl who plays a Chinese in "Flower Drum Song," was found to speak English in an unpleasantly high voice onstage; Mitchneck discovered that she spoke her native tongue in a much lower tone, and he soon got her English down to the same agreeable level. Linguistically, "La Plume de Ma Tante" was in double jeopardy when it arrived in this country, the principals speaking somewhat Frenchified English with an English accent; Mitchneck had to teach them to speak it with an American accent. "Language isn't just a matter of sounds; it's the reflection of a whole culture," Mitchneck said. "As an artist studies the colors and shapes of things, I study the undercurrents of speech, to learn the nature of the culture it embodies. Once, in 'The Time of the Cuckoo,' I turned a Puerto Rican boy into a Venetian. I do not mean by this that I merely taught him to speak with an Italian accent instead of a Puerto Rican one. No, I made him over, inside and out; the very movements of his body became Italian instead of Puerto Rican. My responsibility in these affairs is indeed a heavy one."

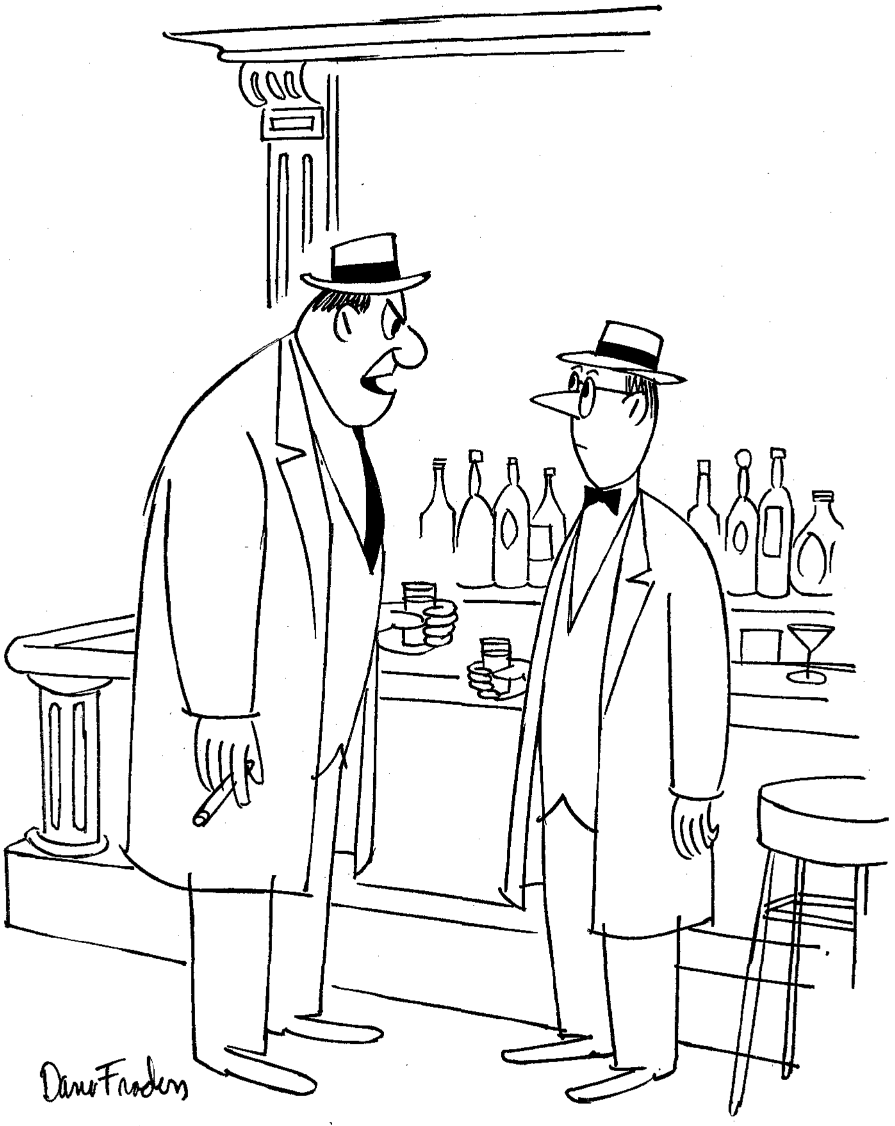
Program

A YOUNG mother of our acquaintance who is a board member of the American Association of University Women, a member of the Citizens' Advisory Committee on Education, a Brownie cookie chairman, a Class Mother, and a power in the P.-T.A.—all this in Garden City—took advantage of an idle moment last week to ask her seven-year-old daughter whether her plans to become an airline hostess were still firm. "No," said the disenchanted infant. "I've decided to just grow up and go to meetings."

Tug

GRAVITY is what makes it so hard for rockets to hop off their pads and hit the moon, but what is gravity? To begin with, let's simply call it a force that every mass in the universe exerts on every other mass in the universe. The earth is constantly trying to draw the moon into its center, and the moon is constantly trying to draw the earth into *its* center. The earth keeps the upper hand in this tug of war, because its gravitational field—a more scientific term than gravity—is eighty-one times as strong as the moon's. Indeed, such is the earth's strength that, over the aeons, it has pulled the poor old moon considerably out of shape, turning it from a sphere into a rather shamefaced oval. But not only biggish bodies push—or pull—their neighbors around; the gravitational field of the lowliest cockroach in New York affects, though to an unimaginably tiny extent, the gravitational field of the farthest star. Our own relation with the earth is one of incessant mutual attraction; everyone knows that the earth is pulling at us, but did you know that a two-hundred-and-twenty-pound man pulls the earth toward him at the rate of half an inch every ten quadrillion years? Even allowing for the fact that the earth is much more aggressive in respect to us than we are in respect to it, this makes for a tolerably slow embrace; by contrast, the gravitational allure exerted by two individuals upon each other—if they were to be stationed a yard apart in space, they'd be drawn together at the rate of a centimetre every seven hundred years—amounts to downright infatuation.

Weight is a measure of the force with which bodies are attracted to the earth, and it varies according to elevation and latitude. The so-called center of gravity of a spherical mass is at the center of the ball, and the closer you come to the center of gravity, the greater is the force to which you're subject and the more you weigh, provided you remain on the surface, and don't go down a mine shaft or some such. On top of Mount Everest (we're leaving your wardrobe out of this), you'd be measurably lighter than at Miami Beach; moreover, since the diameter of the earth is twenty-six miles longer when measured at the equator than it is when measured between the poles, you would be thirteen miles closer to the center of gravity at the North Pole than you'd be at the equator, and would therefore weigh half of one per cent more. And that's not all; at the equator you would be spun along, by Mother Earth's rotation, at the rate of ten hundred and forty miles an hour and would be subject to the maximum amount of centrifugal force, which, in trying to whisk you off Mummy, would also serve to make you lighter than you'd be at the Pole, where your rate of spin would be approaching zero and, accordingly, centrifugal force would be approaching zero, too. Cape Canaveral was chosen as a good place from which to launch our rockets because, since it is comparatively close to the equator, the rotation of the earth there gives a rocket an added push, which in more northerly places would have to be supplied by man.



"How come every time I say something you 'beg to differ' with me? You a jujitsu expert or something?"

Weight also varies according to the mass of the bodies involved. At the Planetarium, there's a fine set of interplanetary scales, which make it plain that on the surface of the sun, which has three hundred thousand times the mass of the earth, a man having a mass of a hundred and fifty pounds would weigh well over four thousand pounds, while on the moon, which has only one eighty-first of the earth's mass, he'd weigh a scant twenty-six pounds. We may appear to be disparaging the moon, but we're not; after all, its field of gravitation is powerful enough to cause ocean tides, atmospheric tides, and even earth tides. As the moon changes position, it pulls the earth out of whack by something on the order of two inches; that's what an earth tide is. As for atmospheric tides, they lead to a terrible sloshing about in the stratosphere and ionosphere, and if we ever get to flying around up there, we'll have to take those unruly invisible tides every bit as seriously as Columbus took the tides of the Atlantic.

There's a theory—proposed by Einstein, among others—that a fourth force exists in the universe, similar in effect to the forces exerted by gravitational fields, magnetic fields, and electric fields, but so far undetected, and perhaps undetectable. This force would be the product of anti-matter, which *is* known to exist. Anti-matter, Einstein said, could possess anti-gravity, but we guess we'd better save this juicy topic for another day—maybe even for another planet.

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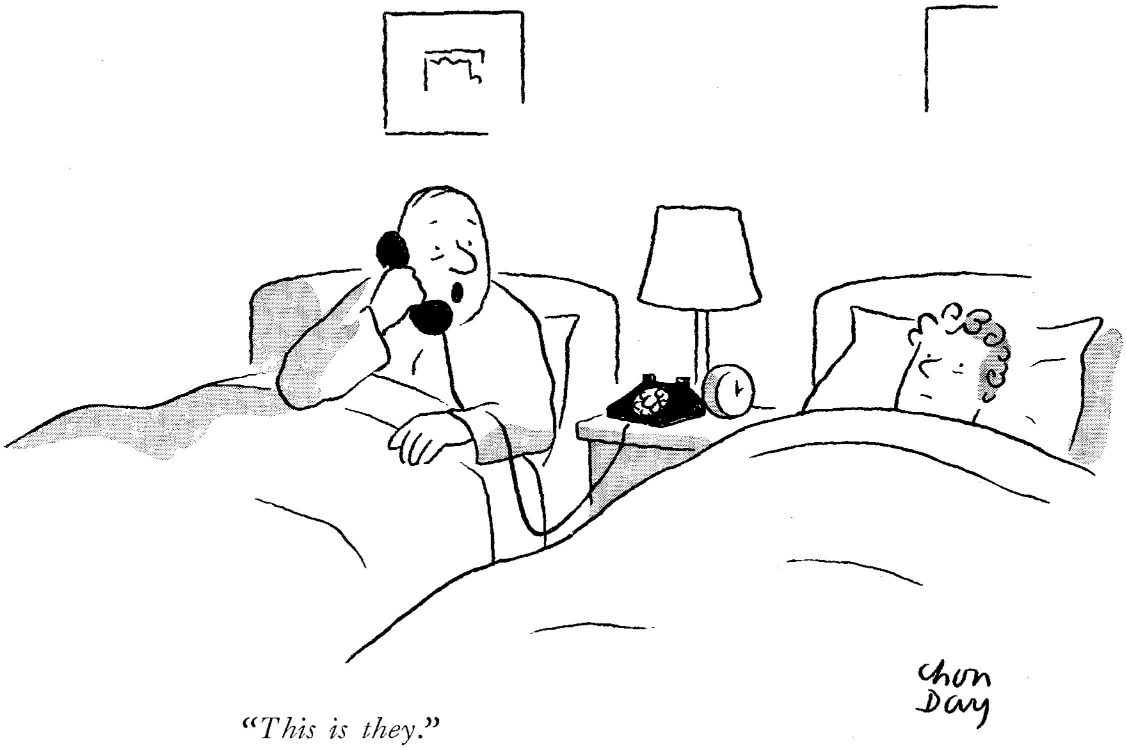
OVERHEARD in the lobby of the Mayflower Hotel, in Washington: "The meeting at the bureau went better than we had optimized."



"This is they."

Gate

La Régie Autonome des Transports Parisiens—the Paris Transit Authority—has very generously given the Museum of Modern Art a battered old entrance gate to the Métro, the French capital's subway system. The Museum has no less courteously installed the thing in its garden, and there we went to see it. The gate, of cast iron, and one of many produced from a design by Hector Guimard, an exponent of the curvilinear, vegetative style that was known as Art Nouveau in 1900 and, curiously, is still known by that name in 1959, has been rooted in concrete near the windowless gray brick tower built by the Museum after its fire. The garden, cold and sere within its high walls, was loud, as it always is, with the strange murmur (Traffic? Air-conditioners? The End of the World?) that so strongly resembles the protest of a sea shell against your ear. The objet d'art we had come to view proved to be an inverted U of scabby green metal fifteen feet high and six strides wide. We stood between its legs and looked up, and received the disconsolate impression we usually receive underneath the brontosaurus in the Museum of Natural History. The metalwork is less foliate than we expected—indeed, there's not a leafy line in it—and the organic principles informing its contours derive less from branches than from bones. Anticipating the tapering, strenuous grace of arboreal imitation, we found instead stubborn little knobs and puckers of bones, an impression to which patches of blood color scumbled through the vile green paint added an explicit grisliness. These were not even clean bones bolted and welded together but dirty bones, the remains of a too hasty feast, partly wrapped in awkward whorls and wrinkles—crushed napkins of iron. These clothlike ridges, especially at the base of the columns, suggested the ascending folds of French cathedral sculpture, but the aspiring eye was led upward not to the serene face of a stone saint but to a brown bulb, a lamp—an ant's abdomen magnified. This abdomen, this sac of stained glass, was grooved so that it took on, as we gazed upward, the threat of a face—inhuman, eyeless, cruel. The lamp bulb was gone from the opposite upright, as if the one had eaten the other. With tentacles of metal, the two posts reached out and interlocked, and in the center of their embrace was hung a sign that, in the neo-Turkish lettering once used to advertise ice cream in this country, proclaimed "METROPOLITAIN."

We were virtually alone with the gate. A woman with a foreign face and a furry coat, pursing her lips with that affectionate vehemence peculiar to Gauls, paused briefly, and a young couple, whom we knew to be French because the backs of their heads looked exactly alike, came and mooned a moment. These persons had clearly arrived at the end of a pilgrimage such as our own expatriates in Paris might make to see the water cooler in the American Express office. Otherwise, the scene was devoid of human content, and we resorted to asking the statues in the garden their opinions of their new neighbor.

The nearest, Rodin's lumpy monument to Balzac, replied by staring rigidly at the roof of the Hotel Dorset. "I haven't seen the gate," he confessed. "The idiot sculptor hewed my neck with such a heroic roughness that it cannot be turned."

Lipchitz's "Figure," however, could look at nothing else. Words came with difficulty out of his (or her) intricate but regular convolutions. "I am disturbed," it admitted at last. "Is that really how you spell 'Metropolitan'?"

Renoir's "Washerwoman" was, as we had hoped, more gracious and optimistic. "It will be lovely," she sweetly promised, "in the spring, when it blossoms."

The Haida Indian totem pole, all fangs and nostrils, offered the most aggressive judgment.

"IT'S UGLY," the pole said, with typical totemic unkindness.

Brand Advertising

A VISITING Scot caused a mild commotion at a cocktail party the other afternoon by declining anything alcoholic—doctor's orders, he explained—and requesting, instead, some 7-Up. The hostess apologetically confessed that she hadn't any, and the visitor said that was perfectly all right, *plain* tomato juice would do just as well. Cautious inquiries subsequently revealed that what the gentleman had in mind was V-8.

LOSING A FALCON

FRAOCH was a shooting lodge in County Mayo that had belonged to a whiskey baron. For fifty pounds a month, whoever rented it became monarch of about ten thousand acres, which claimed to be a grouse moor, and of several pools in a preserved salmon river. The salmon were there. You could see them leaping, leaping from the low, warm, crystal water, and toppling back into it with a heart-thumping, sidelong swash. But they were impossible to catch, because of the golden weather. We basked by the river in a cloud of midges, tormented by the insects and by the unattainable fish. As for the famous grouse, at a generous estimate there may have been a hundred in all those thousands of acres. Several guns ranging the mountains industriously all day behind a passable setter might end with three or four brace. This made Fraoch a first-rate place for hawking.

If you are on one of the lordly Yorkshire grouse moors, where you can hardly walk ten paces without tripping over a pack of birds, it is redundant to use a setter. You find more grouse than you would ever carry, simply by walking forward. So you sit in a butt with a bottle of champagne while the birds are driven over you in bullet-fast streams. If you are on the starved tops of Mayo, however, you need a wide-ranging dog to find a shot at all. In falconry, too, different terrains suit different kinds of activity. It is no use flying merlins in strong heather or peregrines in woodland, because in each case the quarry can hide itself from the pursuer too easily. Merlins need downland like Salisbury Plain, and peregrines need the moor. On the other hand, a peregrine on a well-stocked moor would not be interesting. She would kill her maximum in half an hour or less, too easily, and it would be time to go home. At Fraoch, where the grouse were crafty and ancient, you needed strong thighs to march the mountains and a high heart to circumvent the birds, even with two peregrine falcons.

The lodge stood at the end of a two-mile drive, or side road, in a bower of rhododendrons and fuchsias, looking out between their thick leaves, across a dozen miles of bog, to the town of Crossmolina. No tree or other house was visible from the overgrown lawn. It was a charming, gimcrack house—shabbily, sparsely, comfortably furnished. It even had a working bathroom, which worked with a roar, on some kind of geyser understood by the cook and the housemaids. The old-fashioned, broken-springed, second-hand, chintz-covered, welcoming armchairs had been brought, somehow or other, all the way from Dublin. As is usual in Ireland, the ugly furniture was leavened here and there by a fine eighteenth-century piece or by a cut-glass decanter. On the wall of the sitting room, there was an amateur tracing of the outline of a fifteen-pound salmon. On a side table lay the game book, with its few entries. The washstands of the bedrooms were of the nineteenth century, and the old beds were deep and comfortable. I had rented the lodge, on this occasion, for the month of August, and had invited my friend David Garnett, the novelist, and his wife and two young children to share it with me.

Fraoch had two unsurpassable beauties. On the mountain of Slieve Fyagh behind it, outside the shaded grounds in the sunshine, there was a minute waterfall, or glide of water. The soft, tart, ale-colored stream slid over the smooth stones from step to step, cool and glistering in the late-August heat. And the bogland plain that stretched to Crossmolina was held in a horseshoe of barren mountains that rose to about twenty-five hundred feet. Behind us, the hills of Slieve Fyagh, Benmore, and Maumakeogh nourished the grouse. On the other side, Corslieve and the Nephin Beg range carried a loving eye to the distant sugar loaf of Nephin, twenty-six hundred and forty-six feet, whose summit I had once reached in solitude, carrying a male peregrine falcon, or tercel, panting in the sunlight.

Several of these heights had cairns on them. On Corslieve, there was a laborious pile of stones called Leaghtdauhybaun—Fair David's Cairn—which was either in memory of a King Dathi, who had been killed there by lightning in the year 427, or else of a blond robber called David, also slain there, but by the military, some thirteen hundred years later. Probably it was a prehistoric erection, taken over by the king and by the robber in their turns. It stood aloof, incredibly old and distant, against the lonely skyline.

It was an ancient landscape, which had few contacts with modern history. Away to the northeast, near Sligo, was the hillside fortification, called a rath, where the hero-king Eoghan Bel had been buried, killed in battle by the Ulstermen fourteen hundred years before. He had been buried upright, standing with his spear in hand. After that, the Ulstermen had always been defeated when they reached his tumulus—until they had the presence of mind to dig him up and bury him upside down.

For a view like this, which shared the Lord's peace with the derring-do of kings and warriors, fifty pounds a month did not seem too much.

ONE day, we climbed Slieve Fyagh in search of grouse—David Garnett (who is known to his friends as Bunny) and I, a setter of mine named Brownie, and the keeper, Joyce, who carried my two peregrine falcons on a square frame called a cadge. We rested in the high, bright air and ate our lunch.

"How many of these creatures have you trained?" Bunny asked, munching a sandwich.

"It depends what you mean by 'trained,' " I said. I counted them on my fingers. "If you include owls, and the ones I failed with, I have had thirteen. The most distinguished was a gyrfalcon. But I was only her owner on paper. I only saw her once. A sister of hers was flown to Germany as a present for General Göring, in one of those corrugated airplanes. He received her with pomp and circumstance."

"Was she one of the ones that Ernest Vesey collected in Iceland?"

"I might have guessed you would know all about it."

Bunny was the kindest, best-educated, most formidable person I knew. Whenever I began to explain something to him, it was discouraging to find that he knew it already, and generally knew more than I did.

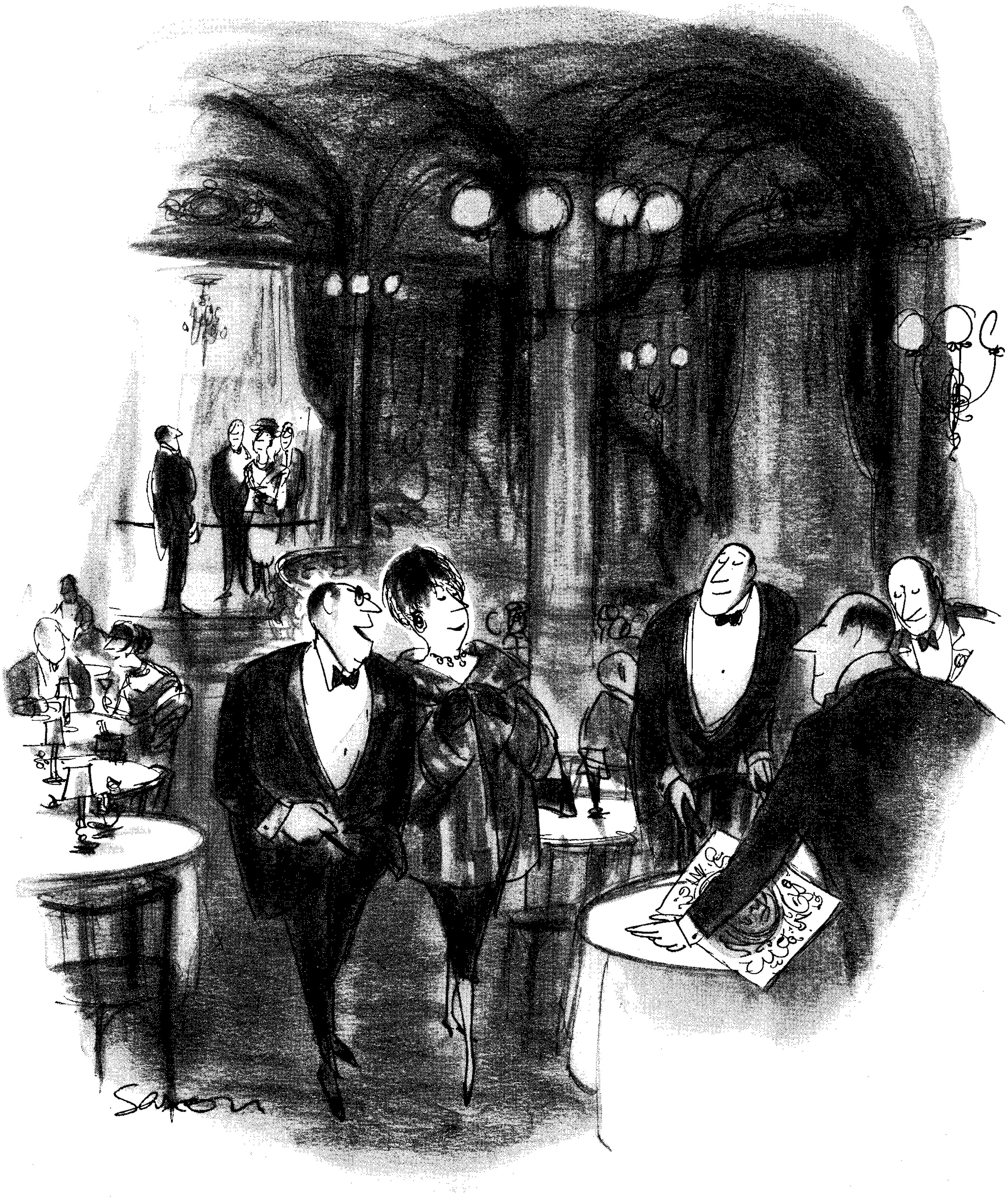
Now he smiled with asymmetrical, frightening eyes, his gray hair fluffing in a slight movement of the hill breeze. "One of the many things I know nothing about is falconry," he said. "You must explain it to me."

"It would take six months."

"Then tell me about the ones you had."

He was always able to give me a feeling of pleasure and importance. "Oh, Bunny, don't ask. If I start talking about hawks, I go on forever."

He fixed me with an unmoving eye.



"Well, I'm glad to see that money still means something."

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"Very well. The one I started with was a kestrel. It belonged to a friend. You couldn't train it for much except catching mice. It had a high voice—'*kee, kee, kee!*'—and its talons were like needles. We loosed it—let it go—when it was grown up. Then I got involved with two goshawks from Germany, who taught me a lot. They were enormous, short-winged hawks, and you flew them from the glove. After them, I had a pair of merlins—absolute darlings. They were tiny creatures, hardly as big as a pigeon. They were halfway between hawks and falcons. They flew from the fist like hawks, but the chase generally went into the sky, like the old-fashioned chase of peregrines after herons. They were glorious! I tried to call them Balin and Balan, after the knights in Malory. But they were identical to look at, so I had to give one of them red jesses and the other one black ones. The result was that in the end they got called Red and Black. You fly them at larks. The lark goes straight up, singing, like a helicopter. The merlin swings away in sweeping circles, like a Spitfire—often in the opposite direction—to gain height. A merlin has to get upwind of the lark and above it. It's a tremendous aerial combat. They go so high that they're just dots. It ends with a downward streak, like a meteor, when they both dive. I made a success with the merlins. They taught me twice as much as the goshawks. One of the nice things about merlins is that you have to loose them before the winter, because they are not very hardy. They are the friendliest hawks. You *like* setting them free. After that, I thought I was ready to start on peregrines. I have lost three of them so far, by stupidity. Now we have these two—Cressida and the tercel."

I was beginning to get excited, just as I had known I would. "Bunny, listen," I went on. "What I learned from the merlins was this. May I tell you about it? Am I boring you? It was a sort of illumination—you know, a sort of Pentecost. The atmosphere became phosphorescent when it dawned on me, like finding the Holy Grail.

"You see, with merlins you loose the young ones in a barn to begin with. You take in their chopped-up food on a board. After a few days, they feed in front of you, and will even fly down to the board while you are chopping the food. Then you capture them, and tie them to their perches out-of-doors on a leash. When you take out their food on the board, they still fly toward it. The next step is to offer the food in your hand.

"But when I did this, they flew in the opposite direction, as if they were terrified. I tried again and again and again. I was in despair. Then the Holy Ghost descended. I thought—it was an effort of thought, like giving birth to something—I thought, They associate food with board, not with hand. How can I make my hand like a board? So I held the hand flat, palm downward, and laid the food on the back of it. They understood instantly, and came.

"You see, in training a hawk—which, of course, has an absolutely different brain structure from ours—you are stringing together a series of conditioned reflexes. Food—Board—Flat Hand—Hand—Me. Eventually they must come to the trainer, even when loose, because they associate him with food. But the gaps between the reflexes must not be too wide. They couldn't bridge the gap from board to hand. So I had to put in a halfway step—the flat hand."

"How did you lose the peregrines?" Bunny asked.

"I miscalculated their age when I got them. I put them out to hack—which means letting them fly loose when young—too late, and they just cleared off. I'm only a learner, Bunny. I'm terrified about Cressida and the tercel."

A few yards away from us, with his back turned, the keeper Joyce was eating his own sandwiches. He was a noble retainer who lived at the Fraoch lodge, serving its various tenants. He was one of the old-fashioned kind who believed in being polite to the laird. He was eating separately by his own choice, not by ours. Beside him was the cadge with the two peregrines seated on it, motionless, extinguished by their hoods.

"The terrifying thing about Cressida is that sooner or later she is going to have to wait on—be released for hunting. You don't fly peregrines from the glove. You just throw them away into the air, and they go up and up. Five hundred feet, perhaps. Quite loose. Then they circle above you, almost out of sight, and you go forward with the setter, searching for a pack of grouse. When you find a pack, you put them up, and the peregrine dives like a thunderbolt.

"The trouble is, Cressida had her first training with a friend of mine. I have not had her from the beginning. I don't know her properly. But the dreadful moment has to come when I toss her away, with no quarry in sight, and leave her to climb to heaven. Suppose she is not ready to wait on? Suppose she just clears off, like those three others? Suppose it takes us a long time to find a pack of grouse, and she gets bored and goes? That's why I have been fiddling about all morning, carrying her on the cadge, looking for a good set. If only Brownie would give us a firm point, I would throw her off, wait until she was up, and spring the birds. But Brownie is being wild today, as you saw. She's running in on the sitting birds. I daren't trust Cressida to hang about the sky. I don't know what to do. When you have lost three peregrines, it is apt to shake your nerve."

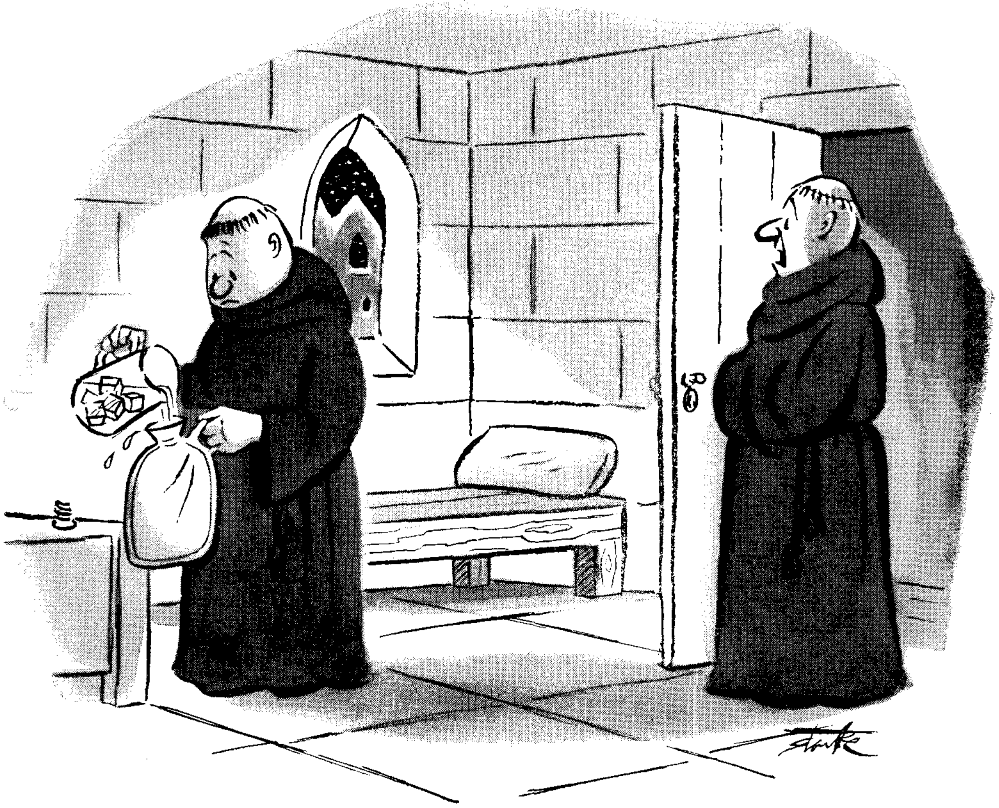
"Well, what's the answer?"

"Oh, God! I wonder if I could try flying her from the fist? I shall have to think up something. Suppose I carried her like a merlin, with the hood off, and then if Brownie runs in on the set, I could let her try to overtake from ground level? What do you think?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"God!" I put my head in my hands and stared between my knees at one of the small carnivorous plants that catch flies and digest them.

AS I think about it now, I can understand the stupidity of what I did that afternoon. Cressida was a peregrine falcon, at least two years old, who had been trained by Gilbert Blaine, one of the greatest of falconers. This gentleman was breaking up his family of hawks and dogs, and had given her to



"Your zeal is commendable, Brother, but I sometimes wonder if you aren't driving yourself too hard."

me. She was a crafty old devil, with a distinct character of her own—partly ill-tempered, partly pussylike if she was in a good humor, and at times you could almost swear that she had a distorted sense of fun. The trouble was that I did not understand her. I had no means of knowing how thoroughly she had been trained, and she had been spending the winter and spring without work. She had been on holiday in the mews—living indoors or on a block—while she molted. This was her first day's work for me on a war footing, and I did not know how much she remembered of her previous education. I did not know how much she accepted my control, or whether she was in condition to fly. In any case, I was an ignoramus about peregrines.

I ought to have waited, of course, until I was sure that Cressida remembered her training and was sharp-set. I ought to have let the young setter quiet down for a day or two, until I could rely on a steady point. Then, on a firm set, I ought to have cast Cressida off until she had reached her altitude, put up the birds as quickly as possible, and enjoyed our triumph.

But I did none of these things. Instead, I tried to fly her like a merlin, which was ridiculous. My only excuse is that it is difficult for a falconer to think clearly. Falconry is not a hobby or an amusement; it is a rage. You eat it and drink it, sleep it and think it. You tremble to write of it, even in recollection. It is, as King James I remarked, an extreme stirrer-up of passions.

After lunch, we set out and moved upwind in the roasting sunshine, stumbling, sweating, angry, and bothered, on the tussocky hill. I took off Cressida's hood, and she was as pettish as we were. She expected to be thrown off, as usual. Instead, she was held to my glove by her jesses, which she could not understand. She fluttered her wings in the hot air—"bating," in the language of falconry—panting with fury, her beak open, frowning upon me with her burnt-umber eye.

We humans began to quarrel among ourselves, upbraiding each other on assorted topics. We accused each other of going too fast, or going too slow, or being clumsy, or annoying the hawk, or forgetting where the wind was, or anything else that proved handy. The setter, as wild as everybody else, quartered in front of us, out of contact. She had already sent away three packs of grouse that morning by running in before we could catch up with her. She had also chased a hare. It was the kind of day on which peppery colonels will shout at dogs and thrash them and dance up and down on the mountainside, shaking their fists at heaven. Sometimes, if the dog is far enough away, they will discharge their guns at it.

We were scarcely a mile from Fraoch when Brownie got her set. She held it, and we hurried. She was hundreds of yards ahead. She looked over her shoulder at us. I began, fatally, to yell, "Steady, steady!" Cressida recognized the point and wanted to take the air, but I checked her. She bated in fury.

Brownie looked over her shoulder a second time, and took one pace.

"Steady, steady!"

She began to snake forward, low to the ground, head and tail in a straight line, slowly, then less slowly, then faster.

"Steady, steady!"

Encouraged by the uproar and stampede behind her, she dashed in.

They were off, flickering and whickering, close to the heather.

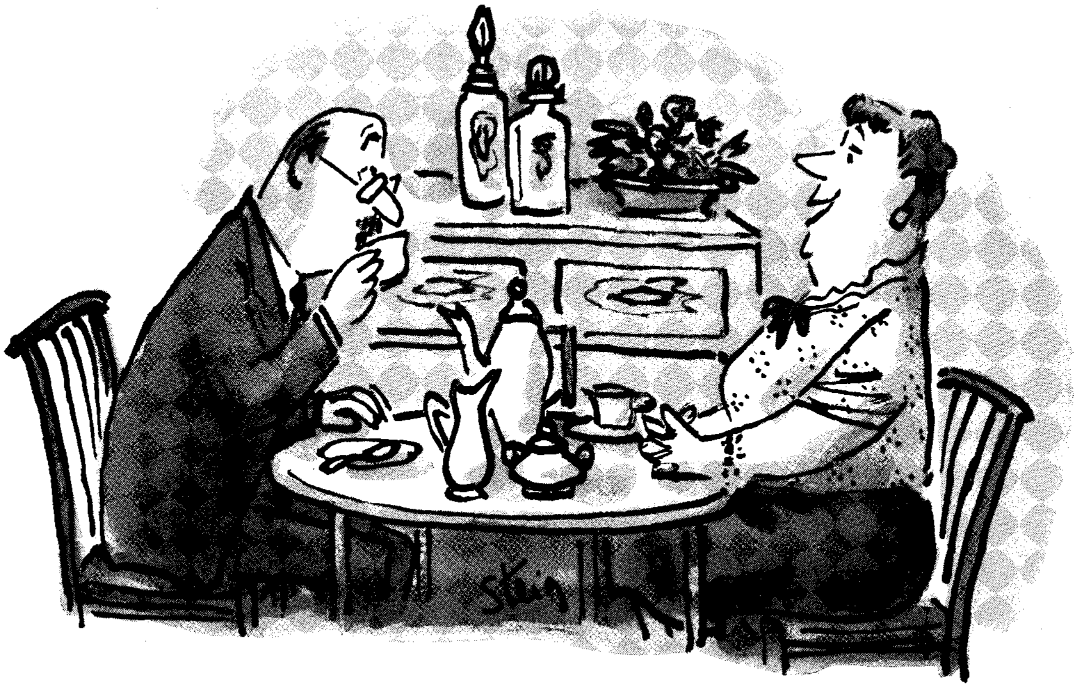
Cressida flew, half checked by me in a last second of indecision, stumbled in the air, and was away. They had perhaps a hundred yards' start on her. She had no altitude and was out of training, because of her long holiday and molt. Everybody seemed to be running or flying or barking or cursing as the grouse vanished in the distance.

And Cressida, defeated, vanished into the cobalt sky.

I SWUNG the lure, made of leather with some feathers tied to it, round and round my head at intervals until sunset. I blew the whistle. I went over in my mind all the things I ought to have done or ought not to have done. I sulked, with my tail between my legs, and could not meet Bunny's eye. I tried to invent reasons why it was his fault, or Joyce's, or the dog's. There was nothing to be seen of Cressida—nothing in the wide world.

Before we went to dinner, I left some meat tied to the falcon's block outside the house, in case she should grow hungry and come home for it. I also constructed a special trap out of feathers and fishing line, which I had once before used successfully on an escaped hawk. Dinner was a gloomy meal, though everybody tried to talk of something else. Bunny and his wife, Ray, and their two children were experts at not blaming people for mischances, and they were also sensitive to feelings, but I was bitter.

In the morning, the meat that was tied to the block had not been touched. The tercel sat on his own block, alone, sometimes cocking his head sidewise to gaze at the sky—a fact I ought to have taken more notice of. Everything felt



"Suppose you met me for the first time, George. What impression would I make?"

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loose or abandoned, like a tug of war in which the other team has let go of the rope. I wandered about the garden after breakfast, feeling pointless.

But there must have been something at the back of my mind—an unconscious recollection of a trick I had once read about. I did not actually remember the trick until I had played it. It developed by itself.

I looked up the keeper and said, "Well, Joyce, we've lost her. We had better go and shoot some grouse for dinner. In any case, I want Brownie to settle down. Mr. Garnett says he is going to try the river."

"Very good, sir."

Brownie had been wild because we were wild—anxiety is catching—and because she was confused by the falcons. She had been asked to work with no guns visible, which had muddled her, and it was the beginning of the season, and she was young, and Fraoch was a new place. Now that we were carrying guns instead of hawks, and the place was more familiar, she began to behave. She found us a nice set in the flat bog below the lodge, and held it.

We caught up with her, gently patting the rigid rump to urge her very slowly forward, pace by pace. The birds did not want to fly—and I ought to have noticed that, too. Trembling, on tiptoe almost, the tail straight and one front paw in the air, she crept with us right among them.

Then they were off. At my first shot, she dropped like a veteran. I swung on the second bird and killed it, as well as the first.

Is it possible—for it seems so in retrospect—that Cressida struck the second bird before it touched the ground?

When a peregrine stoops from her pitch, you can actually hear the wind in her feathers—a sort of "Fffrp!" as she hurtles by. When she strikes a flying grouse, she bowls it over in a cloud of feathers, head over heels, exactly as if it had been shot. You can hear the thump. Then she sweeps upward in a stall turn and binds to the body, like Dracula.

So there she was—my beautiful, crazy Cressida—clutching the dead bird in the heather and glaring at us with an expression I could not decipher. She mantled over the quarry, shielding it with greedy wings, as if to keep us away. She began to pluck and toss the feathers, starting at the head—for she had been superbly educated. A peregrine is allowed the head for a reward, but the body goes to the kitchen.

I began to tremble like Brownie. I motioned to Joyce to stay where he was and hold the bitch. It was important not to approach too quickly. I waited until Cressida was settling down to her meal. Then I walked to her slowly and circuitously, stood for a few moments, squatted, and held out my glove. I lifted her, grouse and all—she not making the faintest protest—and felt for the jesses, which, once held, would bring her into my possession once again.

Joyce and I sighed simultaneously, deeply. I straightened up. We smiled warmly upon one another. God was in his heaven and all was right with the world.

SHE had been there since we started, out of human sight in the dazzling sky above our heads, and beautifully *waiting on.* I remembered at last that this was a recognized way of reclaiming a lost falcon—to shoot a grouse for her, in case she was in the offing.

Joyce and I began talking quickly, both at once, telling each other all about it. We detached the carcass from Cressida's talons, praising her. I fastened her to the cadge, and Joyce, after patting Brownie and making much of her, collected the other bird and brought it back. He handed the grouse to me, and I weighed the sooty, tawny, red-specked body in my hand. One wing reflected the sky, a steely light gleaming from the oiled primaries. Joyce, looking on, said that he thought it was an old cock.

Some tint in the bird's plumage made me disagree. "I think he's this year's bird," I said.

"If I may, sir . . ." Joyce took the grouse from me, gently opened the bleeding beak, and inserted his thumb. He allowed the bird's entire weight to hang from the lower beak, which snapped. "Quite right," he said quietly. "This year's."

I was astonished, for I had never seen this done before. "Why so, Joyce?" I asked.

"Well, sir, it takes an old bird to stand that. He's got more to him. A young bird's jaw will always break with his own weight."

He picked up the cadge and called the dog, and we started back toward Fraoch. After my idiocy and panic with Cressida, I could not get over what I had just witnessed. I wondered how long it had taken man to discover this strange trick of weighing. Who first happened to lift a grouse by that unlikely part, and had the intelligence to go on lifting until he learned to interpret what happened? When I thought of how stupid man is, it depressed me to think how long he must have been observing things. —T. H. WHITE

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Nosu (nō′sōō), n. A Lolo.—*Webster's New International Dictionary.*

Next definition.

STILL-LIFE

Leonard Hartz, a slender and earnest American with an unromantically round head, came to the Constable School because it was one of three British art schools approved by the Veterans Administration under the present G.I. Bill. He could not imagine what the V.A. had seen in the place. Constable—"Connie" to the bird-tongued, red-legged girls who composed half its student body—was at once pedantic and frivolous. The vast university museum that, with a gesture perhaps less motherly than absentmindedly inclusive, sheltered the school in its left wing was primarily archeological in interest. Upstairs, room after room was packed with glass cases of Anglo-Saxon rubble; downstairs, a remarkably complete set of casts taken from classical statuary swarmed down corridors and gestured under high archways in a kind of petrified riot. This counterfeit wealth of statues, many of them still decorated with the seams of the casting process and quite swarthy with dust, was only roughly ordered. Beginning in the east with wasp-waisted *kouroi* whose Asiatic faces wore the first faint smile of the Attic dawn, visitors passed through the jumbled poignance and grandeur of Greece's golden age and ended in a neglected westerly room where some huge coarse monuments of the Roman-Christian degeneracy rested their hypnotized stares in the shadows. Masterpieces lurked like spies in this mob. His first week, Leonard spent a morning and two afternoons sketching a blackened Amazon leaning half-clad from a dark corner, and only at the end of the second day, struck by a resemblance between his sketch and the trademark of an American pencil manufacturer, did he realize that his subject was the Venus de Milo.

For freshmen at the Constable School were at the outset banished from the school itself, with its bright chatter and gay smocks, and were sent into these sad galleries to "draw from the antique." The newcomers—Leonard and four other resentful American veterans and one wispy English boy and a dozen sturdy English teen-age girls—straggled each morning into the museum, gripping a drawing board under one arm and a bench called a "horse" under the other, and at dusk, which came early to the interior of the museum, returned with their burdens increased by the weight of a god pinned to their boards, in time to see the advanced students jostle at the brush-cleaning sink and the model emerge from her closet incongruously dressed in street clothes. The school always smelled of turpentine at this hour.

Its sharp sweet scent lingering in his head, Leonard left the school alone, hurrying down the three ranks of shallow steps just in time to miss his bus. Everywhere he turned, those first weeks, he had this sensation of things evading him. When he did board his bus, and climbed to the second deck, the store fronts below sped backward as if from pursuit—the chemist's shops that were not exactly drugstores, the tea parlors that were by no means luncheonettes. The walls of the college buildings, crusty and impregnable, swept past like an armada of great gray sails, and the little river sung by Drayton and Milton and Matthew Arnold slipped from under him, and at right angles to the curving road red suburban streets plunged down steep perspectives, bristling with hedges and spiked walls and knotted chains. Sometimes, suspended between the retreating brick rows like puffs of flak, a flock of six or so birds was turning and flying, always away. The melancholy of the late English afternoon was seldom qualified for Leonard by any expectation for the night. Of the four other Americans, three were married, and although each of these couples in turn had him over for supper and Scrabble, these meals quickly vanished in his evenings' recurrent, thankless appetite. The American movies so easily available quickened rather than relieved his fear that he was out of contact with anything that might give him strength. Even at the school, where he had decided to place himself at least provisionally under the influence of Professor Seabright's musty aesthetic, he began to feel that indeed there was, in the precise contour of a shoulder or in the unique shape of space framed between an Apollo's legs, something intensely important, which, too, though he erased until the paper tore and squinted till his eyes burned, evaded him.

Seabright tried to visit the students among the casts once a day. Footsteps would sound briskly, marking the instructor off from any of the rare sightseers, usually a pair of nuns, who wandered, with whispers and a soft slithering step, into this section of the museum. Seabright's voice, its lisp buried in the general indistinctness, would rumble from far away, as if the gods were thinking of thundering. In stages of five minutes each, the noise would draw nearer, and eventually Leonard, working behind some pedestals, could hear every word Seabright spoke. On Tuesday of the second week, the student on the other side of the pedestals was a tall English girl named, with a pertness that sat somewhat askew on her mature body, Robin.

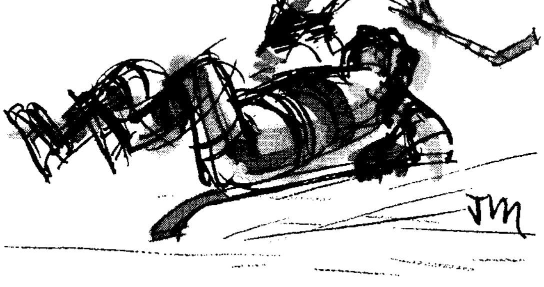
"Here, here," Seabright told her. "We're not doing silhouettes."

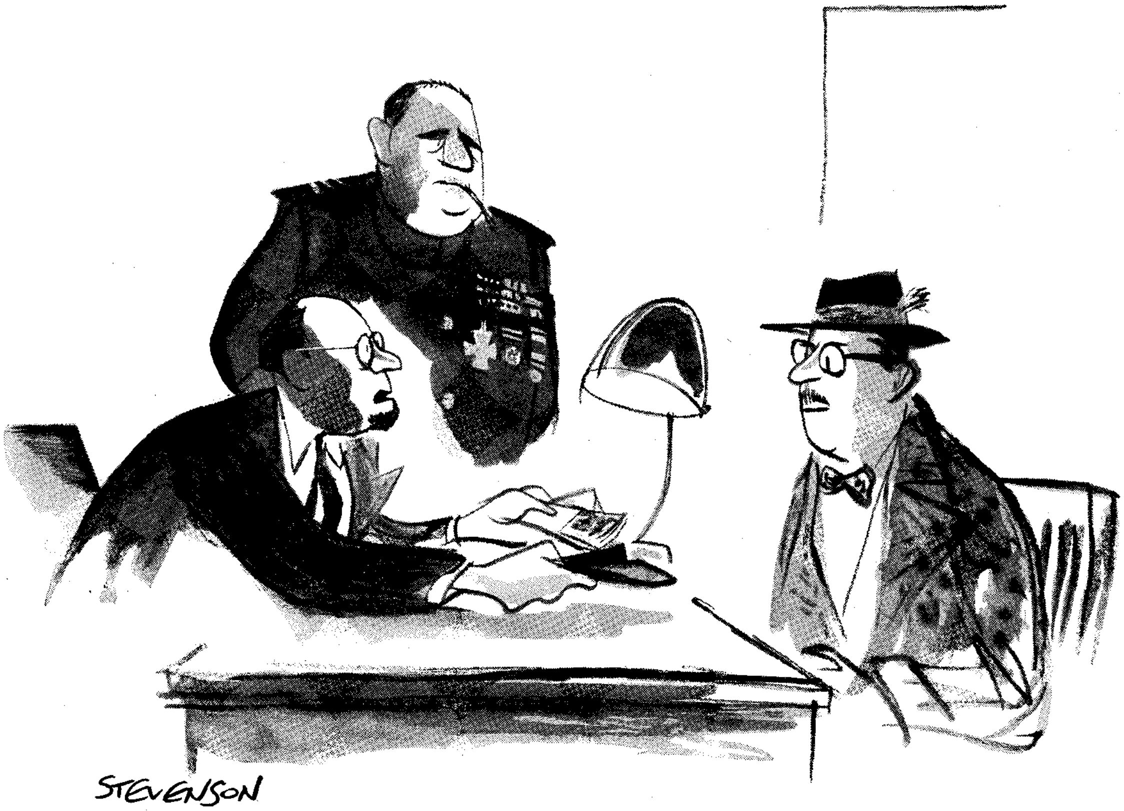
"I thought, you know," Robin replied, in an eager voice that to Leonard's American ears sounded also haughty, "if the outline came right, the rest could be fitted in."

"Oh no. Oh no. We don't fit *in;* we build *across* the large form. Otherwise all the little pieces will never read. You see, there, we don't even know where the center of your chest is. Ah—may I?" From the grunts and sighs, Leonard pictured Robin rising from straddling her horse and Seabright seating himself. "Dear me," he said, "you've got the outlines so black they rather take my eye. However . . ."

To Leonard it was one of Seabright's charms that, faced with any problem of drawing, he became so engrossed he forgot to speak. He had had to train himself to keep glancing at his watch; else he would sit the whole afternoon attacking a beginner's exercise, frowning like a cat at a mousehole, while the forgotten student stood by on aching legs.

"There." Seabright sighed reluctantly. "I'm afraid I've spent my time with you. It's just one passage, but you can see here, across the thorax, how the little elements are turning the large surface. And then, as you'd pass into the rib cage, with these two shadows just touched in at first, you see . . . Perhaps I should do a *bit* more. . . . There, you see. And then we could pass on to the throat. . . . It's a good idea, actually, on these figgers to start with the pit of the throat, and then work





“You’ll find everything here, Comrade—your American passport, Social Security number, birth certificate, driver’s license, and Diners’ Club card.”

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the shoulders outward and go up for the head. . . .”

“Yes, sir,” Robin said, a shade impatiently.

“The whole thrust of the pose is in those angles, you see? Do you see?”

“Yes, sir, I hope so.”

But her hopes were not enough for him; he came around the pedestals, and his plump, solemn, slightly feline figure was in Leonard’s view when he turned and said apprehensively to the hidden girl, “You understand to use the pencil as lightly as you can? Work up the whole form gradually?”

“Oh, yes. Quite,” Robin’s bright voice insisted.

Seabright twitched his head and came and stood behind Leonard. “I don’t think,” he said at last, “we need draw in the casting seams; we can idealize to that extent.”

“It seemed to help in getting the intervals,” Leonard explained.

“Even though these are exercises, you know, there’s no advantage in having them, uh, positively ugly.” Leonard glanced around at his teacher, who was not usually sarcastic, and Seabright continued with some embarrassment; his speech impediment was less audible than visible, a fitful effortfulness of the lips. “I must confess you’re not given much help by your subject matter.” His eyes had lifted to the figure Leonard had chosen to draw, for the reason that it had four limbs. Completeness was the crude token by which Leonard preferred one statue to another; he was puzzled by Seabright’s offended murmur of “Wretched thing.”

“Beg pardon?”

“Look here, Hartz!” Seabright exclaimed, and with startling aggressiveness trotted forward, stretched up on tiptoe, and slapped the plaster giant’s side. “The Roman who copied this didn’t even understand that this side is constricted by this leg taking the weight!” Seabright himself constricted, blinked abashedly, and returned to Leonard’s side with a more cautious voice. “Nevertheless, you’ve carried parts of it out with admirable intensity. Per—uh, perhaps you’ve been rather *too* intense; relax a bit at first and aim for the swing of the figger—how that little curve here, you see, sets up against this long lean one.” Leonard expected him to ask for the pencil, but instead he asked, “Why don’t you get yourself a new statue? That charming girl Miss Cox is doing—Venus, really, I suppose she is. At least there you do get some echoes of the Greek grace. I should think you’ve done your duty by this one.”

“O.K. It *was* starting to feel like mechanical drawing.” To dramatize his obedience, Leonard began prying out his thumbtacks, yet Seabright, his five minutes not used up, lingered.

“You do see some sense in drawing these to start off, don’t you?” Seabright was troubled by his American students; of the five, Leonard knew he must seem the least rebellious.

“Sure. It’s quite challenging, once you get into one.”

The Englishman was not totally reassured. He hovered apologetically, and confided this anecdote: “Picasso, you know, had a woman come to him for advice about learning to draw, and he told her right off, ‘*Dessinez les antiques.* Draw from the antique. There’s nothing like it, for getting the big forms.’ ”

Then Seabright left, pattering past threatening athletes and emperors, through the archway, out of the section altogether, into the gayer room where medieval armor, spurs, rings, spoons, and chalices were displayed. The sound of his shoes died. From behind the hedge of pedestals, quite close to Leonard’s ear, Robin’s clear voice piped, “Well, isn’t Puss in a snorty mood!”

To attack the statue Seabright had assigned him, Leonard moved his horse several yards forward, without abandoning the precious light that filtered through a window high behind him. From this new position, Robin was in part visible. A plinth still concealed her bulk, but around the corner her propped drawing board showed, and her hand when it stabbed at the paper, and even her whole head, massive with floppy fair hair, when she bent forward into a detail. He was at first too shy to risk meeting her eyes, so her foot, cut off at the ankle and thus isolated in its blue ballet slipper on the shadowy marble floor, received the brunt of his attention. It was a long foot, with the division of the toes just beginning at the rim of the slipper’s blue arc, and the smooth pallor of the exposed oval yielding, above the instep, to the mist-reddened roughness of the Englishwoman’s leg. These national legs, thick at the ankles and glazed up to the knees with a kind of weatherproofing, on Robin were not homely; like a piece of fine pink ceramic, her ankle kept taking, in Seabright’s phrase, his eye.

After an hour, he brought out,

"Aren't your feet cold, in just those slippers?"

"Rather," she promptly responded, and, with the quick skip that proved to be her custom, went beyond the question. "Gives me the shivers all over, being in this rotten place."

It was too quick for him. "You mean the school?"

"Oh, the school's all right; it's these wretched antiques."

"Don't you like them? Don't you find them sort of stable, and timeless?"

"If these old things are timeless, I'd rather be timely by a long shot."

"No, seriously. Think of them as angels."

"Seriously my foot. You Americans are never serious. Everything you say's a variety of joke; honestly, it's like conversing in a monkey house."

On this severe note Leonard feared they had concluded; but a minute later she showed him his silence was too careful by lucidly announcing, "I have a friend who's an atheist and hopes World War Three blows everything to bits. He doesn't care. He's an atheist."

THEIR subsequent conversations sustained this discouraging quality, of two creatures thrown together in the same language exchanging, across a distance wider than it seemed, miscalculated signals. He felt she quite misjudged his earnestness and would have been astonished to learn how deeply and solidly she had been placed in his heart, affording a fulcrum there by which he lifted the great dead mass of his spare time, which now seemed almost lighter than air—a haze of quixotic expectations, imagined murmurs, easy undressings, and tourist delights. He believed he was coming to love England. He went to a tailor and bought for four guineas a typical jacket of stiff green wool, only to discover, before the smeary mirror in his digs, that it made his head look absurdly small, like one berry on top of a bush, and he kept wearing his little zippered khaki windbreaker to the Constable School.

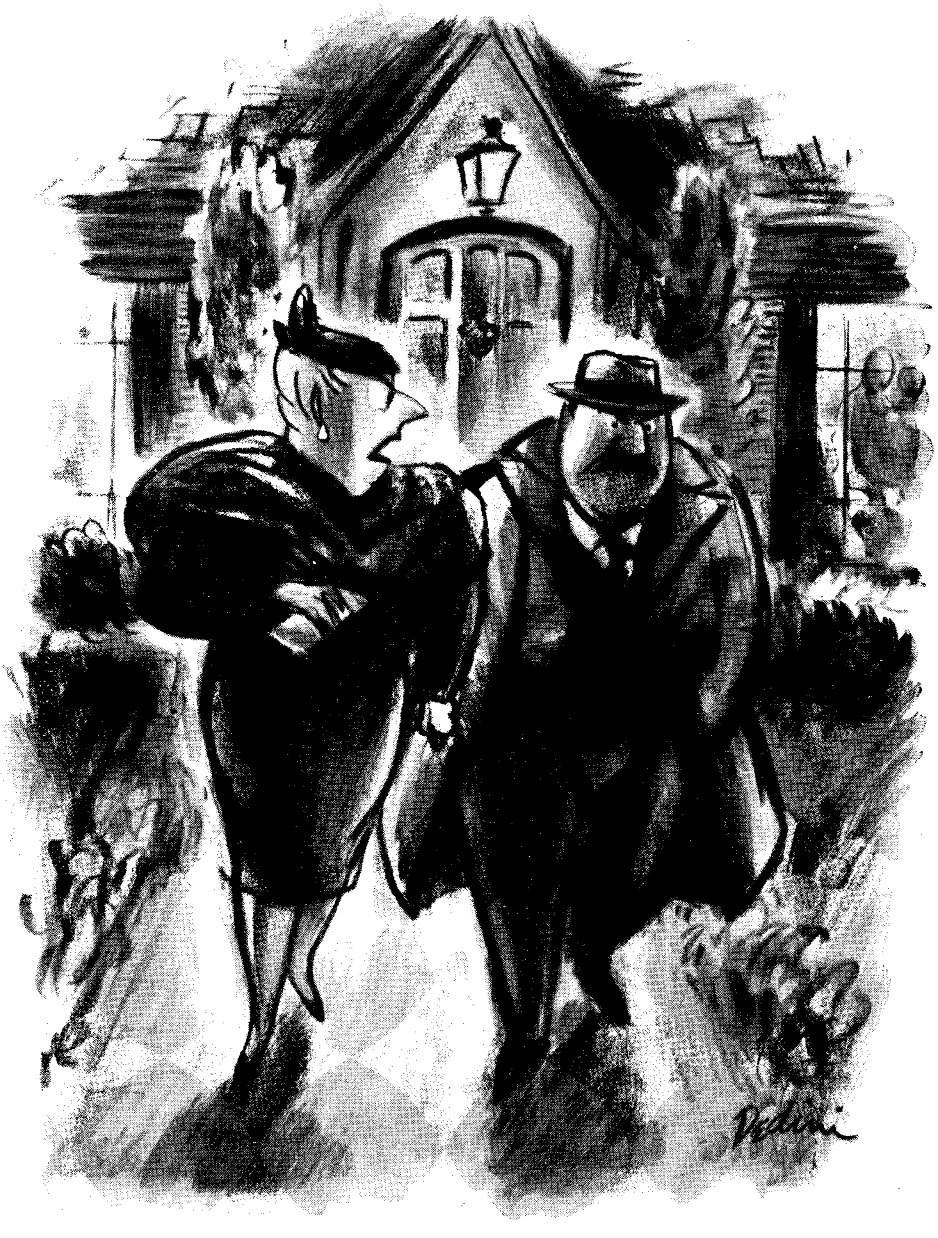
On his side, he had no idea of how silly she truly was. She was eighteen, and could describe looking up as a child and seeing bombs floatingly fall from the belly of a German bomber, yet there was something flat and smooth behind her large eyes that deflected his words oddly; she seemed to be empty of the ragged, absorbent wisdom of girls at home, in bombproof America. Across Robin's incongruities—between her name and body, her experiences and manner—was braced a certain official austerity, a determined erectness of carriage, as if she were Britannia in the cartoons, and her contours contained nothing erotic but limned a necessarily female symbol of ancient militance. Robin was tall, and her figure, crossing back and forth through the shadows of the casts and the patchy light between, seemed to Leonard to stalk. She was always in and out. In at nine-thirty, breathless and tardy; out at ten for a coffee break; back at eleven; lunch at eleven-thirty; back by one; at two-thirty out for a smoke; in by three; gone by four. Since the days of their joint attack on the Esquiline Venus, her work habits had grown blithe. She had moved away to another area, to analyze another figure, and he had not been bold enough to follow with his horse, though his next statue took him in her direction. So at least once an hour she came into his eyes, and though the coffee breaks and long lunches forced him to deduce a lively alien society, he, accustomed by the dragged-out days of Army life to patience, still thought of her as partly his. It seemed natural when, three weeks before the Michaelmas term ended, the Puss—Leonard had fallen in with mocking Seabright—promoted them to still-life together.

At the greengrocer's, on Monday morning, they purchased still-life ingredients. The Constable School owned a bin of trash, from which Leonard had selected an old mortar and pestle. His idea was then to buy, to make a logical picture, some vegetables that could be ground. But what, really, was ground, except nuts? The grocer did have some Jamaican walnuts.

"Don't be funny, Leonard," Robin said. "All those horrid little wrinkles, we'd be at it forever."

"Well, what else could you grind?"

"We're not going to *grind* anything;



"The trouble with you is there isn't any right way to rub you."

we're going to paint it. What we want is something *smooth.*"

"Oranges, miss?" the lad in charge offered.

"Oh, oranges. Everyone's doing oranges—looks like a pack of advertisements. What we want . . ." Frowning, she surveyed the produce, and Leonard's heart, plunged in the novel intimacy of shopping with a woman, beat excitedly. "Onions," Robin decided. "Onions are what we want."

"Onions, miss?"

"Yes, three, and a cabbage."

"One cabbage?"

"Here, may I pick it out?"

"But, Robin," Leonard said, having never before called her by name, "onions and cabbages don't go together."

"Really, Leonard, you keep talking as if we're going to *eat* them."

"They're both so round."

"I daresay. You won't get me doing any globby squashes. Besides, Leonard, ours won't get rotten."

"Our globby squashes?"

"Our *still*-life, sweet. Haven't you seen Melissa's pears? Really, if I had to look at those brown spots all day I think I'd go sick."

The lad, in his gray apron and muddy boots, gently pushed a paper bag against her arm. "Tenpence, miss. Five for the onions and four for the head and the bag's a penny."

"Here," Leonard said hoarsely. The action of handing over the money was so husbandly he blushed.

Robin asked, "Are the onions attractive?"

"Oh yes mum," the boy said in a level uncomprehending tone that defended him against any meaning she might have, including that of "having him on."

"Did you give us attractive onions?" she insisted. "I mean, we're not going to eat them."

"Oh, yes. They're good-looking, miss."

The boy's referring to the cabbage simply as "the head" haunted Leonard, and he started as if at a ghost when, as he emerged with Robin into the narrow street, the head of a passerby looked vividly familiar. It was the head alone, for otherwise Jack Fredericks had quite blended in. He was dressed completely in leather and wool, and even the haircut framing his amazed gape of recognition had the heavy British form. Eerie reunions are common among Americans in Europe, but Leonard had never before been hailed from so far in the past. He was offended at having his privacy, built during so many painful weeks of loneliness, unceremoniously crashed; yet he was pleased at being discovered with such a handsome companion. "Jack, this is Miss Robin Cox—Robin, Jack Fredericks. Jack is from my home town, Wheeling."

THE GOODNIGHT

He stood still by her bed
Watching his daughter breathe,
The dark and silver head,
The fingers curled beneath,
And thought: Though she may have
Intelligence and charm
And luck, they will not save
Her life from every harm.

The lives of children are
Dangerous to their parents
With fire, water, air,
And other accidents;
And some, for a child's sake,
Anticipating doom,
Empty the world to make
The world safe as a room.

Who could endure the pain
That was Laocoön's?
Twisting, he saw again
In the same coil his sons.
Plumed in his father's skill,
Young Icarus flew higher
Toward the sun, until
He fell in rings of fire.

A man who cannot stand
Children's perilous play,
With lifted voice and hand
Drives the children away.
Out of sight, out of reach,
The tumbling children pass;
He sits on an empty beach,
Holding an empty glass.

Who said that tenderness
Will turn the heart to stone?
May I endure her weakness
As I endure my own.
Better to say goodnight
To breathing flesh and blood
Each night as though the night
Were always only good.

—Louis Simpson

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"Wheeling, in what state?" the girl asked.

"West Virginia." Jack smiled. "It's rather like your Black Country."

"More green than black," Leonard said.

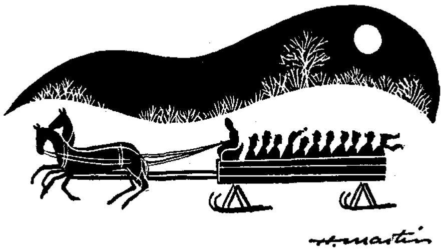
Jack guffawed. "Good old literal Len," he told Robin. His small moist eyes sought in vain to join hers in a joke over their friend. He and Leonard had never been on a "Len" basis. Had they met on the streets of Wheeling, they would hardly have spoken.

"What are you doing here?" Leonard asked him.

"Reading Ec at Jesus; but you're the one who baffles me. You're not at the university, surely?"

"Sort of. We're both at the Constable School of Art. It's affiliated."

"I've never *heard* of it!" Jack laughed out loud, for which Leonard was grateful, since Robin further stiffened.



"It's in a wing of the museum. Very pleasant place."

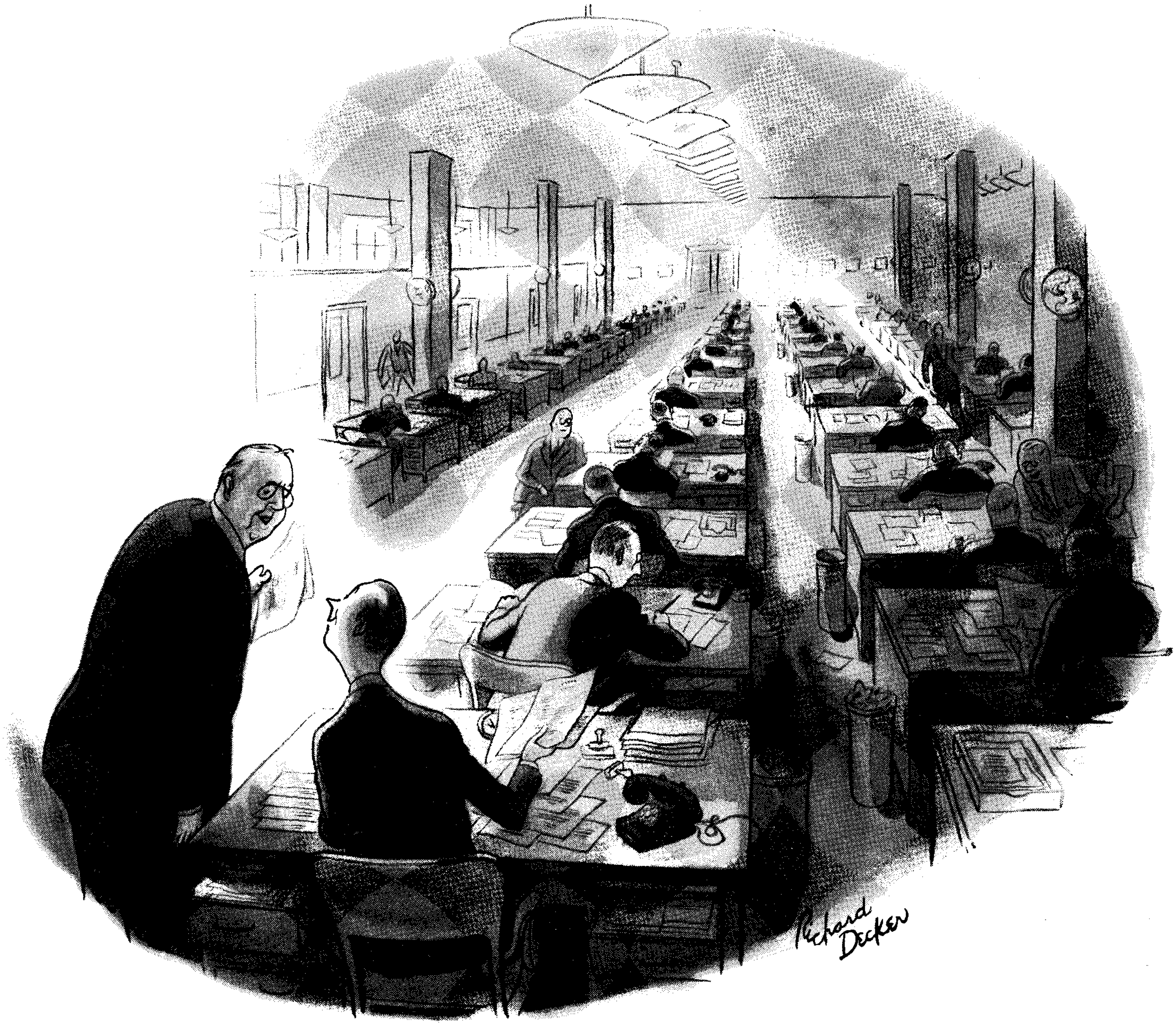
"Is it *really*? Well, I must come over sometime and see this strange institution. I'm rather interested in painting right now."

"Sure. Come on over. Any time. We have to get back now and make a still-life out of these onions."

"Well aren't you *won*derful? You know," Jack said to the girl, "Len was a year older than I in public school and I'm used to looking up at him."

To this preposterous lie Robin coolly replied with another: "Oh, at Connie we all look up to him."

THE Constable School could not afford to waste its precious space on still-lifes, and imposed upon the museum's good nature by setting them up in the Well, a kind of basement with a skylight, where hard-to-classify casts were stashed. Here a great naturalistic boar rested on his narrow tufted bottom, the Dying Gaul sunned himself in the soft light sifting from above like dust, Winged Victory hoisted her battered feathers, and a tall hermaphrodite, mutilated by Byzantine piety, posed behind a row of brutal Roman portrait busts. The walls were a strange gay blue. Even more strangely gay



"I want you to know I have my eye on you, Albertson—or is it Griswold?"

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were the five or six students, foreshortened into chipper, quick shapes, chirping around tables of brilliant fruit. Descending the spiral stair of black iron behind his friend's blond hair, Leonard felt he had at last arrived at the radiant heart of the school.

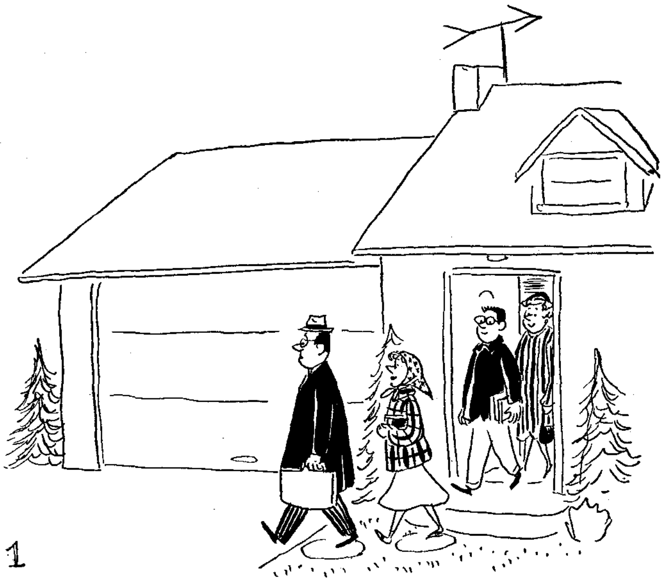
Nowhere in the museum was there as much light as in the Well. Their intimacy of the grocer's shop seemed clarified and enhanced in the fall of light, and pointed by artistic purpose. With much minuteness they arranged the elements upon a yellow cloth. Her white hands fussed imperiously with the cabbage, tearing off leaf after leaf until she had reduced it to a roundness she imagined would be simple to draw. After lunch they began to mark with charcoal their newly bought canvases, which smelled of glue and green wood. To have her, some distance from his side, echoing his task, and to know that her eyes concentrated upon the same set of shapes, which after a little concentration took on an unnatural intensity, like fruit in Paradise, curiously enlarged his sense of his physical size; he seemed to tower above the flagstones, and his voice, in responding to her erratic exclamations and complaints, struck into his ears with grave finality, as if his words were being cut into the clear air. The other students on still-life also worked solemnly, and in the afternoon there were few of them. The sounds of museum traffic drifted in from a comparatively dark and cluttered world.

Jack Fredericks paid his visit the very next day. He thumped down the stairs in his little scholar's gown and stared at the still-life over Robin's shoulder and asked, "Why are you going to grind onions in a mortar?"

"We're not," she said, in the haughty voice Leonard had first heard.

Jack sauntered over to the hermaphrodite and said, "Good Lord. What happened to him?"

Leonard made no earnest effort to put him at his ease. With the stubbornness of embarrassment, Jack lay down on the shallow ledge designed to set off the exhibits, in a place just behind the table supporting the still-life, and smiled up quizzically at the faces of the painters. He meant to look debonair, but in the lambent atmosphere he looked ponderous, with all that leather and wool. The impression of mass was so intense Leonard feared he might move and break one of the hollow casts nearby. He had not noticed on the street how big his fellow West Virginian had grown. The weight was mostly in flesh: broad beefy hands folded on his vest,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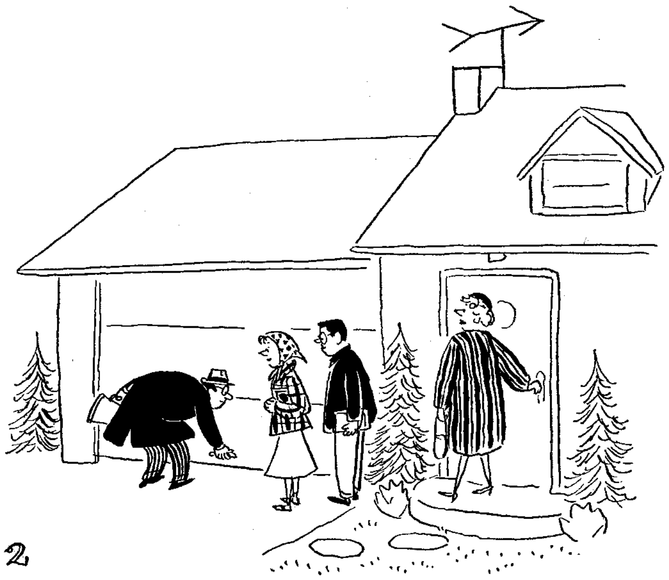
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corpulent legs uneasily crossed on the cold stone floor.

Seabright made no pretense of not being startled at finding him there. "What—uh, what are you doing?"

"I guess I'm auditing."

The telltale "guess" put the Puss's back up higher. "We don't generally set aside space for spectators."

"Oh, I've been very unobtrusive, sir. We haven't been saying a word to each other."

"Be that as it may, you're right in these people's vision. If you didn't come down here to look at the statues, I'm really afraid there's nothing here for you."

"Oh. Well. Certainly." Jack, grimacing with the effort, raised his body to his feet. "I didn't know there were regulations."

Leonard did not strenuously follow up this victory. His courtship of Robin continued as subtly as before, though twice he did dare ask her to the movies. The second time, she accepted. The delicately tinted Japanese love tale, so queerly stained with murders, seemed to offer a common foreign ground where they might meet as equals, but the strict rules of the girls' house where she stayed, requiring them to scamper directly into a jammed bus, made the whole outing, in the end, seem awkward and foolish. He much preferred the days, full of light and time, when their proximity had the grace of the accidental, and before their eyes a constant topic of intercourse was poised. He even wondered if through their one date he hadn't lost some dignity in her eyes. The tone of her talk to him in the Well was respectful—the more so since his painting was coming excellently. Something in those spherical shapes and mild colors spoke to him. Seabright was plainly flattered by his progress. "Mmm," he would purr. "Delicious tones on the shadow side here. But I believe you're shading a bit too much toward red. It's really a very distinct violet, you know. If I could have your palette a moment . . . And a clean brush?" Lesson by lesson, Leonard was drawn into Seabright's world, a tender, subdued world founded on violet, and where violet—pronounced "vaalet"—at the faintest touch of a shadow, at the slightest hesitation of red or blue, rose to the surface, shyly vibrant. Robin's bluntly polychrome vision caused him to complain, "Really, Miss Cox, I wish you had gotten the drawing correct before you began filling in the spaces." When he had gone back up the spiral stair, she would transfer this complaint to Leonard as "Honestly, Len, I can't see all this rotten purple. You'd think my onions were grapes, to see what he's done to them. Tell me, should I scrape his paint right off?"

Leonard walked around to her easel and suggested, "Why don't you try keying in the rest of it around them?"

"Key it in? Key it in!" She seemed to relish the shrill syllables.

"Sure. Make your cabbage kind of greeny-purple, and the yellow cloth browny-purple, and for the mortar, well, try pure turps."

"No." She pouted. "It's not a joke. You're just being a disgusting silly American. You think I'm stupid at paints."

Each day he sank deeper into a fatherly role; he welcomed any secure relationship with her, yet wondered if he wasn't being, perhaps, neutralized. She never sought his advice except on technical matters until a day near the end of term when she asked, "How well do you know your friend Jack Fredericks?"

"Not well at all. I wouldn't call him my friend. He was a year younger in school, and we weren't really in the same social class."

"The social classes in America—are they very strong?"

"Well—the divisions aren't as great as here, but there're more of them."

"And he comes from a good class?"

"Fair." He thought reticence was his best tactic, but when she joined him in silence he was compelled to prod. "What makes you ask?"

"Now, Leonard. You mustn't breathe a word; if you do, I'll absolutely shrivel. You see, he's asked me to model for him."

"*Model* for him? He can't paint."

"Yes he can. He's shown me some of his things and they're rather good."

"How does he mean 'model'? Model in what condition?"

"Yes. In the nude." High color burned evenly in her face; she dabbed at the canvas.

"That's ridiculous. He doesn't paint at all."

"But he *does*, Leonard. He's taken it up very seriously. I've *seen* his things."

"What do they look like?"

"Oh, rather abstract."

"I bet."

"*All* you Americans paint in the abstract."

"I don't." He didn't feel this was much of a point to score.

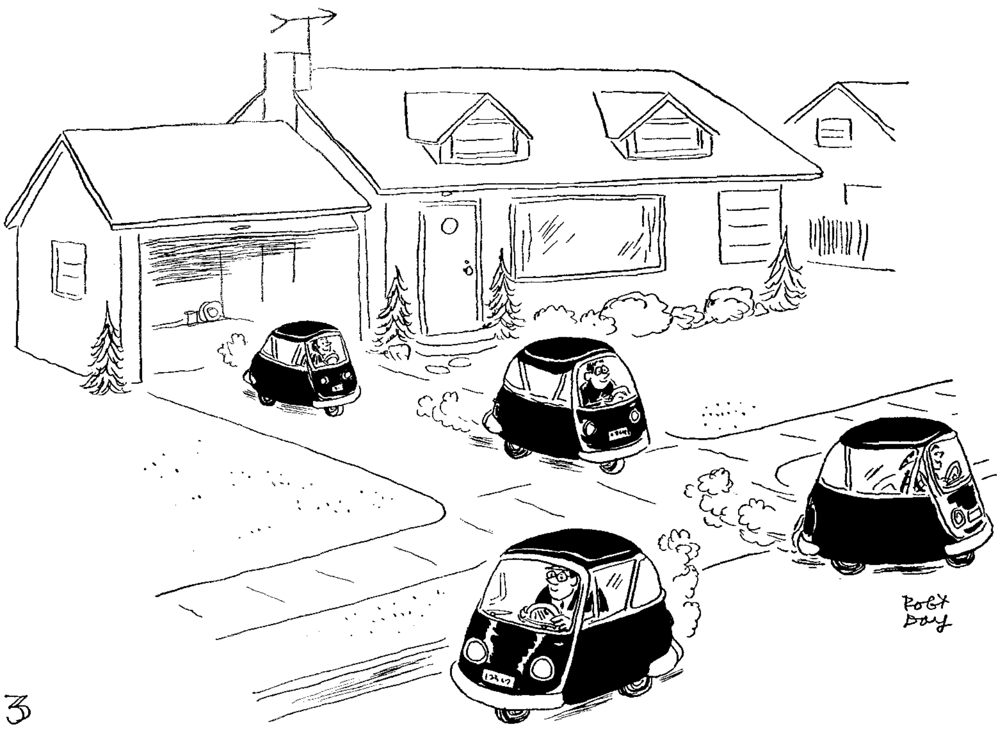
"He says I have a lovely body—"

"Of course you do."

"—and *swears*, absolutely, there would be nothing to it. He's even offered a model's fee."

"Well I never heard of such an embarrassing awful scheme."

"Really, Leonard, it's embarrassing



only when you talk of it. I *know* he's perfectly serious as a painter."

Leonard added a fleck of black to a mixture on his palette and sighed. "Well, Robin. You do whatever you want. It's your life."

"Oh, I wouldn't *dream* of *do*ing it. Mommy and Daddy would *die*."

His relief was overwhelmed by a sudden fierce sense of being wronged. "Don't let *them* stand in your way. Why, this may be the start of a whole career for you."

"I mean, I never con*sid*ered it. I was just interested in your opinion of the man."

"My opinion is he's a *horrible* man. He's a silly spoiled snob and about to get hog-fat and I don't see what attracts you in him. Terrible person. Terrible."

"Well, as you say, you don't know him very well."

LEONARD and the other unmarried veteran went to Europe during the winter vacation. On the Channel boat, his thoughts, free for the first time from the tangle of departure, returned to Robin, and the certainty of her turning Fredericks down warmed him on the cold, briny deck. In Paris the idea that she even toyed with such a proposition excited him; it suggested an area of willingness, of loneliness, that Leonard could feasibly invade. In Frankfurt he wondered if actually she would turn him down—he knew she was staying around the university during vacation—and by Hamburg he was certain that she had not; she had consented. He grew accustomed to this conviction as he and his companion slowly circled back through the Lowlands. By the time he disembarked at Dover he was quite indifferent to her nakedness.

The school had grown chillier and much older in six weeks. In the Well, the arrangements of fruit had decayed; with the hope that some of the students would continue to work despite the vacation, the things had not been disturbed. Their own still-life was least affected by time. The onions were as immutable as the statues; but the cabbage, peeled by Robin to its solid pale heart, had relaxed in wilting, and its outer leaves, gray and almost transparent, rested on the gold cloth. His painting, still standing in its easel, preserved the original appearance of the cabbage, but the pigments had dulled, sinking into the canvas; their hardness made the painting seem finished, though there were several uncovered corners, and numerous contrasts his fresh eye saw the need of adjusting. He loaded his palette and touched paint to the canvas reluctantly. The Well was so empty on this morning of resumption that he feared he had made a foolish mistake, by misreading the schedule, or taking it too seriously. At the far end, the little English boy, who was arrogant as well as wispy, noisily dismantled groups, crashing vegetable elements into a paper sack.

After eleven o'clock, Robin appeared on the balcony of the spiral stair. She stood overlooking the Well with her serene Britannia stance—her bosom a brave chest, her hips and legs a firm foundation—and then descended in a flurry. "Leonard. Where have you *been*?"

"I told you, I was going to Europe with Max. We went as far east as Hamburg, and came back through Holland and Belgium."

"You went to *Germany*? What ever for?"

"Well, I am German, eventually."

Her attention went sidewise. "I say, the cabbage has taken it hard, hasn't it?" She took her own painting off the easel. "Are you still going at it? Puss has put me back in antique."

"Of all the *crust*."

"Oh, well. He said to me 'You're pretty rotten at this, aren't you?' and I agreed. It's the truth."

Leonard resented the implication in this blitheness that he, too, the companion of her futile labors, was negligible. He asked with injured sarcasm, "How's your posing for Fredericks coming?"

Her blue eyes squared. "Posing for *him*? I did nothing of the sort." Her words might have been "I love *you*;" his indifference melted and he started to say, "I'm glad."

But she went on with surprising intensity, "Really, Leonard, you refuse to take me *seriously*. I could see all along he was a dreadful bore." Her arm held her canvas captive against her side, and with her free hand she impatiently pushed floppy hair back from her forehead—a rigid, aristocratic gesture that swept his stupid stirrings of hope quite away. It had been a ridiculous miscalculation to think that if Fredericks were eliminated, that left him; over here, they were two of a kind, and by his own admission he was Fredericks' inferior. The dismissal of the larger included that of the smaller; she was done with the silly strange lot. After all, male friends are a serious matter.

Like those flocks of birds seen from the bus window, she had exploded as he watched. Even before she took a backward step, her receding from him seemed so swift he raised his voice in claiming, less in apology than as a fresh basis, "All Americans are bores."

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

Mrs. Kolbe, who is said to be the oldest lady in Doylestown and one of the few in Bucks county, gets up . . .—*Doylestown (Pa.) Daily Intelligencer.*

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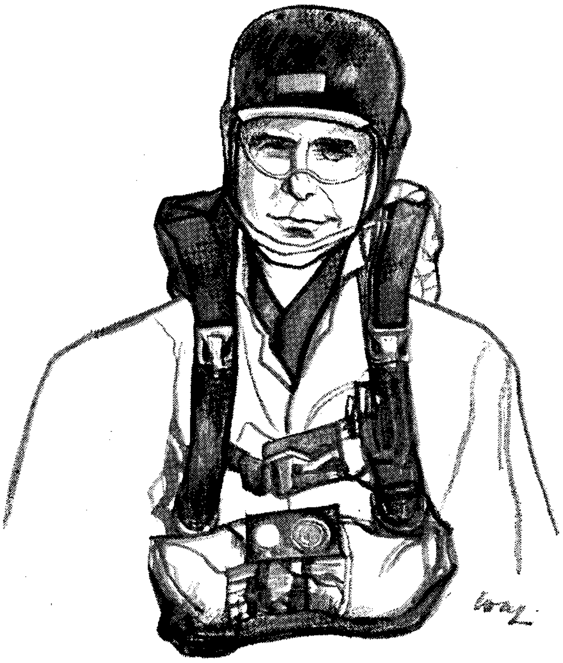


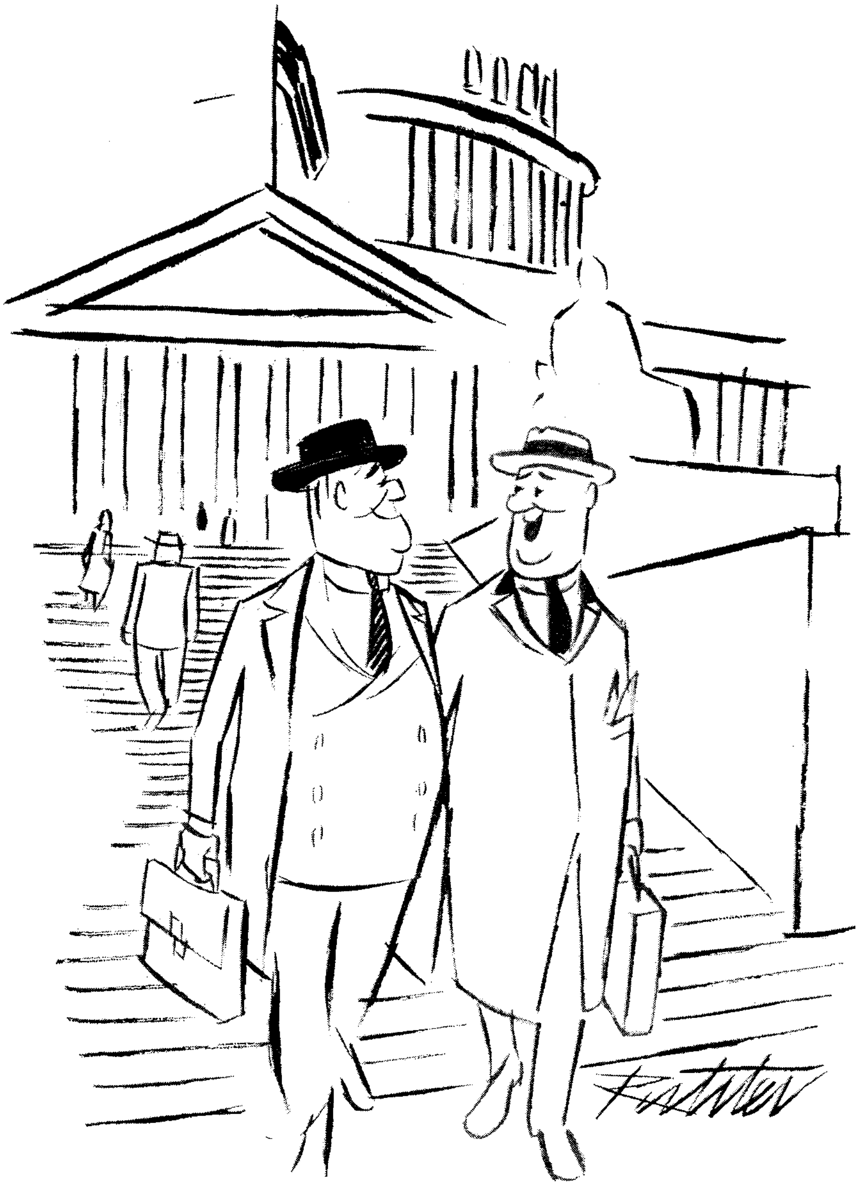
Jacques André Istel

JACQUES ANDRÉ ISTEL, a twenty-nine-year-old French-American with a Princeton education and a distinguished family background of banking and international finance, is the nation's leading parachutist. It is scarcely too much to say that Istel *is* the parachute movement in the United States. He has been the United States team captain, trainer, and organizer at the international meets we have lately been entering (with growing success), and, together with his sidekick, Lewis B. Sanborn, a former carpenter who looks as though he might have stepped out of Harvard Yard, he has led in our scoring. Istel is a naturalized citizen with a perpetually gnawing sense of obligation to his adopted land, and he wishes to pay off his debt by seeing all adults under eighty parachute from airplanes, many of them several times daily. Toward this alarming goal he is progressing, or jumping, with astonishing celerity. A number of years ago, he took over a dozing organization called the National Parachute Jumpers-Riggers, a kind of amateur sports group with minus thirty members (that is, thirty members who had long since let their dues lapse), and converted it into the Parachute Club of America, a non-profit organization that now has a paid-up and fervent membership of eight hundred and fifty-nine. In addition, he has urged into being, by the naked force of his bristling personality, forty sports parachute clubs, at such centers as Ivy League colleges and West Point, and has made certain nervous inroads on the thinking of the military—no small feat, as the late General Billy Mitchell and the present Admiral Hyman Rickover and Lieutenant General James M. Gavin would probably be happy to affirm. It is a melancholy thought to Istel that his most clamorous followers, the inmates of penitentiaries, must go unattended. He has received any number of requests to form clubs among prisoners in some of the leading penal institutions, but thus far he has had little or no encouragement from the wardens.

Istel is the proprietor of an outfit called Parachutes, Inc., which is in the business of designing innovations and refining safety features for the (until now) slightly disreputable old crutch of flying. More specifically, Istel and Sanborn design and sell the kind of chutes they think people should use, and delegate the manufacturing to the Pioneer Parachute Company, of Manchester, Connecticut, which, under the direction of a former parachutist named Lyman Ford, has been making chutes since 1938. Today, Istel is an earnest, careful, and conservative businessman, but this was not always so. His business is conducted in a venerable and properly sedate stone mansion at Bedford Village, New York, in a setting far above the highroad, surrounded by evergreens, and lulled by the chirp and squeak of woods creatures. The long, crazily winding private drive leading to the house, however, is strewn with the bones of expensive cars—testimony to Istel's impetuous past—including an eight-thousand-dollar Mercedes 300 SL that he smashed while trying to see if he could gain the heights under conditions of ice. The Mercedes (insured) had been bought by Istel for a Parisian friend; the mansion was bought by Istel's father in 1954 in a gesture of despairing resignation. It would be difficult to overstate the chilly hostility with which the elder Istel viewed his son's aversion to Wall Street and romance with parachutes after his graduation from Princeton, in 1949. For a brief period, memorable chiefly for its vivid episodes of protest, the boy toiled in the New York and Paris money markets. His choler was not unlike that of a dinosaur writhing and bawling in the ensnaring gumbo of primordia. Then he burst loose, and his father, putting his faith in the braking power of austere country living, provided the Bedford house. In 1952, Istel married a beautiful girl named Claudia Beardslee, the daughter of a Pennsylvania professor and minister, and when, after a spell of peripatetic housekeeping, she finally settled down with Istel in a house of her own, it was in a twenty-seven-room mansion with, literally, no more furniture than a double bed. A stove and a refrigerator came with the place, and that was all. To her occasional queries along the line of "Jacques, why don't we get a few things, maybe even a chair?" her husband always replied, "You can't make any money with furniture." He at length consented to borrow a dining set from a friend who was leaving for Spain, and he reclaimed his Princeton-room desk to form the nucleus of his company's personal effects. This kind of Spartanism has paid off. Having long struggled against a hurtful lack of capital and the ill will of multitudes who thought they knew more about Istel's specialty than Istel did, Parachutes, Inc., is beginning to take on a rosier fiscal hue, and the prospect is that the sky's the limit, so to speak. A straw in the upper-level wind is the fact that he and Sanborn (his treasurer and spiritual partner) have just landed a fat contract to supply parachutes to the Marine Corps.

Istel is, of course, a fanatic, but, like many fanatics, he is about as right as it's possible to get without being offensive. He is bitterly chagrined that the United States stood idly and characteristically by while a feverish parachute movement gathered steam (and military approval) in the Iron Curtain countries. He is convinced that we have a great deal of catching up to do, and he means to see that we do it, at whatever cost to his person, his purse, and his pride. For the accomplishment of these and kindred aims, the head of Parachutes, Inc., is magnificently equipped. He has the unabashed drive of a young adult gorilla in especially fine condition. The fact is that Istel is not unsimian in appearance—in an agreeable and even a hypnotic way—largely because of his posture, which at nearly all times is the crouching stance of a man about to do a swan dive out of an airplane. The illusion is heightened by his facial expression, an arrangement described by his school yearbook as "fiendish" (but actually the intense look of a young man in a hurry), and by his powerful, sloping shoulders, his deep chest, and his rolling, Dutch-sailor's gait. Istel has jet-black hair trimmed in a crew cut that droops slightly forward, and he wears the standard Eastern-college uniform of oxford-gray or khaki trousers with tweed jacket. Altogether, at twenty-nine he still manages to look like an undergraduate, if one of unique character and purpose. Quite possibly it is supererogatory to record that a career parachutist is in good, hard shape, but in Istel's case a special point might be made of it. Early each morning, he bounds out of bed and, bone nude, does fifty push-ups and a long series of spine-crunching bends from a sitting position on the floor. Then he drives to a nearby airport and gets in several parachute jumps before breakfast. The regimen might well kill the average professional pug in a matter of weeks. At the outbreak of war in Korea, Istel enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps, considering this to be another means of earning his citizenship, and rapidly advanced to the rank of second lieutenant, in charge of a weapons company at Camp Pendleton, California. It was a group in which there had previously been a notable tendency to sag. Istel ended all that. He pepped the fellows up by having them do long hikes while carrying forty-pound mortar tubes in addition to their regular packs, to iron out the kinks, and made them sing French marching songs, to offset the pull. No comparable mixture has been seen in any modern force except the French Foreign Legion, in which Istel has never served. Anyhow, the combination worked. Istel went to Korea with a very springy and melodious (and bilingual) company, and it was, besides, a happy company. Of this period he recently said, with undue modesty, "I believe I was a pretty good Marine officer." Certainly the old company members, some of them perhaps a trifle bowlegged and apt to burst into hysterical snatches of French song in moments of crisis, continue to write to him, and not a few belong to one or another of his sports parachute clubs.

Istel's conditioning has helped bring about what is thus far unquestionably his greatest parachuting gift to America—sky diving. The general sport, or (in the military) the tactical exercise, of parachuting has always been divided into two types—the free fall and the static-line jump. In the former, one merely hurls oneself out of a plane and pulls the ripcord at one's leisure, preferably with an eye on the altitude. The static-line jump, used mainly for a group of men parachuting in sequence, automatically takes care of the pull by means of a long cord, to which each man's chute is attached before he leaves the aircraft. Istel has revolutionized the whole concept of free-fall parachuting in America. In 1955, having made a number of wildly informal jumps over a period of several years, he went to Vienna as the official United States delegate (appointed by the National Aeronautic Association) to a parachuting conference sponsored by a society called the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale. The object of the Vienna huddle was to plan a world meet, to be held the next year in Moscow, and when Istel was asked what part the United States might play, he unshyly declared that we would, of course, be represented "with a full team." This came as a pleasurable shock to everybody, and particularly to Istel himself, an hour or so later, back in his hotel. The United States *had* no team, he reflected with mild consternation, or any part of a team, and, what's more, Istel was unable to think of a sole American, aside from himself, who might be warmed up and run out onto the field. Parachuting in this country was in low repute—on a level with cockfighting and riding over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Nevertheless, he charged forward to find out what the European nations were doing in the sport, and was electrified to learn that they were doing a great deal—so much, in fact, that he decided he needed some expert instruction. Accordingly, on his way home from Vienna he stopped off in Paris, where he was able to talk the



"I think you'd make a great President, too."

parachuting champion of France, Sam Chasak, into giving him lessons. Chasak was patiently helpful; with his assistant, Gerard Van der Meersch, a Belgian nobleman who had thrown up a hereditary business to become a parachute instructor, he put the eager Istel through a number of thrillingly novel paces. Istel came home and announced to aviation people everywhere that it was possible for a person to dive out of an airplane and soar like a bird—fully under control, changing his course and his body positions, making a planned flight—for as long as two hundred seconds, or more than three minutes, before pulling the ripcord. This, in essence, is sky diving, the pivot of the sports parachute movement. Beyond doubt, it provides one of the oddest physical sensations available to the human being, its oddness resting chiefly on the fact that there is scarcely any sensation at all. One has no feeling of falling. The air rushes by, the earth tilts below, like movies shot from a rocket, and the jumper attains his maximum velocity—over a hundred miles an hour—in a very few seconds. After that, it is simply a matter of floating unencumbered, released for once from any awareness of man's lifelong thralldom to gravity. "You feel free, somewhat the way you do in skiing," Istel says. "Space loses its meaning. Your important dimension is time." The truth is that a jumper, unless he is careful, can forget that he is aloft, and vulnerable, and headed in a hurry toward the implacable reckoning of earth.

Istel, now one of the world's leading practitioners of the art of sky diving, felt that his epochal declaration to America, as important in its way as Revere's gallop or Sam Morse's announcement of telegraphy, did not elicit a suitable response. The prevailing sentiment was "The boy's obviously an ass." Istel has never been daunted, and the enveloping apathy only encouraged him to bull ahead and assemble his United States parachute team, in accordance with his promise in Vienna. At the Tushino Airport, in Moscow, in August of 1956, he was on hand with a six-man team (including one alternate), which had been gathered and trained amidst adversities that might have exhausted the fortitude of Lincoln. In a parachute meet, the object is to land directly on a target, with points awarded for form and style in the air, much as in a high-diving competition. Istel's team finished sixth in a field of ten competing nations. Czechoslovakia was first and Russia second, followed by Bulgaria, France, and Yugoslavia; the American team beat Poland, Rumania, Hungary, and Israel. Last summer, at the Coupe du Monde, an international meet in Paris involving ten predominantly non-Iron Curtain nations, Istel's team finished second, defeated only by France, and at the next World Championship, held a few weeks afterward, in Czechoslovakia, the United States wound up, as at Moscow, in sixth place, but on this occasion fourteen countries were represented and, what is more significant, we beat France, which for years has gone in for parachuting with about the same zeal that Norway shows for skiing. Istel regards these achievements as among the hollower of his triumphs. In his main theatre of combat—specifically, the United States military vs. Istel, on the subject of parachuting—he has recently won some decisive skirmishes. After being ordered to Fort Bragg a while back to demonstrate his theories, he was asked to help write a code of regulations for the Army governing free-fall parachuting, and several months ago the Air Force officially petitioned him to send it all his literature. The Special Services branch of the Army is now buying his parachutes, and last summer the Army and the Air Force, jointly, invited him to make use of Fort Bragg as a training ground for the United States team entered in the Czechoslovakian meet. Istel is only temporarily impressed by such events. When he first checked in at Fort Bragg and, as a preliminary gesture, addressed a large roomful of ripely skeptical brass, he thanked everybody politely for the invitation and went on to say, in his pleasantly accented Princetonian English, "Gentlemen, I wish you to know that up to this time the United States parachute team has received better treatment in Moscow than it has in certain important quarters in the U. S. It is a great pleasure to finally be taken in at home."

ISTEL richly qualifies as a candidate for Emerson's description of Henry David Thoreau—"a protestant *à outrance*." From all reports, including those of his dearest kin, Istel has been a handful almost from his birth, which took place in Paris on January 28, 1929. His father, André Istel, was at the time a partner in the private banking house of Schlumberger, Istel, Noyer & Cie., and he has since acquired further financial interests, both in this country and abroad. He is at present chairman of the board of four investment com-

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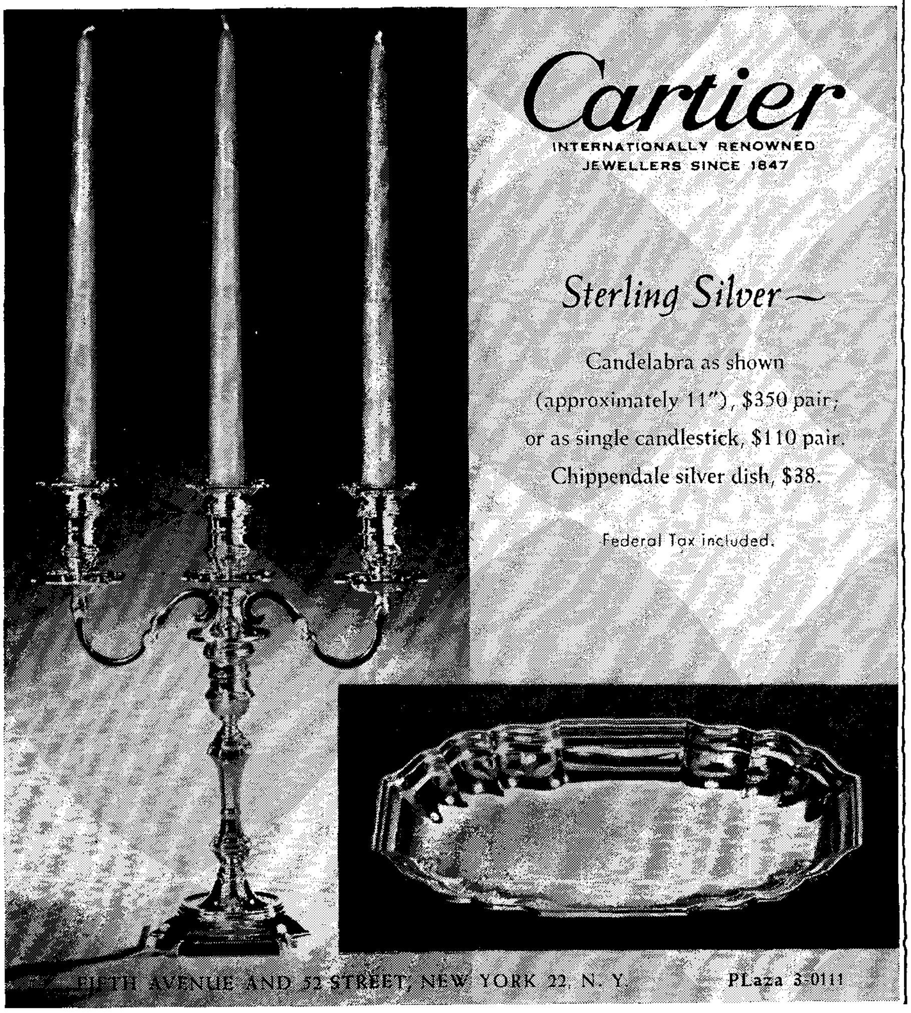

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panies. Two of them, the Istel Fund and the Pallas Corporation, are in the United States; one, Dominion Equity Investments, Ltd., is in Canada; and the fourth is in France. Jacques is quick to agree that his father has led an energetic and useful life, too, even though it has touched very slightly—or as slightly as M. Istel could manage—on parachuting. The elder Istel holds a degree in electrical engineering, but he never got around to plying that trade and is uncertain now whether he could successfully splice a frayed extension cord. He was sidetracked first of all by the French diplomatic service, which persuaded him to become a consular agent in Vancouver. Then, in 1914, when the war began, he enlisted as a private soldier and was soon proposed for the Croix de Guerre for leaping out of a forward shell hole during a gas attack, tearing off his gas mask, and crying the alarm back to his comrades. A slight cough caused by that episode plagues him to this day. André Istel's extraordinary mental gifts were soon recognized as being wasted in shell holes, and he finished up the war as secretary of the Inter-Allied Aviation Committee. Jacques Istel's ancestry on both sides is marked by exceptional spirit and capability and distinction. His mother, the former Yvonne Crémieux, was so beloved in her Parisian neighborhood that in the Second World War, when she and her family retired south under German pressure, her neighbors removed the furniture from her house and hid it. All of it—and even her laundry, beautifully done and neatly wrapped—was returned to her in 1944. One of her brothers, Raymond Crémieux, was a hero of the 1914-18 war and among the few French aviators who were shot down three times. His aerial maneuvers over the German lines were conducted so nonchalantly near the earth that there was some question whether one of his involuntary descents had not been accomplished by a hurled rock.

The advent of Jacques in the Istel household introduced a disturbing note that has steadily endured. He himself recalls the period of his early childhood as one of crushing boredom. The major part of his first schooling was managed by tutors, none of whom had the durability to stay with the job very long. In the end, a private school was induced to accommodate him for one day a week, and his mother handled the rest. For recreation, he was led, or dragged, by a governess to a nearby park, where he spent a couple of hours each day under hot pursuit by nannies brandishing sticks and rolled-up periodicals. Finally,

Edison Marshall, author of The Viking, on Palomino Island off Puerto Rico. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

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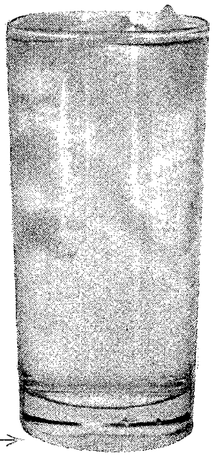

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his mother, a woman of perception, saw that the boy did not have enough to occupy what was clearly an uncommonly active mind, and when he was nine she sent him off to visit an uncle who lived on a country estate. On the first day (which proved to be the last) of his stay, the child invented an ingenious game called "*bombardier*" and knocked out a hundred and seventy-five panes of a hothouse, or all the panes the hothouse contained. His mother wearily suspended his allowance for two years and used it to replace the glass, completing the task a week before the Germans marched across the border. As the Germans pressed on toward Paris, Mme. Istel, together with Jacques, his younger brother, Yves André, and his sister Geneviève, fled, dodging and hiding, into Spain and then Portugal, where they eventually found passage to the United States. Her husband, who happened to be in this country when France fell, was appointed an adviser to General de Gaulle, and, with the first passport issued by the Free French government, began commuting between Washington and London, to buy aircraft. An older brother of Jacques, Jean François, fought with the French Army, fell captive to the Germans, made a brilliant and daring escape to Canada, enlisted in the R.C.A.F., and died of an illness before getting into aerial combat. A friend of the Istel and Crémieux families has remarked, "For people who—all except Jacques, of course—speak and behave with such mildness by nature, they turn into the most improbable tigers in times of military need."

When America's future parachuting champion arrived in New York, aged eleven, his parents resolved to lodge him in a good strong school; that is, one with a reasonable chance of holding him. They at length selected Stony Brook, a boys' school of excellent reputation on Long Island. The establishment was, and is, no more zealously devoted to discipline than the average boarding school, but most of its masters were young and muscular, and fully able to cope with newcomers of any dynamic impetus. As things turned out, the fuss was largely unnecessary. Istel settled into Stony Brook life with joy and coöperation, comparatively speaking, and began to be unbored for the first time he could remember. When he took his seat in the first form, he was unable to speak a word of English, but this by no means excluded him from conversation. He spoke right up in French, whether anybody could understand him or not. By good

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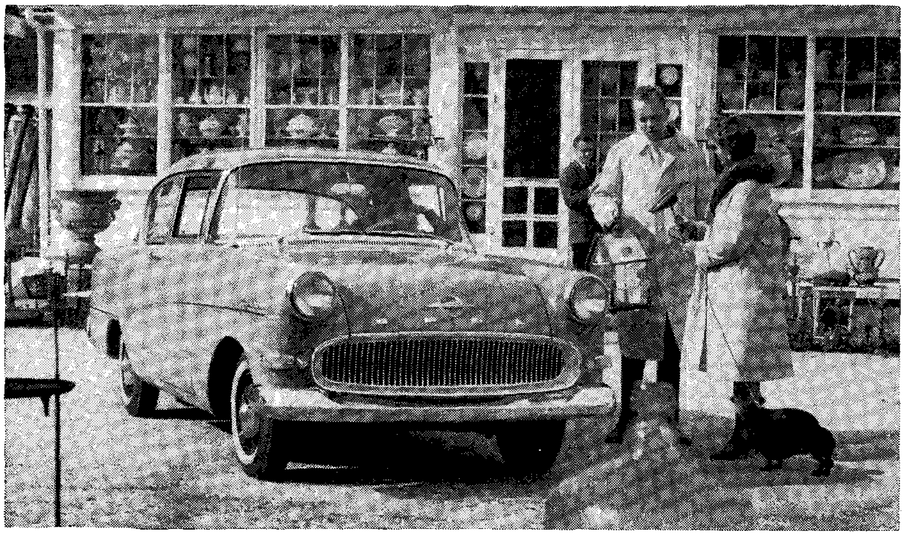

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fortune, he picked up English in a hurry.

Istel, who stayed at Stony Brook until he was sixteen and ready for college, became one of the most popular boys in the history of the school. Though he meshed tractably with the school machinery, he remained supercharged with energy, and he spent many of his spare hours doing odd jobs on the campus—raking leaves, mowing lawns—to raise money. Jacques's father, a wise and observant parent, foresaw that overloading a boy of his son's calibre with cash would be like pouring gasoline on a hotly burning fire. Young Istel's allowance at school began with the tidy sum of ten cents a week and rose, over the years, to a dollar. Speaking of his limited budget, Istel recently said, "It may well have prevented me from being hanged." Early in his Stony Brook years, he was understood to be the champion talker of his class, and probably in the annals of the school, and he was called upon to deliver the salutatorian's address at his graduation. His yearbook, class of '45, presents him as the student most likely to succeed, and is sprinkled with those scribbled lyric partings of friends, the sad last songs of school life, which become as faded and vacant with time as rose petals pressed between the pages of a novel read long ago by some girl to whom romance seemed just around the corner. Prophetically, from Ed: "To a Frenchman that always takes a double dare, lots of everything." And from Bill: "Good luck to a fellow 'long-distance hitchhiker.' Sincerely, your pal." This reference to travel alludes to an extracurricular sport that Istel developed during his Stony Brook phase. In the summers, he struck out, usually alone, to see the country. This was accomplished without much in the line of a parental blessing. In those years, his father was occupied in advising General de Gaulle financially and, as a French delegate to the Bretton Woods conference, was engaged in helping to set up the World Bank. Usually, Jacques hitchhiked, picking up jobs here and there along the route, but he once took a thousand-mile bicycle trip through New England, sleeping in barns. On this tour, he gained lucrative employment as a concrete mixer in Vermont. One day, he and a colleague were called in on an emergency job at an expensive hotel; a chimney had tumbled down. By a regrettable coincidence, Istel stalked through the dining room, in costume and carrying a hod, at the very time when his parents (off on a vacation,

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unknown to him) were having lunch. He was tickled to death to see them. "Hello, Mama and Papa!" he cried in a voice that rang through the room. "*Comment ça va?*" The 1945 Stony Brook yearbook sped Istel on his way to Princeton with the following astute description: "Mix: One able body, three parts genius, one part recklessness, and a few quarts of hot French blood, and you have Jack Istel. . . . He is a fellow who will try anything once . . . and his fun-loving exterior hides a serious personality."

Istel, having achieved a certain unconventionality through his impecunious meanderings over the nation, arrived at Princeton wearing blue jeans and a leather jacket. College seemed little more than a stumbling block on the road to progress; he felt ready for the world. The truth is that Princeton was not at its best for a sixteen-year-old freshman in 1945. A good many of those on the campus were returned veterans, who looked upon newly enrolled children with, at best, an avuncular interest—impersonal, aloof, and tinged with a superiority obtained from four years of travel, fighting, and a close acquaintance with gore. During his first two years at Princeton, Istel was miserable, wallowing through a course of economics decreed by his father as the prelude to a career in banking, missing the intimacy of Stony Brook, and wishing, usually, that he was off hitchhiking or pouring concrete in Vermont. His old boredom settled on him again. In his junior year, he became a member of the Terrace Club and played on its chess team, but otherwise he made little effort to participate in campus activities. Today, Istel has no regrets about his lackadaisical stint in college. He considers that his younger brother, Yves André, who was valedictorian at Lawrenceville and went on to have a distinguished Princeton career, upheld the family tradition well enough to serve for two.

AT the moment of Jacques Istel's Princeton commencement, he was sleeping in a haystack in England. Deciding not to wait around for the ceremony, he had embarked on a hitchhiking trip of importance. He went steerage to England, covered the British Isles, removed to Scandinavia, which he viewed with thoroughness, and then casually thumbed on down into North Africa. When he returned to New York, his father, irate at last, collared him and dragged him, almost by the use of leg irons, into Wall Street. Now began young Istel's travail in the wilder-

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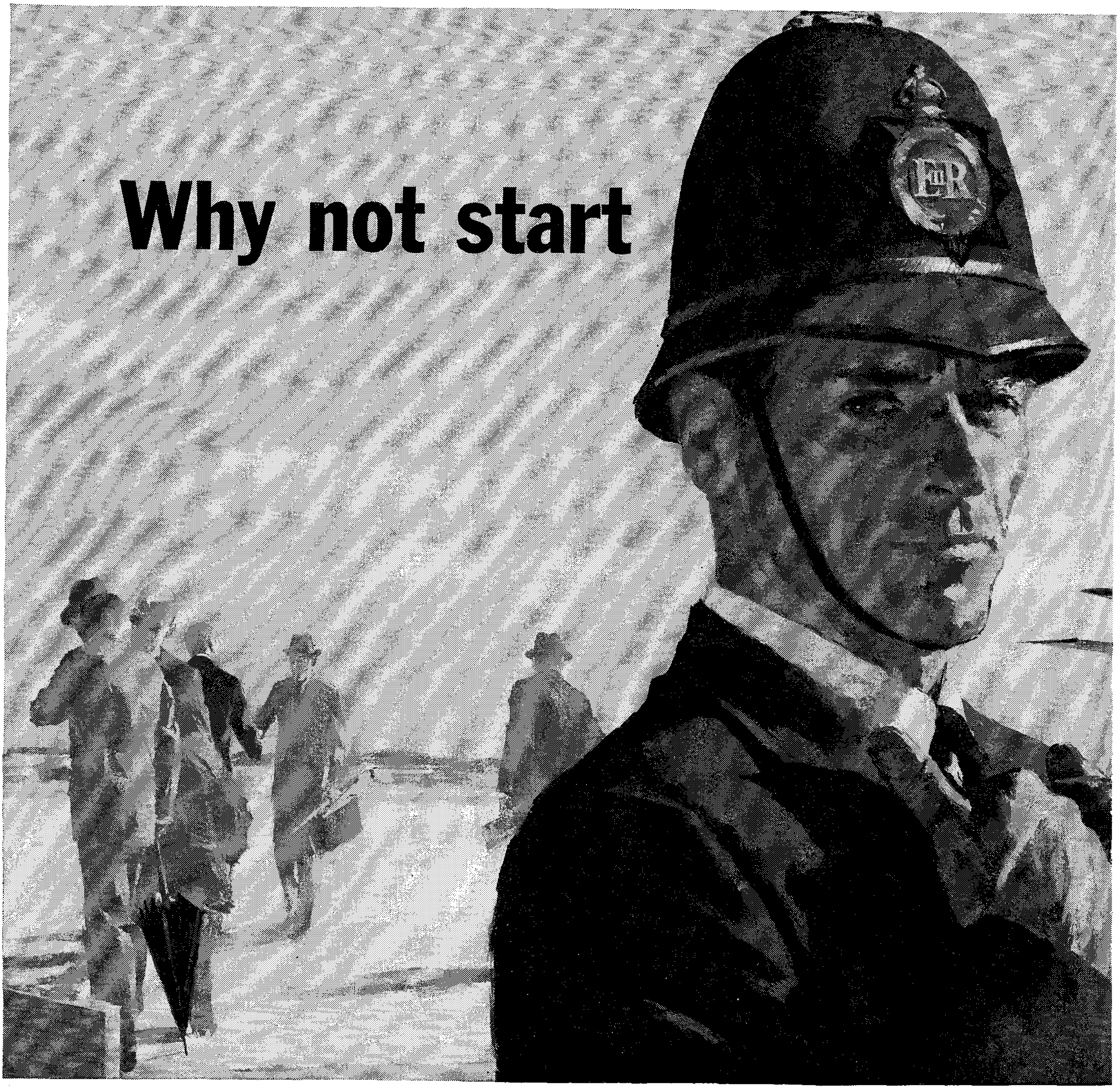

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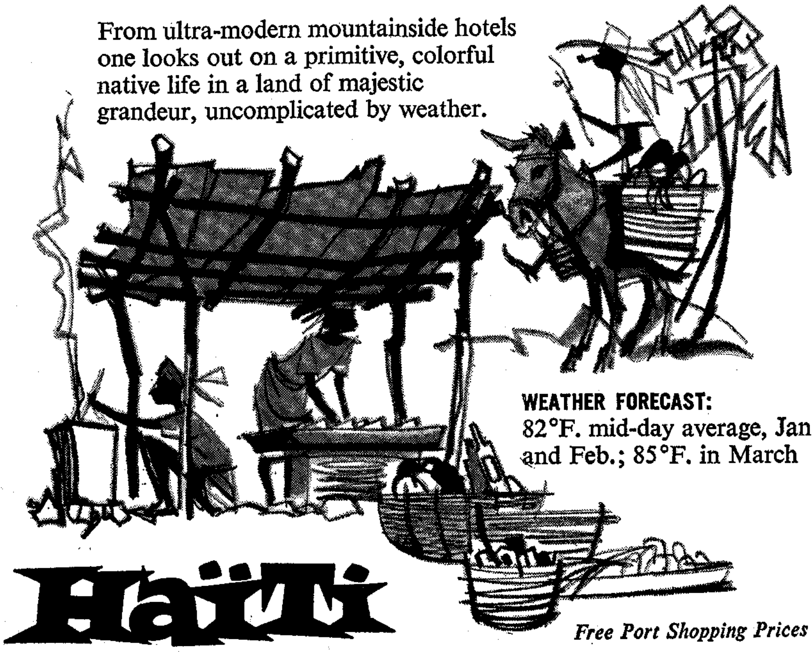

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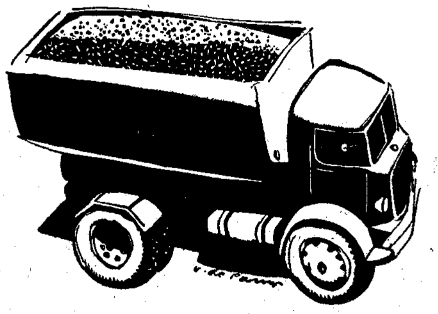
ness; it was easily the low point of his life. For a brief spell, he was sent to Paris as a combination student and employee at his father's banking house, but Paris offered really stupendous ways of avoiding bank work, and the partners, including André Istel, soon agreed that as a Paris banker the boy would be far more effective in New York. He returned to Wall Street. To offset his anguish, he began surreptitiously taking flying lessons at Armonk. He soloed after seven hours, and qualified for a private license. At this time, his parents noticed that he seemed, somehow, much happier. They were delighted. Partly as a reward, his father dispatched him on a business mission to Vancouver, for the purpose of selling a large tract of timberland—a transaction running into hundreds of thousands of dollars. To the amazement of everybody concerned except Jacques, he brought off the deal smoothly. André Istel was now in a quandary: obviously Jacques should be recompensed, but was it safe to hand him a large sum of money? Finally, as a compromise, he wired his son eight hundred dollars. From the parents' standpoint, the move was uniquely ill-advised. Jacques promptly bought a second-hand airplane and embarked on what ranks as probably the most ramshackle transcontinental flight on record. The chief trouble was that he knew very little about the plane. To start with, bad weather en route to Seattle forced him to land, against a red signal and roars of protest, at an intermediate Air Force base. He took off again for Portland, and was soon reported missing. Eventually, he showed up in Sacramento, from where, uneasily, he telephoned home to explain. His father's conversation consisted, in its entirety, of "If there are high mountains between here and there, sell the plane. That's an order." "They are very low mountains, Papa," the boy said, and hung up. He proceeded to Winslow, Arizona, where his father, who had been pursuing him by person-to-person long-distance calls, caught up with him and threatened to disinherit him. "I didn't mind about the money," Istel



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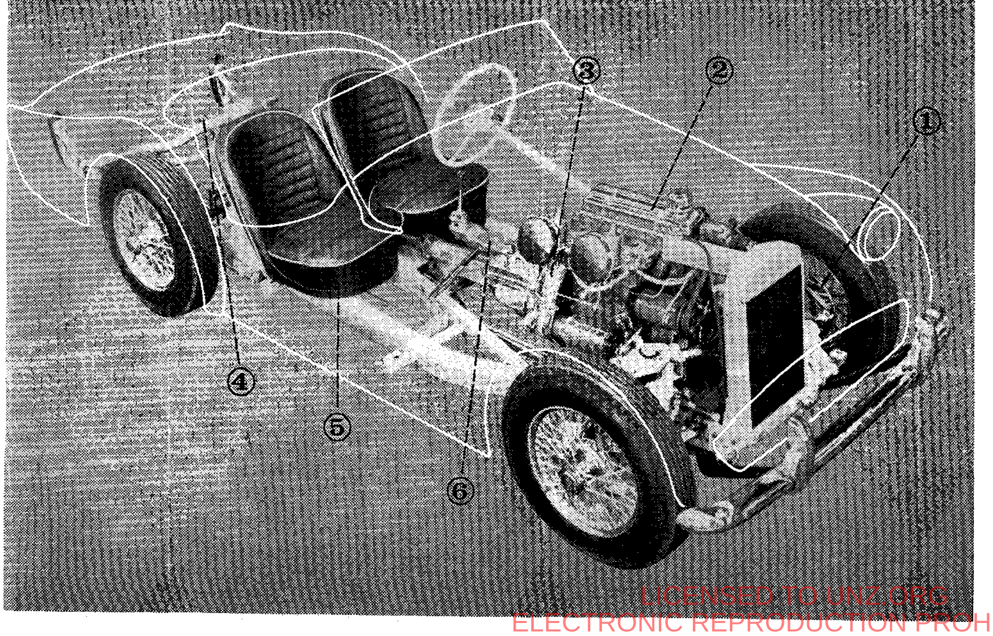

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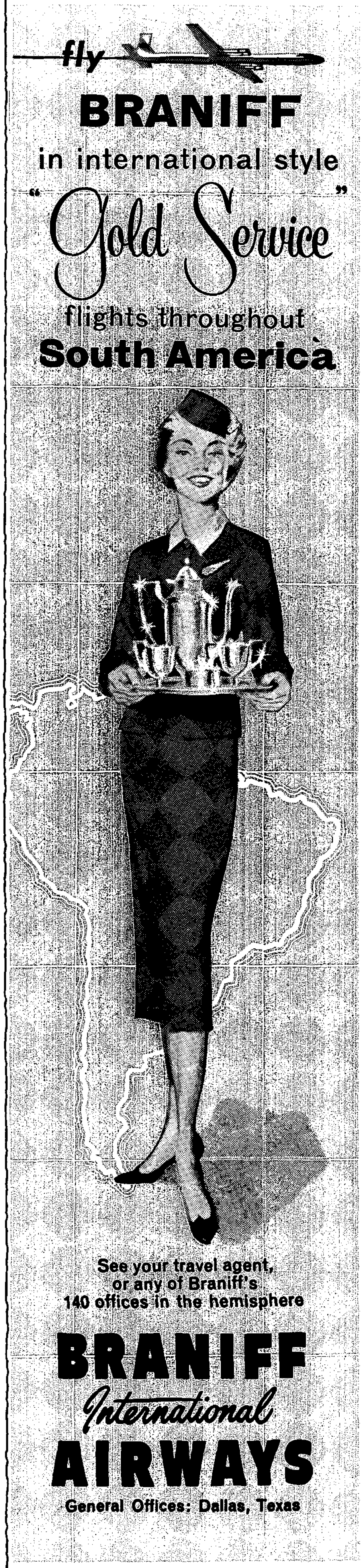
says, "but it did worry me to upset Papa." However, it was not for nothing that Istel had been salutatorian at Stony Brook. When he got in his licks during the phone conversation, he talked both himself and his plane free. Then he headed east. At dusk, he thought it might be fun to try some night flying, since he had received no instruction in it, and he followed a lighted highway for some distance. Then, unhappily, he became entangled in a flight of B-25s and suffered a very brisk cursing. Out of gas, he came down in a potato field near Effingham, Illinois, nosed over, and broke his propeller. The farmers of the area proving tolerantly helpful, he was off again, the prop repaired, in a day and a half. With his radio out of whack, he landed at LaGuardia Airport sandwiched between two squawking Constellations.

To Istel, the Korean War came not only as a patriotic opportunity but as a welcome respite. When he attempted to enlist in the Marine Corps, immediately on the announcement of hostilities, he ran into citizenship trouble. He had put in for naturalization, but approximately three months more had to elapse before his papers could come through. In the interim, he made his first parachute jump—one of the genuinely significant actions of his life. The thought of parachutes had occurred to Istel when, without any such aid, he got entangled with the B-25s. Since then, he had read up on the exercise, and he was now determined to give it a try. From his studies, he had learned that there existed an amateur sports group, the National Parachute Jumpers-Riggers, and that its head, and sole guiding genius, was a man named Joe Crane, who lived in Mineola, Long Island. Crane, then as now the greatly revered patriarch of United States parachutists, was running a parachute-maintenance company (by law, emergency parachutes must be repacked every sixty days), and had been making jumps since the old barnstorming days of aviation. Istel called on him with a request to rent a chute. Crane vehemently denounced the offhand project as premature. On leaving, with the rented chute, Istel repaired to an airport at Deer Park, Long Island, hired a pilot, soared into the blue, and leaped out. The jump turned out to be ragged and inaccurate but uncomplicated by fractures, and Istel was ready for more. His next jump was also uneventful, but his third landed him in Westchester County Court. In this episode, Istel came down in a tree on the Saxon Woods golf course; that is, he was



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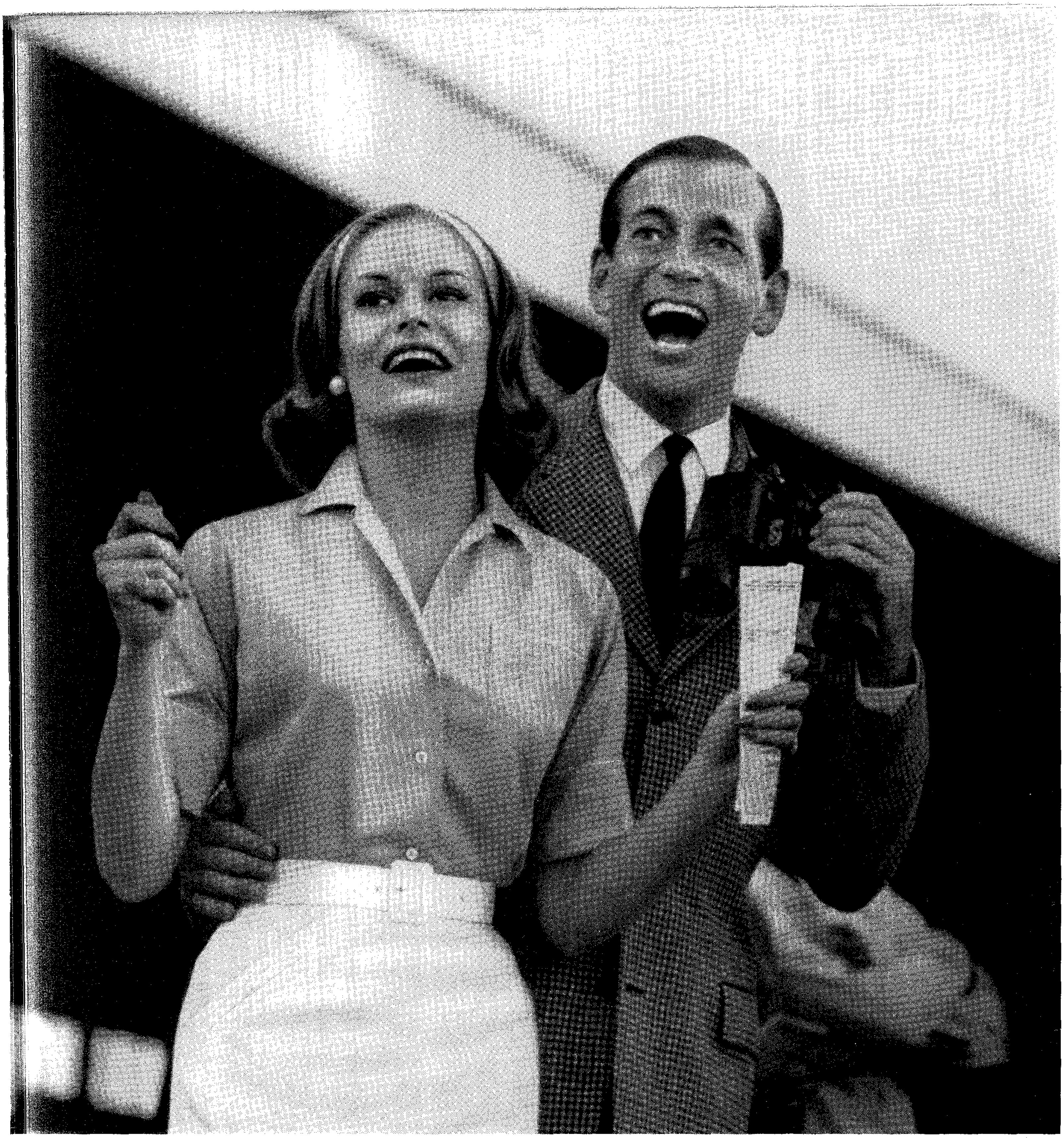

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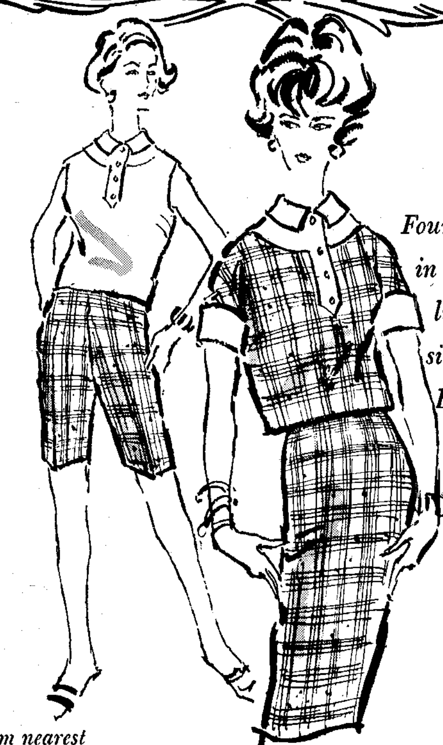

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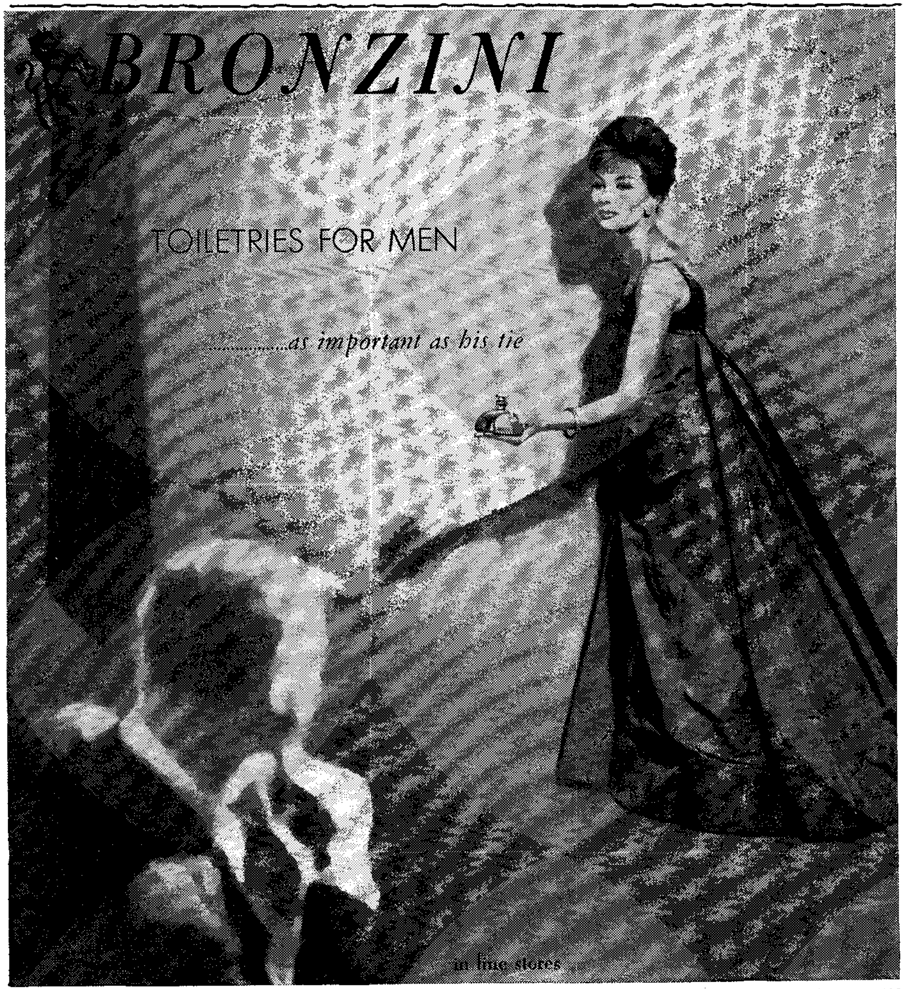

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left dangling in it, an object of some attention. The tree overhung the Hutchinson River Parkway, upon which traffic was securely tied up for about two hours. As luck would have it, Westchester carried on its books an ordinance that specifically prohibited anybody from descending by parachute onto the Saxon Woods golf course. Istel was fined twenty-five dollars and was made the subject of a scalding editorial in a New Rochelle paper. Undismayed by this setback, he began planning more jumps, but at that point his citizenship came through and he hurried into the Marines.

Not very surprisingly for a man of action, Istel found his military service the most soothing and enjoyable experience of his life to date. He liked in particular the grinding physical regimen, which seemed mild by contrast to much of his hitchhiking, and, besides, it was in this period that he married. During one of his Princeton-vacation rambles, which took him to Mexico, he had mixed concrete with a young divinity student, Alvord Beardslee, who impressed him so favorably that Istel finally said, "See here, if you have a sister like you, I want to marry her." Beardslee acknowledged that he did have a sister, named Claudia, and Istel later visited the family at their home, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where the father, Claude Beardslee, was the chaplain of Lehigh University. In the course of his Marine Corps training, at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Istel telephoned Miss Beardslee and asked if she would care to come out and get married; he had just bought a "home," he said. The wedding of Istel and his fiancée took place in the base chapel, with no members of their families present, and afterward he escorted her to his newly purchased residence, which turned out to be a trailer. They were very happy in it until he went to Korea, as a second lieutenant, in 1953. Though Istel put in many requests for front-line action, he never saw combat, for medical reasons, and also because the war ended shortly after he arrived. It was discovered that he had a sizable bone tumor in his pelvis, and he shipped back to Oakland, California, where his wife joined him and rented an apartment. Technically, he was lodged in a naval hospital, but he became such a pesky nuisance, hobbling all over the place, asking questions, attempting to read his own X-rays, and pinching medical books, that he was permitted to come and go as he pleased. The apartment

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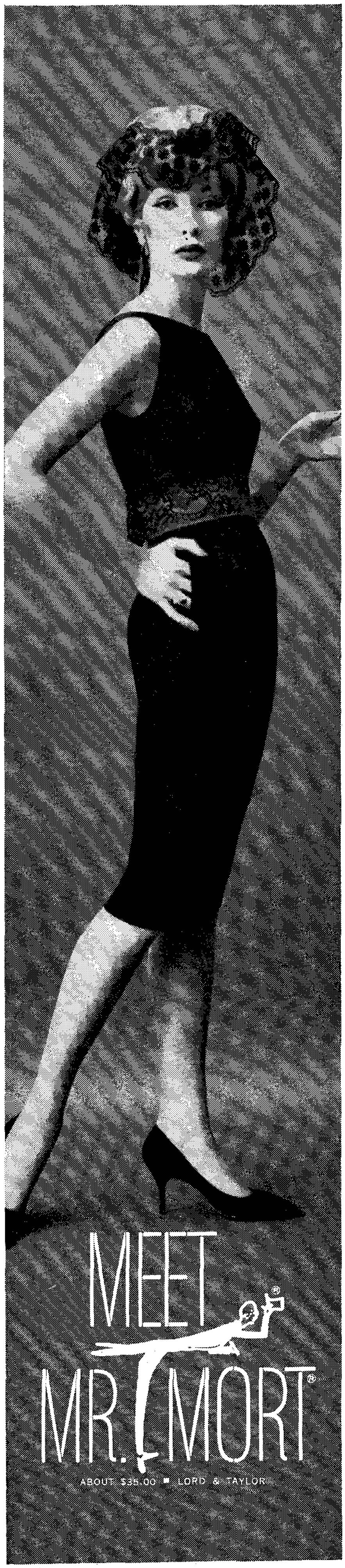

his wife had rented plagued Istel as being painfully civilized, so he bought a pup tent and moved them to a mountaintop near town. There they lived for three weeks, or until Istel could abstract his X-rays and mail them to a noted surgeon friend in New York for scrutiny. The surgeon's message, contained in a telegram, was "Have the tumor removed." Istel was sent to the naval hospital at St. Albans, Long Island, and there the operation was performed. A four-inch piece of bone was grafted in, but it was eventually resorbed; Istel now has no bone in part of his pelvis. This hiatus would appear to be a serious handicap for the average parachutist, but Istel sees it only as a mildly interesting challenge.

When Istel's incision had healed and his discharge from the service had come through, he and his wife took a Mexican vacation. On their return to New York, he was spiritually bruised to learn that he was expected to reënter Wall Street. This time, however, his sentence proved to be short-lived. Oddly, it was not airplanes but automobiles that removed Istel from the investment world. A friend in Paris wanted a Mercedes 300 SL, a sports racer that could then be bought only with dollars. Istel got him one, and lost little time wrecking it on the icy upsloping drive of his Bedford Village home. With the insurance money (and with the friend's permission), he bought another Mercedes, a model identical to the one that had won a recent Pan-American road race, in Mexico. When the second racer arrived, Istel eyed it with interest, plus a familiar, yeasty feeling of exploration. Finally, at around 2 A.M., he knuckled under, climbed in the car, and headed for the New Jersey Turnpike. It turned out to be an eventful night. On the turnpike approach, Istel was warned for driving at sixty miles an hour. Meekly, he promised to reform, and entered the turnpike gates. Then he gave the racer the works. Frequently, along the road, police cars took up the chase, but Istel, in his souped-up Mercedes, was doing a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour by the radar check, and they understandably headed for the pit to regroup. A credo of the New Jersey State Police is that there are several ways of skinning a cat. The runaway was finally stopped with a full-scale roadblock, somewhere near Camden. Hauled into a hastily convened court, Istel was contrite. He told the authorities the truth: he hadn't wanted to inconvenience anybody; his motive had

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been simple and scientific—he had wished to see how fast the car would go. His candor may have reduced his punishment, which amounted to a two-hundred-dollar fine and a suspension of his driver's privileges in New Jersey for two years. The story had priceless ingredients for the newspapers: rich banker's son, Princeton, late hours, exotic car, the "international set," unheard-of speed on a public thoroughfare, and a juicy pronouncement by the court. Istel has checked carefully, and he believes that he made the front page of nearly every large journal in America. When his father called him in to the New York company office, the parental message was more thoughtful than angry. "You're a good boy, Jacques," said André Istel. "Certainly you're an interesting boy. But I must tell you that I can at last see clearly that your heart is not in the investment-banking business. Whatever your future business ventures may be, I wish you the best of luck in them. *Au revoir.*"

Not long after this rupture, which Istel sees as being similar in tone to Edmond Dantès' escape from the Château d'If, he began his real career, with parachutes. All along, something had been lacking, some foreordained channel into which he could pour his overflowing vitality. For a while, he worked for a New Jersey company called Air Associates, which dealt in aircraft supplies and electronic equipment, but his heart and his mind were aloft. It was probably the Vienna parachuting conference, to which Istel, at Joe Crane's suggestion, went as the United States delegate, that urged him down the correct path. When he came back, he was fired with zeal not only to raise a team for the impending championships in Moscow but to improve American parachuting in general, including that of the military, to the level of parachuting in Europe.

ISTEL considers, rightly, that few people understand how difficult a task he faced. In the minds of most Americans, the sport was tainted with the sleazy carnival air of the old barnstorming days, when migrant daredevils made jumps, for a fee, at county fairs. Besides, as Istel points out, people associated parachuting with crisis and disaster; it was a step to be taken at great risk—the last resort, when all else had failed. He wishes now that he had been paid a dollar, or even a franc, each time somebody said, "You seem like a bright young man. You could earn a fine living. Why do you go around making parachute jumps?" Despite this

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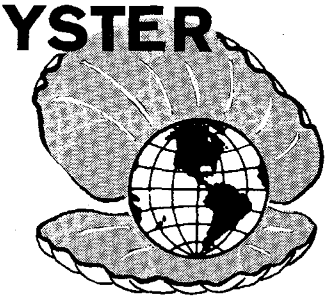

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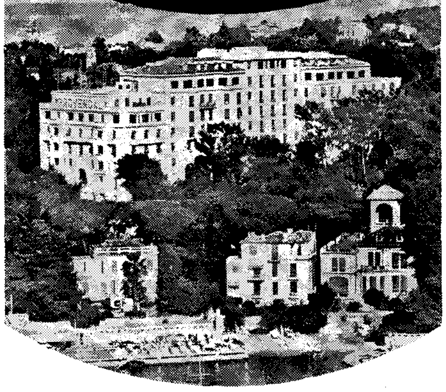

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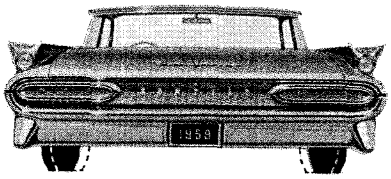

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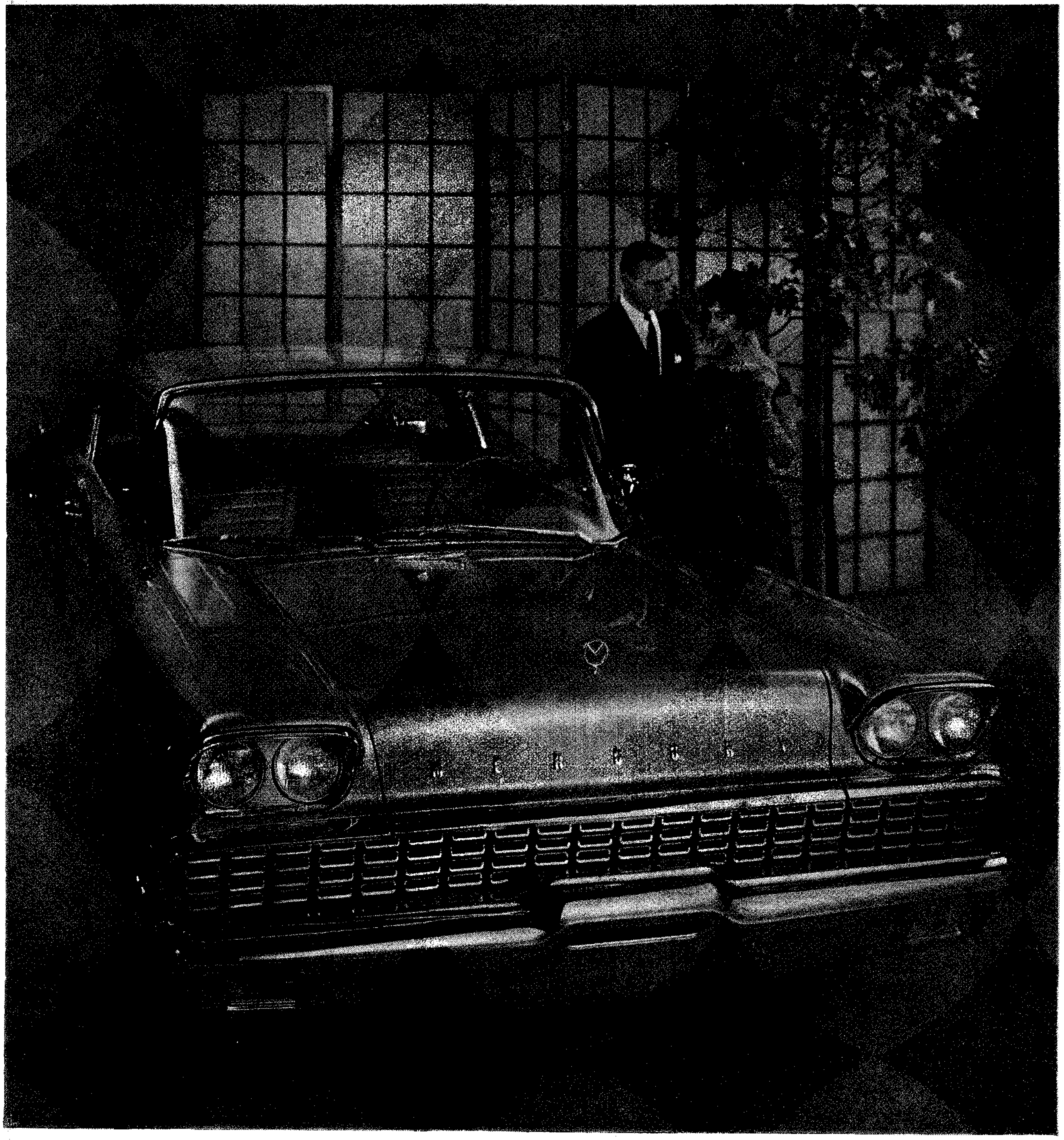

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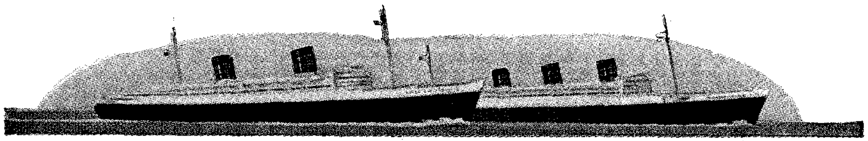

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QUEEN ELIZABETH • QUEEN MARY • MAURETANIA • CARONIA • BRITANNIC • MEDIA • PARTHIA • CARINTHIA • IVERNIA • SAXONIA • SYLVANIA black wall of prejudice, a few Americans, over the years since the Wright brothers, had sporadically continued to jump, largely in a scientific or sporting way. At the world contest held in France in 1954, the United States was represented by one man, Fred Mason, an Army sergeant who jumped from an English plane using a French parachute. Operating entirely on his own hook, against full teams from other nations, he finished in twenty-first place, a few notches from the bottom. None of the American military or diplomatic people in attendance bothered to shake his hand; he was, though, cordially treated by his competitors. Mason died in a glider crash in 1955; his widow sent Istel thirty dollars to help raise funds for the Czechoslovakian meet.

Istel's first move toward forming a United States team was to obtain, from the highly coöperative Joe Crane, lists of those who might be in any sense qualified, and interested in competing. From these were winnowed twelve men—nearly all of them busy making a living—to whom Istel wrote an exceedingly attractive invitation, as follows: "Please inform the undersigned if you would care to try out, at your own expense, for a United States parachute team to go to the Moscow world championship, also at your own expense." By this time, Istel had risen to the eminence of vice-president of the National Parachute Jumpers-Riggers, and his voice carried authority. The response was stunning. Out of the twelve, seven knocked off their jobs and showed up in New York; several had borrowed money for the trip. Sky diving, upon which the whole burden of European performance rested, was unknown to any American except Istel. He showed his candidates some French parachuting films he had imported; then, with their help, he began making talks here and there, coaxing, wheedling, explaining, and pushing his project forward. He told how, at the European meets, a person left a plane, assumed a stable position, roughly in the form of a swan dive, and underwent intricate gyra-

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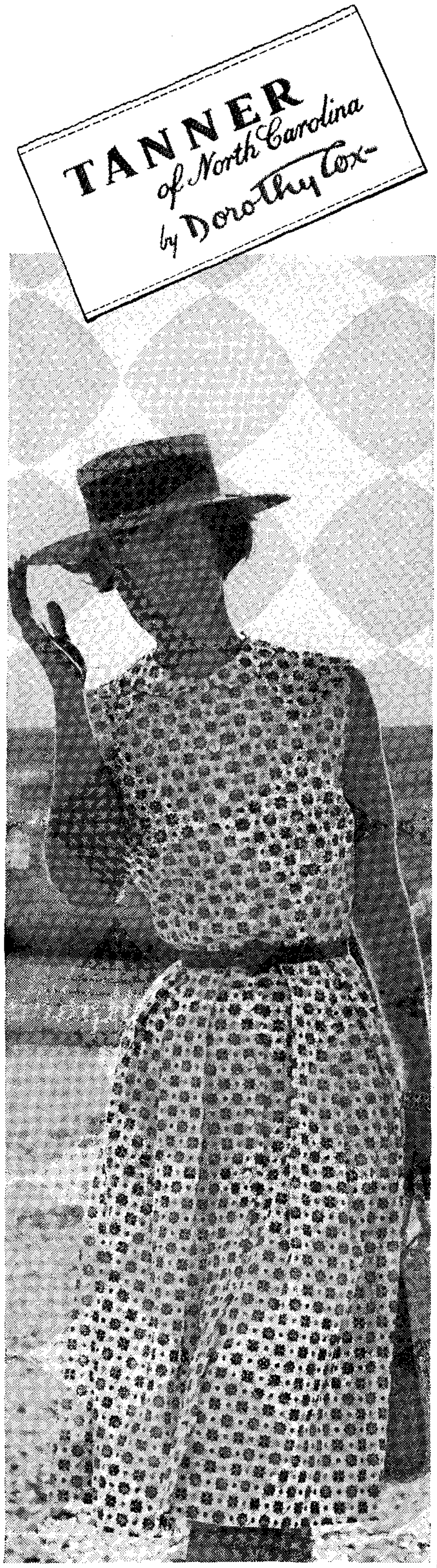
tions. In sum, Istel, again calling on his salutatorian skill, spread the word on parachuting. He explained that a falling body attains its top speed—about a hundred and twenty miles an hour—in twelve seconds; that fourteen thousand five hundred feet is perhaps the maximum altitude at which one may jump safely without oxygen; that to extend a free fall past sixty seconds one should start at an altitude of twelve thousand five hundred feet; and that twenty-two hundred feet is considered by experts a good safe minimum for pulling the cord. He explained (somewhat reluctantly) that in a free fall a soaring parachutist, like an airplane, runs a chance of going into a spin that is apt to reach a rate of a hundred and eighty revolutions per minute, but added that this can be stopped by certain movements of the arms and legs.

By March, 1956—five months before the Moscow meet—Istel had obtained, free, parachutes from the Pioneer Parachute Company; an airplane lent by Cessna; stopwatches from Bulova; some funds from Air Associates, the business he worked for; and a few private donations. He then talked the McGuire Air Force Base, in New Jersey, into letting his group live at the field while in training. As the weeks of practice went on, the costs proved so high that the team was finally subsisting on a small hamburger daily per man. At one point, a team member, to help out, went to Freehold, New Jersey, and won thirty dollars driving a car in a road race.

The Moscow meet, and the sixth place that his team won, was a point of departure for Istel. Afterward, besides setting to work organizing jumping contests in this country and training men for future events in Europe, he hatched his scheme for designing the world's best chute, based on a modification of the "sleeve"—a pillowcase affair that at the outset controls the opening of a chute, so the parachutist will not get tangled in the lines, and, in addition, reduces the opening shock. The idea of a parachute sleeve had been dreamed up by the Germans, refined by the English, redesigned by the French, and taken up by the Russians, who soon felt that they had invented it, along with airplanes, and birds. Istel's head buzzed with innovations; he was on fire to get a business started. He broached the matter of financing to his father, and, getting virtually nowhere, began looking around for outside help, even if it should prove to be only moral. Today, Istel agrees that his father's stand was typically far-



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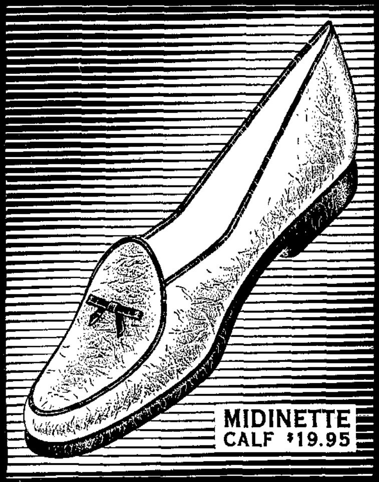

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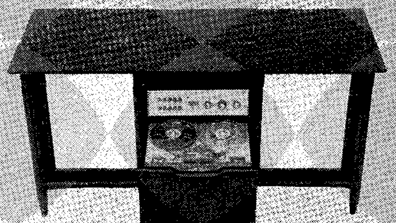

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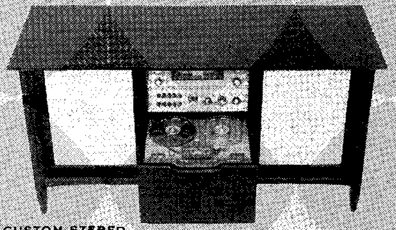

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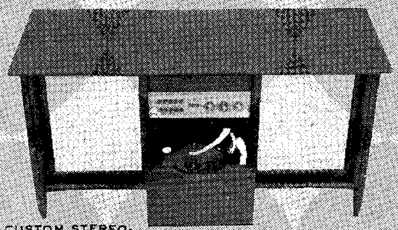

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sighted. In substance, it was "If a parachute company can be made profitable, it should be proved so without a subsidy." In any event, André Istel put in a little money, and then, giving his son a hearty pat, sat back to watch developments. At this time, the elder Istels, despite all the parachuting, were jubilant at a species of metamorphosis that had overtaken Jacques. Almost overnight, he had become a serious, unreckless, businesslike citizen, dedicated to an ideal and clearly finished with such trivia as driving racing cars a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour on the New Jersey Turnpike. At one of the domestic meets, Jacques met Lewis B. Sanborn, a young Ohio carpenter whose thoughts, like Istel's, were centered on parachutes. In 1956, they borrowed some money and formed a company, Parachutes, Inc., with headquarters in the Bedford Village house. Then they devised what may well be the best chute extant. Lyman Ford's Pioneer Parachute Company agreed to manufacture the equipment for them. To Istel, the military was, of course, his best potential market; he took to haunting the labyrinthine corridors of the Pentagon, but his arguments fell flat. This was an authentic pity, for Parachutes, Inc., had something valuable to sell, as has been amply demonstrated since those days. Among other things, Istel rejected the age-old notion that the cloth used in all chutes must be porous, to cut down the opening shock. His modification of the European sleeve all but removed the jerky shock of opening. His subsequent employment of nonporous cloth softened the landing to the equivalent of jumping from a five-foot-high bookcase. With Istel's chutes, jumpers often make landings standing up. Istel and Sanborn also altered the Russian version of the "blank-gore" chute (a chute lacking one panel of cloth) to increase the lateral speed of the parachute; made a multitude of minor changes; and incorporated a shoulder snap that instantly freed half the parachute's lines from a landed jumper. (This last, Istel told the military about a year before last April's parachute catastrophe in Kentucky, which killed several men on the ground, could be vital in jumps made during a high wind.) A part of the argument Istel advanced to the armed services was that sky diving—the controlled, hawk-like flight of free fall—could be wonderfully useful in planting men for espionage, or other purposes, in terrain that required accuracy of descent. All these pleas were, at the start of Parachutes, Inc., unavailing, despite the fact that

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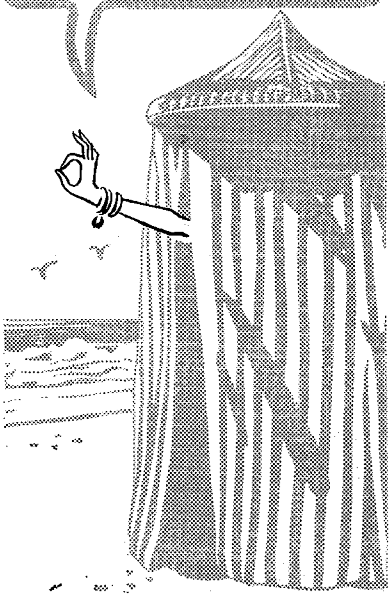

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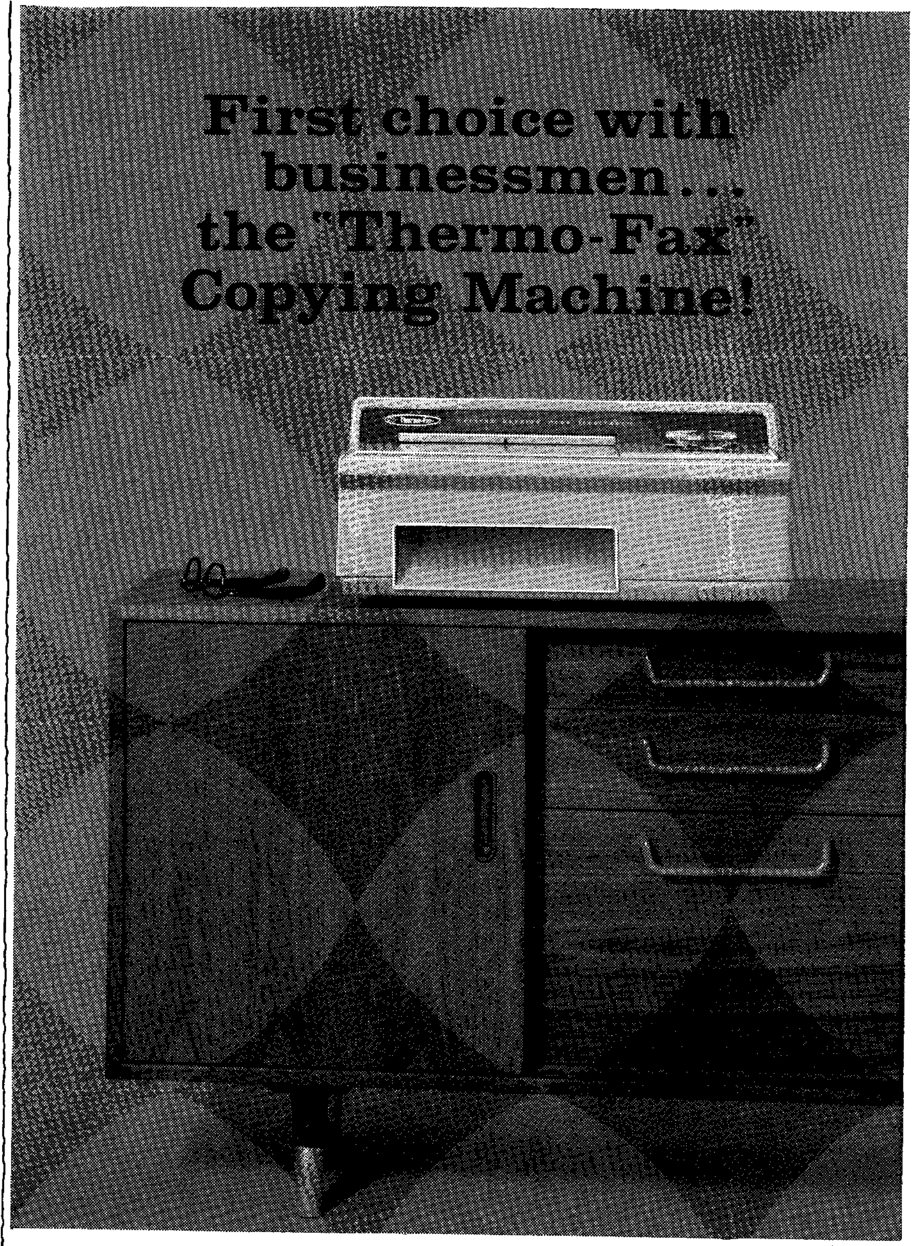
Istel and Sanborn continued to win acclaim all over the world. They had become moderately famous, but their message was locally viewed as ignorant.

To whoop up his sport, Istel launched a campaign to make parachuting popular in colleges. His first real opportunity came on the train he was taking to Fort Bragg to demonstrate sky diving. Istel on a train (and elsewhere) is a sociable fellow, inclined to wander and chat, and at one point he sat down beside a well-dressed stranger and said, "How are you? My name is Jacques Istel. Would you care to hear a few things about parachutes?" The man responded, weakly, that he didn't mind, he supposed, and Istel moved into high vocal gear. The stranger turned out to be Whitney Griswold, the president of Yale, and before the train hit the next station, Istel had persuaded him that Yale was not likely to endure without a sports parachute club. To Griswold's astonishment, Istel arrived in New Haven very shortly thereafter, in accordance with a declaration he had made on the train; delivered a stirring, if unsettling, address; and organized the club. It flourishes today, with a steadily growing membership. Similar clubs thrive at Princeton, Harvard, West Point, and other colleges across the land, and, now, at many military bases. Early in 1957, in order to standardize all this, Istel transformed the old National Parachute Jumpers-Riggers into a dynamic society called the Parachute Club of America, of which Joe Crane is the head. Istel changed the rules, worked out safety regulations, established a membership, laid down strict qualifications for joining, and collected dues. Crane is immensely entertained by Istel, and considers him a heaven-sent boon to a sport that was all but moribund here. Istel, for his part, while happily serving under Crane in an official way, blandly transacts a great deal of the organization business on his own hook. For this purpose, he periodically has Crane sign a thick sheaf of stationery, upon which Istel composes club letters. Istel in print is clear, trenchant, and emphatic, but is also inclined to wax a trifle feverish. Crane is often surprised at the sprightly answers he gets to letters of which he had no knowledge whatever.

THESE are great days for Istel; things are moving forward apace. At long last, he and the military are singing a sweet duet, with the Army and the Marines buying his parachutes,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the Air Force soliciting his views on sky diving, and sports clubs springing up like mushrooms at service posts. Occasional little rifts, differing viewpoints, still appear. Not long ago, a large aviation company told Istel that no man could sky-dive from a plane while wearing a fifteen-pound camera strapped to his helmet; his neck, they said, would instantly snap. Istel, with camera attached, was in the air inside of a week, and took some startling pictures, in mid-flight, of a sky diver who had preceded him a moment before. One of the most fervent and sincere young men alive, Istel believes passionately that parachuting can play a great part in keeping American youth in the paths of righteousness. He hopes soon to establish parachuting centers here on the order of ski centers, where people can go for tutelage and recreation, as they can now do in France. Moreover, he feels that he is exploring a vast and silent new medium, the deep blue well of the sky, and who knows what may come of it? He realizes that he still has a long way to go; until lately, for example, the Civil Aeronautics Administration declined to consider the issuance of parachuting regulations for independent jumpers, or, indeed, to have anything to do with parachuting at all—a state of affairs that Istel bitterly deplored, since about eight people a year were being killed in ill-advised and untrained jumps, usually from a failure to pull the ripcord in time, if at all. In the spring of 1957, the Parachute Club of America issued safety regulations to every jumper on its lists, but it was not until last December that the C.A.A. finally came around to recognizing the existence of parachuting; it will soon issue the Parachute Club regulations, as the authoritative word on the subject, to all its offices. Ever since the club drew up its code, not one jumper governed by its rules has hit the ground too hard. In recent weeks, Istel has brought off a joyous coup. General Gavin, who last year resigned from the Army after a budget wrangle reminiscent of the late Billy Mitchell's, has enthusiastically agreed to head up the board of directors of the club, thus giving it added prestige. Istel has often received help from high places. Tom Lanphier, assistant to the president of Convair and the man who, during the war, shot down Admiral Yamamoto, gives him frequent counsel and assistance. So do Jacqueline Cochran, the noted aviatrix; her husband, Floyd Odlum, the financier; and, now, many excellent Army, Air Force, and Marine officers of high rank. Istel's parents look

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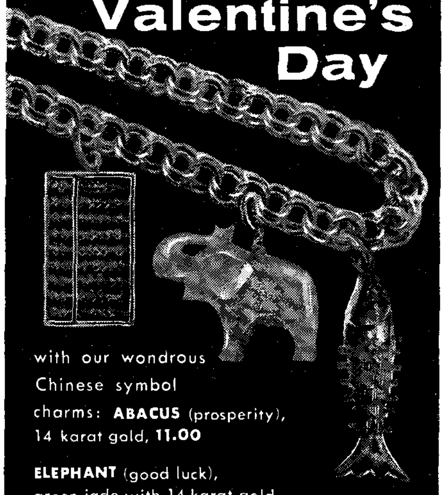

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upon this phase of their son's success with quiet pride; André Istel, to his amazement, has even conceived the notion that Jacques may be as commercially astute as the next man.

The social life of a parachutist is inclined to be narrowly channelled, as Istel's wife ruefully attests. They still live in the Bedford Village house—with, by now, an infant daughter, Claudia—and their guests, in the main, are members of the sports clubs, whom he invites, often in large numbers, to come in with sleeping bags and bunk on the floor of his house after meets. Mrs. Istel has a recurring dream in which the sky—her sky—is clogged with swaying bodies and striped nylon. They pour down like snowflakes, growing thicker in proportion to her increasing speed as she tries to elude them—a dilemma like that of the sorcerer's apprentice.

Istel is at his best at the World Championships—gala affairs, hugely attended in Europe, with the flags of all competing nations flying in symmetrical rows on the field, and an air of both fiesta and solemnity, like that at the Olympic Games. When he lines up for official congratulations, with Sanborn and their team, in the smart white jumper's costume with the United States emblem—the Stars and Stripes—sewn on the breast, his face wears an expression of pride. Unknown to Istel, it is also the look of an exemplary young American who has indeed earned his citizenship.

—Robert Lewis Taylor

•

Phelps—Kenneth Goodman, an international renounced organist, is scheduled to present an assembly program for the junior-senior high school.—*Geneva* (*N.Y.*) *Times.*

Kids are open-minded, luckily.

•

Without knowing it, most people are making cocktails the wrong way, regardless of proportions. They are using an aperitif vermouth—not realizing that the very word *aperitif* means "made to be drunk straight."—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

Or, as the Bible says, straightway.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the North Haven* (*Conn.*) *News Review*]

Mrs. Walter H. Bacon, of Dogwood Road, has been appointed fun drive chairman for North Haven for the 1958 campaign of the Planned Parenthood League of Connecticut.

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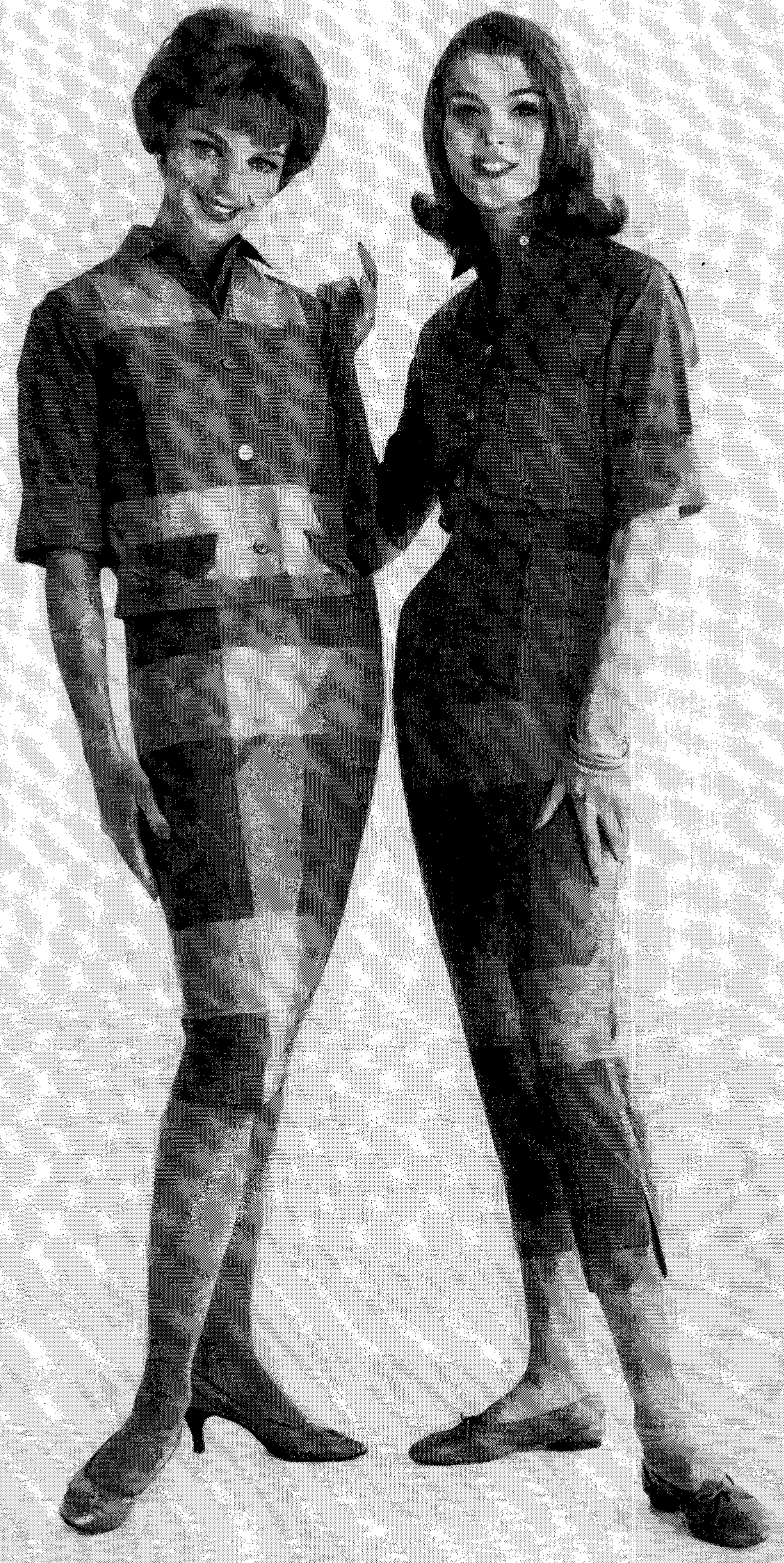

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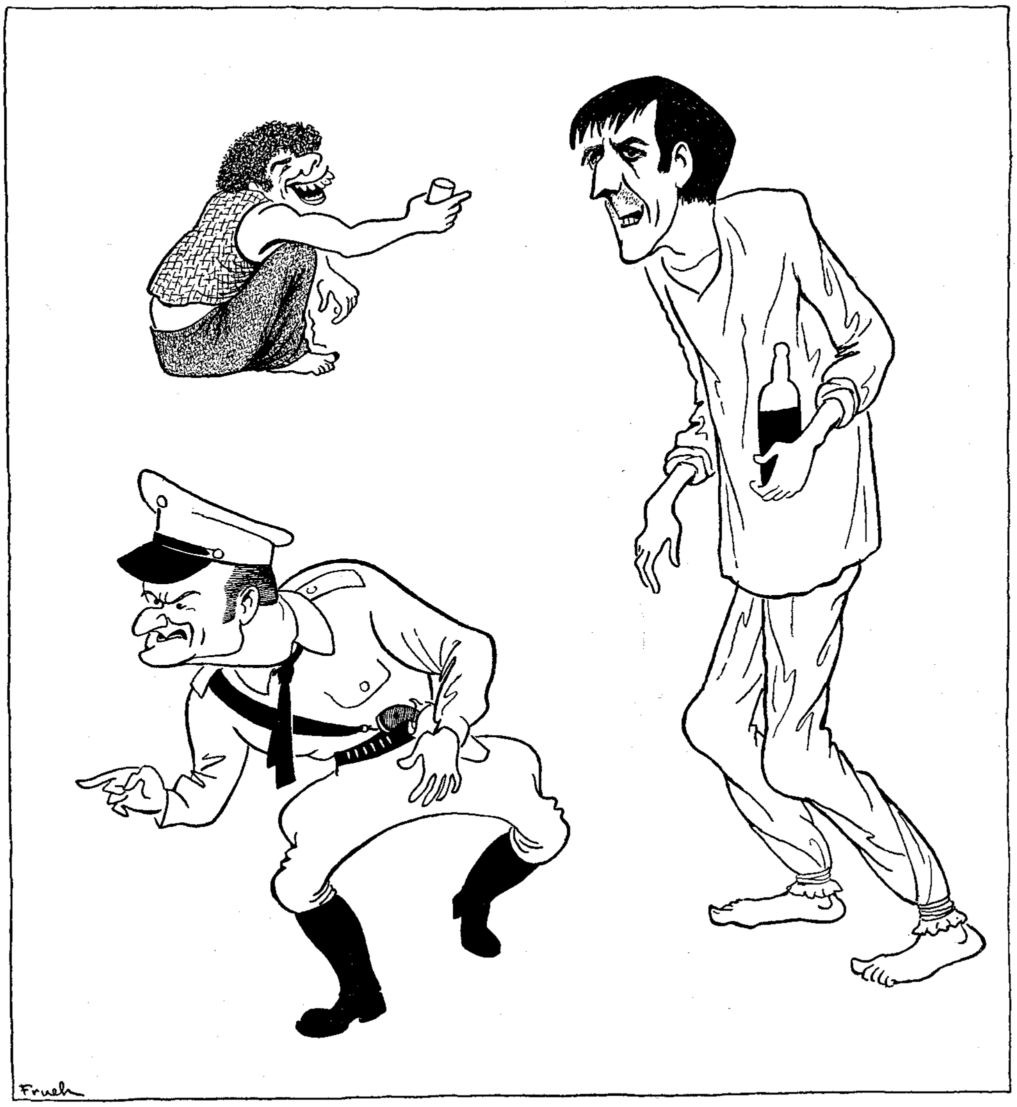
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

BEARDS and chino trousers were much in evidence last week at the première of "Many Loves," by William Carlos Williams. And the lobby of the Living Theatre yielded further portents, equally dire. Suspended from the ceiling, there was an enormous tangle of copper tubing, vaguely intestinal in design, from one extremity of which a stream of water gushed and burbled. A number of young ladies with pale, tragic faces and dark, uncombed hair drifted listlessly about the room. In the corner, a plump young man was seen to grimace and heard to exclaim, "Really, Seymour, *had* you to?" In the program, there was an essay on theatre by Martin Buber (". . . the stern overagainstness of I and Thou, overarched by the wonder of speech . . .") and a poem by Alan Hovhaness, which declared, among other things, that "Actors on the Broadway stage are flies on flypaper." All the signs, in short, pointed to an evening of relentlessly experimental theatre. One sank helplessly into one's seat and regarded the prospect with the keen but futile disrelish of a laboratory mouse confronted with a brand-new maze. And one was agreeably surprised. For Dr. Williams' experiments were few, sensible, and conducted with gentle consideration for us mice. His dialogue was specific as to meaning, humorous and intimate as to manner. His play proved to be a thoroughly amiable effort to entertain; not even its overagainstness was stern.



"THE POWER AND THE GLORY"

The unkempt fellow shuffling in from the right is Fritz Weaver, the police lieutenant is Robert Geiringer, and the gnome up in the corner is Jerry Stiller. The three of them appear in Denis Cannan's and Pierre Bost's adaptation of Graham Greene's novel at the Phoenix.

"Many Loves" consists of three short playlets within a play. The outer envelope of the drama concerns a young playwright named Hubert, who is loved by an actress called Alise, and also by his patron, a rich homosexual named Peter. The latter gentleman arrives at rehearsals and insists on seeing a few samples of Hubert's work. His protégé obliges with three dramatic sketches, each dealing with some aspect of love. In the first, a trollop who has been cast off by one lover encourages the advances of another, more innocent youth, who has hitherto worshipped from a respectful distance. In the second, a pair of adolescent lovers are separated by the girl's father, and she falls into the claws of a visiting Lesbian. In the third, a middle-aged doctor conducts a tentative and inconclusive flirtation with a younger woman. All three scenes are subject to frequent interruption by the patron, who sits with Hubert just off the stage. And the young playwright, in turn, is driven to defense and explanation by his hope of retaining the financial support of his patron without making concessions, artistic or personal.

As the evening progresses, the point of this unusual scheme makes itself evident. Dr. Williams' theatrical gift is more for compression than intensity; there is an abundance of wit and understanding, tersely stated, in these three studies, but they are essentially undramatic, in that each fails to arrive at a natural and effective climax. Part of the function

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of the patron, then, is to compensate for this deficiency. It is his reaction to a scene, rather than the conclusion of the scene itself, that is the crux of the action. The backer's running criticism of the playlets also adds a peculiar extra dimension to their performance. Under the pressure of his commentary, they broaden, on occasion, into a sort of self-caricature—not always, one suspects, by design of the author. For the disadvantages of Dr. Williams' scheme are no less evident than its utility. The rapid and incessant shuttle of attention between the playlets and their observers makes it difficult for the spectator to take a deep or lasting interest in either. The drama dwindles to a species of revue. As an exercise in entertainment, "Many Loves" succeeds; as an exercise in dramaturgy, it does not.

If the actors at the Living Theatre are preserved by their location from the sticky fate Alan Hovhaness assigns to their Broadway colleagues, the fact remains that they are not as skillful as one might have wished. George Miller, as Hubert, is unequal to the task of depicting the gradual withdrawal of that character from his domineering sponsor, and he delivers Dr. Williams' pronouncements on the nature of art and artists with a shallow facility that bespeaks a perfect lack of conviction. Ronald Durling is competent, but not breathtaking, in his portrayal of the rich patron. Judith Malina plays the actress Alise, and performs in all three playlets. She is good in the first, adequate in the second, and really splendid in the third—a respectable score for any actress. —DONALD MALCOLM

•

SADDEST PROMOTIONAL FIX OF THE WEEK

[*From Travel Topics, published by the Kansas Industrial Development Commission, Topeka*]

When Alaska becomes the 49th state, the geographic center of the United States will shift about 439 miles from Lebanon, Kansas, to a point about 11 miles west of Castle Rock, Butte County, South Dakota. This, of course, is bad news for Lebanon, where considerable time and money have been spent developing and promoting the geographic center site as a unique travel attraction, but the facts of geography and mathematics are not to be argued with.

Kansas is not the only state to feel the competitive influence of Alaska. Texas will no longer be the largest state; Cape Flattery, Washington, will no longer be the westernmost point in the United States; and Minnesota's "Northwest Angle" will cease to be the point farthest north. None of these things can be helped

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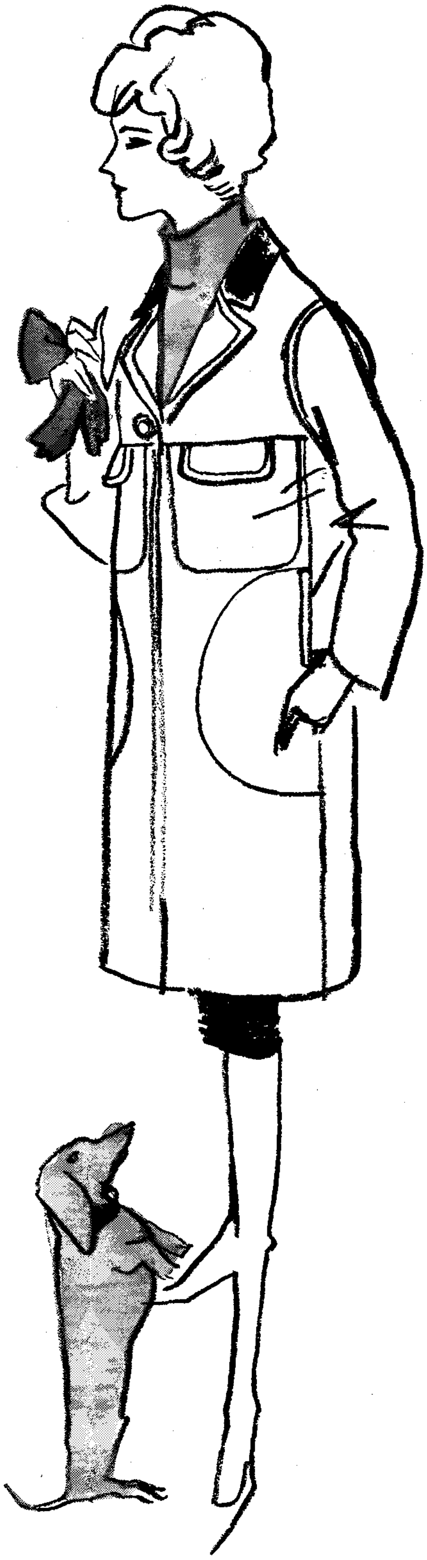

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either—they are facts of geography, not changeable by argument.

But we wonder about that new geographic center. It is one thing to plot the center of a continuous area of the earth's surface. This has some meaning: It is the actual physical center of things. It is quite another matter to dream up a theoretical "center" for two or more areas separated by many miles of land and sea. Such a "center" can easily be reduced to an absurdity. Who knows or cares where the geographic center of the British Empire was in the days when Britannia ruled the waves? You would just about have to say it was in the center of the earth somewhere, a difficult point to promote as a travel attraction. Pakistan in south-central Asia is made up of two widely separated parcels of land. Its geographic center would be in India. If Alaska were larger, or farther away, or in a somewhat different direction, it might swing the geographic center of the 49 states into Canada or out into the Pacific ocean, points which would have very little meaning for the United States. The calculated point in South Dakota would have very little meaning. It would change again if and when Hawaii becomes a state. Lebanon (Kansas) would still be much more the effective center of the country, and would remain the geographic center of the 48 contiguous states, which seems to be the only center which would have any meaning.

Let Lebanon continue to promote itself as the geographic center of the United States exclusive of Alaska. Later it may be necessary to say "exclusive of Alaska and Hawaii," but that's all right too. It is a much more meaningful center than any other. Kansas will still be the crossroads state; "Midway, U.S.A." where north meets south, and east meets west.

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THE COUNTERSHADOW

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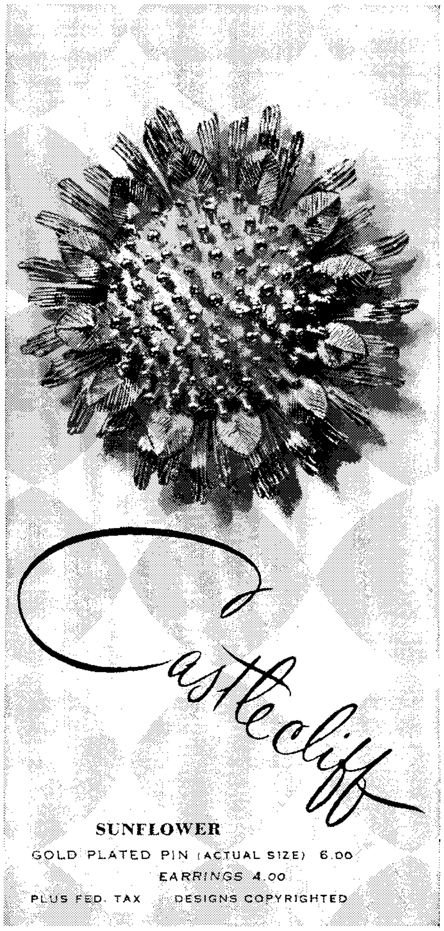
lengths tall, race
leaning, up the
trapezoidal squares,
as if to chart
some progress or
intent that, half-
way to the public
light, dissolves
in dark cement.

—Philip Booth



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THE ART GALLERIES

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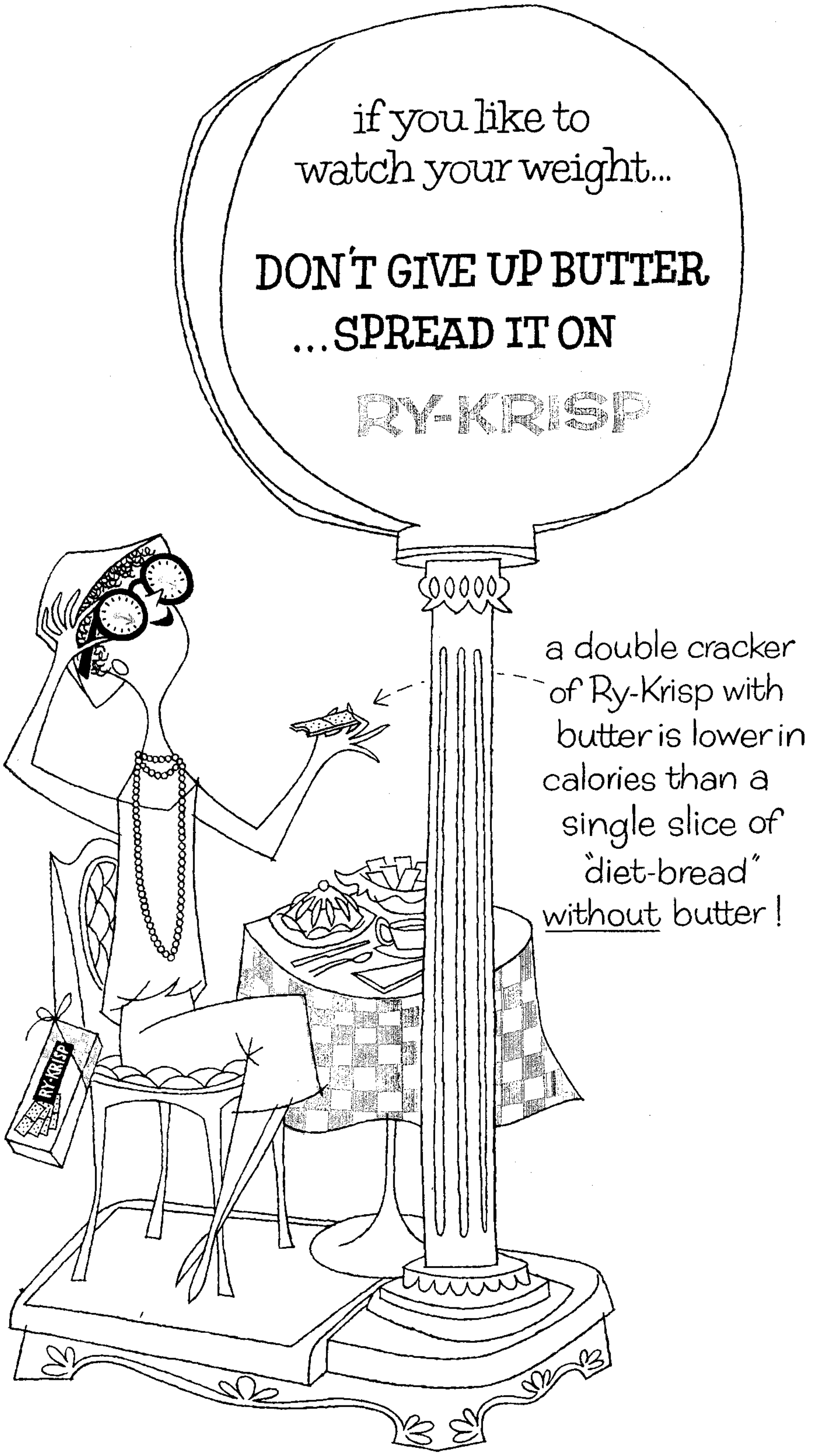
I SUPPOSE a fair offhand definition of an Expressionist artist would be one who abandons strict representation in favor of a freer and more emotional interpretation, indulging in distortions of both color and form to achieve that end. In a sense, it's romanticism carried to its furthest limits; it is also a highly personal, individualistic type of artistic expression. Less a school in the formal sense than a generalized impulse (unlike Impressionism, say, which had whole bookfuls of rules and regulations, scientific and pseudo-scientific, to define its principles and guide its practitioners), Expressionism is a category whose name has come to be applied more and more loosely in recent years—to the point that artists as different as van Gogh and Ensor, Munch and Chagall have been listed under it.

For all that, I found it a little startling to see such a solid, authoritative institution as the Whitney Museum of American Art boldly grouping artists as disparate as Doris Caesar and Chaim Gross, sculptors, and the painters Karl Knaths and Abraham Rattner under the forthright title "Four American Expressionists." Well, I must say! Knaths an Expressionist? I'd think no; it seems to me that with such men as Braque, Villon, and Feininger prominent in his background, you have to call him an Abstractionist, and one well within the classic boundaries of that school. Similarly, Gross's main influences lie in the field of archaic and hieratic art, and it's difficult for me to see how its fairly rigid, traditional forms can be reconciled with the freedom of feeling generally taken to be central to the concept of Expressionism.

I'd judge that only Caesar and Rattner belong in the category assigned. But because of this stylistic mixup, the show does offer some interesting contrasts—between Knaths' orderliness and the impulsiveness of Rattner, as well as the refinement of Caesar against the exuberance of Gross. To be frank, I've never been greatly attracted to Gross's sculpture. Working in wood, stone, and metal, he shows an unfailingly fine feeling for his materials, and there's a cheerfulness and animation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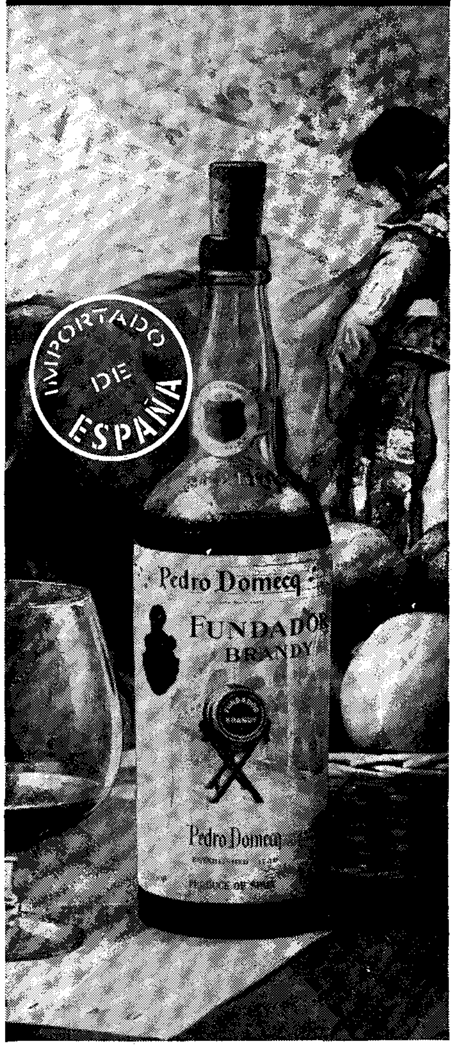

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about his pieces that are ingratiating. Almost all his figures (see "Handlebar Riders" and "Balancing" in the current collection) practically bubble over with the sheer joy of living. My own feeling, though, is that his very exuberance carries its handicaps. His distortions, too (the thick legs, the exaggeratedly small waists, the snip-nosed, expressionless faces), are not always sculpturally convincing, and at times (as in "Easter Sunday" and "Acrobatic Dancers") he comes close to caricature. I like best his studies of mothers and children; there his feeling is sure and profound, and it gives such pieces as "Baby Balancing," "Dancing Mother," and the big, highly stylized "Happy Mother" a really moving tenderness.

Though each artist's representation is quite large (the average is a little over thirty items), no great emphasis has been placed on tracing early development, and the aim, I gather, is to show each one more or less in the years of maturity. But there is a certain amount of backward-ranging, varying from twenty years in the case of Rattner to thirty in that of Gross, so in all cases a faint retrospective flavor can be found, most notably in Rattner's and Mrs. Caesar's sections. In the latter, the earliest piece is the small bronze "Laughing Couple," dated 1933, followed by a couple of figure studies, "Hunger" and "Girls Reading," of a few years later. Although they're little and sketchy in treatment, I found them in some ways more directly appealing than a good deal of her later work, for in a sense her progression has been toward a less personal and possibly more "derived" expression. If her younger sculpture suggests Barlach and Kaethe Kollwitz, the new work is even more definitely in the vein of Lehmbruck and Giacometti, and I'm not sure that the change, though it does make for greater elegance, doesn't tend to thin out the emotional content. I liked, though, "Seated Woman," as well as the small, slender study of a nude girl advancing, arms raised, called "Vision," and the beautifully relaxed "Standing Woman," of 1953.

Rattner's progress, from the "Mother and Child," of 1938, to the blazingly golden "Song of Esther," of last year, has been the most turbulent of all, and for that reason his section is the most interesting. Of the earlier paintings, "April Showers," with its row of neatly overlapping sad-eyed faces lined friezelike under their canopy of umbrellas, is the best-remembered. Here he was practicing a cursively ab-

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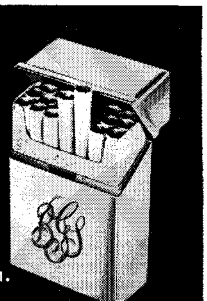

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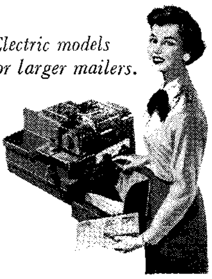

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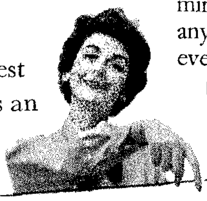

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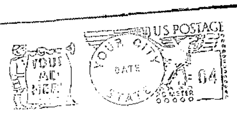

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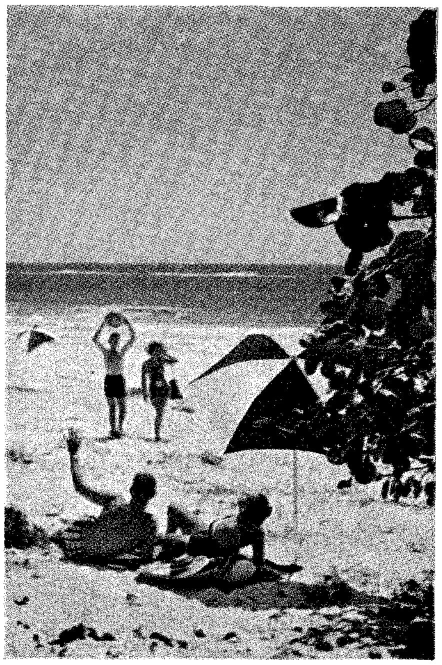

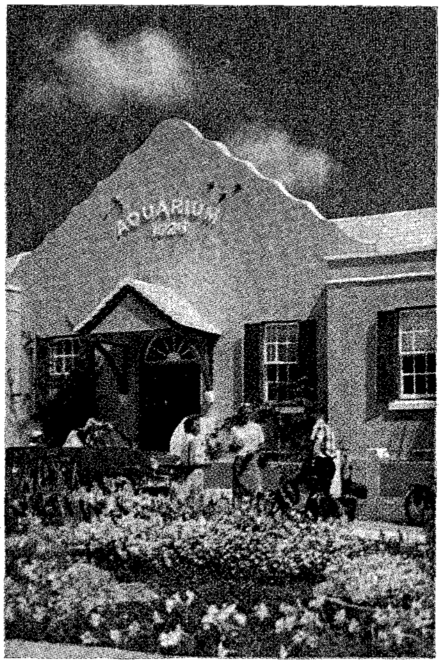

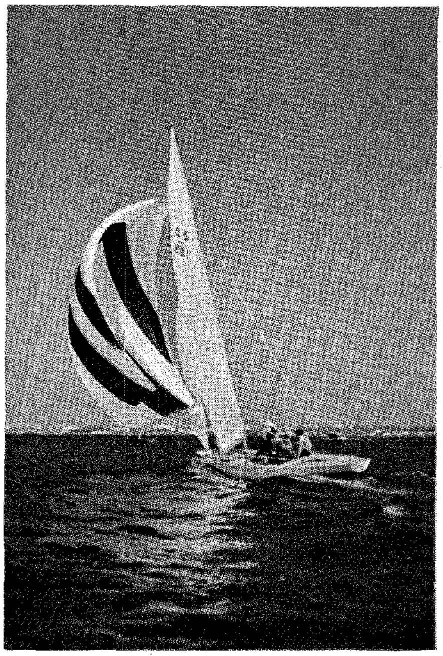

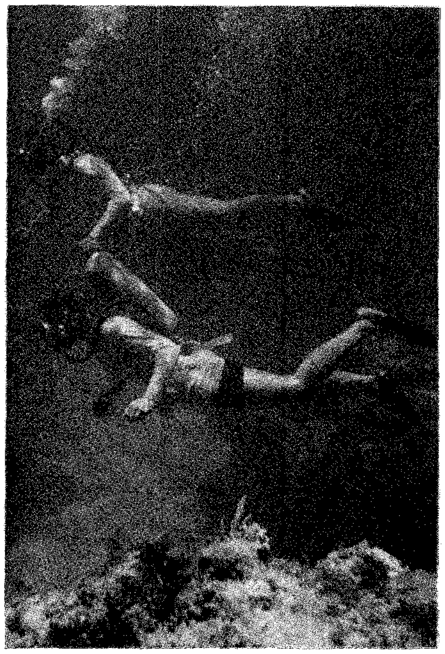

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stract manner admirably designed to combine compositional freedom with a mildly satiric, direct commentary. The artist, though, was apparently not entirely satisfied with it. In the deepest sense, his is a thoroughly religious nature, and his progress since then has been what seems at times a tormented search for ways to convey, by pictorial means, the philosophical problems that occupy him. In the course of this, he has experimented with a variety of symbolic modes of expression—from the mythical, as exemplified by "The Emperor" and "Clowns and Kings," through such more literary references as the three "Don Quixote" studies included in the show, to the paintings on Biblical themes that have made up a large part of his more recent output. His style has changed, too, and the direction has been toward pure abstraction, together with a tendency toward more vivid and explosive color. I used "turbulent" in describing Rattner's painting, and it seems to me to describe both its faults and its virtues—a restless overreachingness, as in "Storm Composition, No. 1" and "Crucifixion in Yellow," which can bring his work almost to incoherence, but can also, as in the majestic "Valley of Dry Bones," invest it with truly enormous authority and power.

By contrast, Knaths' course appears serene and unaccidented. The oldest of the group, though by only a narrow margin, he has spent the major part of his career on Cape Cod, and his canvases are concerned mostly with the life of that seagirt region. This concentration on one locale is reminiscent of Cézanne in his Provençal days, as are some of Knaths' painting techniques. But he has some of Cézanne's deep dedication, too, and, sober in color and spare in design as his paintings may be, they still can, at their best, display great strength and integrity. I admired especially his green "Pine Timber," the moonlit "Bay Ballad," and the beach scene called "The Sun," Turneresque in its glorious yellows. After leaving New York, the show will travel to Columbus, Colorado Springs, Dallas, and Manchester, New Hampshire.

—Robert M. Coates

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> Grace Alexandra Young is a former editor of Mademoiselle and House and currently engaged in volunteer work for the mentally Garden magazines. She is disturbed.
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> —*Chicago Sun-Times.*

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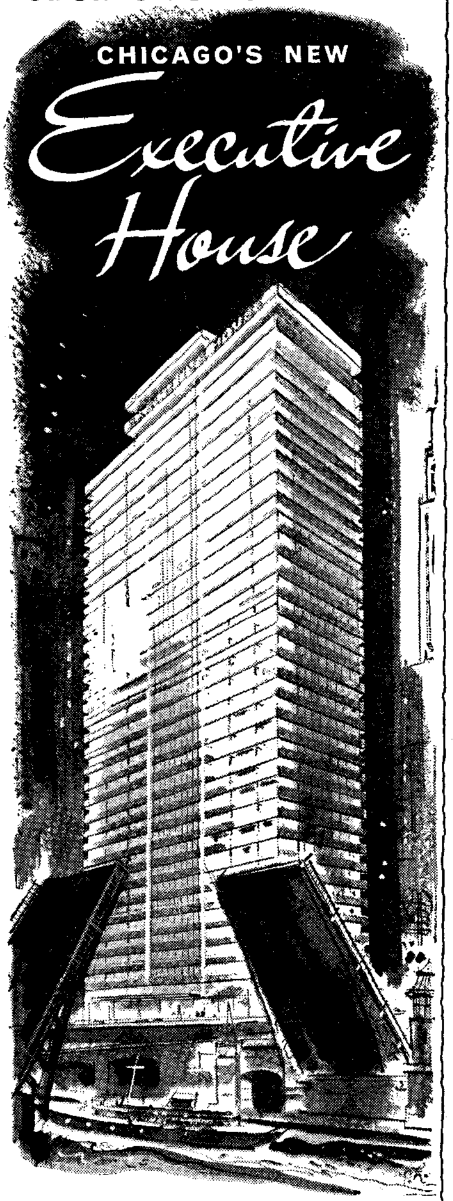

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THE CASE FOR AND AGAINST THE READING OF OLD NEWSPAPERS

FOR many years I have envied and wished to emulate, at least in one particular, a familiar character drawn from life by Somerset Maugham during his travels. The man was a British colonial and, as I remember, a rubber planter, although it could be that he was in copra, buckram, or okra. In any case, he lived a solitary life in a tropical bungalow, a long way from Western civilization, and had nobody to talk to except the native servants. To them he spoke only pidgin English and with them he maintained an impeccable reserve in harmony with his public-school upbringing. Naturally, he put on a black tie for dinner in the evening. But it was the way he handled his daily newspaper in the morning that especially appealed to me, and still does. The mail boat came to his outpost of progress once a month, with letters from acquaintances at home and with a bundle of London *Timeses*, the latest of them a month old. He read the letters from his friends at once, but not the newspapers. Instead, he had his comprador, boonjay, or syce bring to him a single London *Times* at breakfast each morning, commencing with the oldest issue in the bundle. At the end of that month, the most recent issue in the bundle was brought to him, and he read it. By that time, another mail boat would have come in, and he and the servant would start the game over again. A man who puts on dinner clothes when dining alone in the jungle is a man of strong character, and my hero, naturally, was able to refrain from violating the rules of the newspaper game he had so ingeniously invented. No matter what kind of hell was breaking loose in the world on, for example, a month-old Monday, he didn't order that servant to bring him Tuesday's newspaper then and there but waited until the next morning to see how things were turning out.

Although, through the years, I have occasionally found myself in out-of-the-way spots, it is only in the last couple of weeks that I have been able to play this tantalizing game with my own favorite newspaper, the New York *Times*. As a young man, during the Hoover administration, I lived for a long time in Bangkok, the capital of the Far Eastern country then called Siam, but I was myself engaged in running a daily English-language newspaper there, and when the mail boats arrived with my bundle of *Timeses* from New York, my professional conscience won out over my private inclinations. As it happened, my residence was a tropical bungalow and I had a butler, a cook, a coolie, a gardener, and a chauffeur. Any one of them could have been trained to bring me one old issue of the *Times* each day at breakfast. But what I felt I had to do was open the bundle at the office as soon as I got hold of it, and read all the *Timeses*, in order to clip out and paste up articles of more or less enduring interest and reprint them in my paper (the Bangkok *Daily Mail*). I would begin with the more timely items and, while waiting for the next mail boat, fill up the columns of succeeding issues with editorials, essays on women's fashions, biographical sketches of leading sports figures, and so on—all clipped from the old *Timeses*. Journalistically and in every other way, it was an excruciatingly tedious routine. I often thought recklessly of sacking all those servants and returning to New York, but the depression of the nineteen-thirties was on at that time, and I shrewdly waited until it was over.

Another time, during the last war, I was tucked away in Chabua, Assam, in the northeasternmost corner of India, and my bundle of *Timeses* followed me to that remote place by means of infrequent flights of Army Air Forces Air Transport Command planes from home. In Chabua, too, I resided in a tropical bungalow ideally suited, architecturally, for playing the game with the old *Timeses*. It had been occupied before the war by a British-colonial tea planter. But during the war about twenty-five other American Air Forces officers lived in it with me, and when I proposed that the native houseboy who worked for the mess sergeant be instructed to bring one *Times* to the breakfast table each morning, they wouldn't hear of it. They would simply grab the bundle of *Timeses* and pass them around in an unsystematic fashion, reading in a single evening every word of the ten or twelve issues, each one of which was at least ten days old. Then, looking and acting as if they had been drugged, they would go back to their poker and dice games until my next bundle arrived.

AT the end of the newspaper strike here in New York in December, the opportunity I had been waiting for at last arrived, and this time I was able to seize it. As you may remember, on the day before New Year's the *Times*

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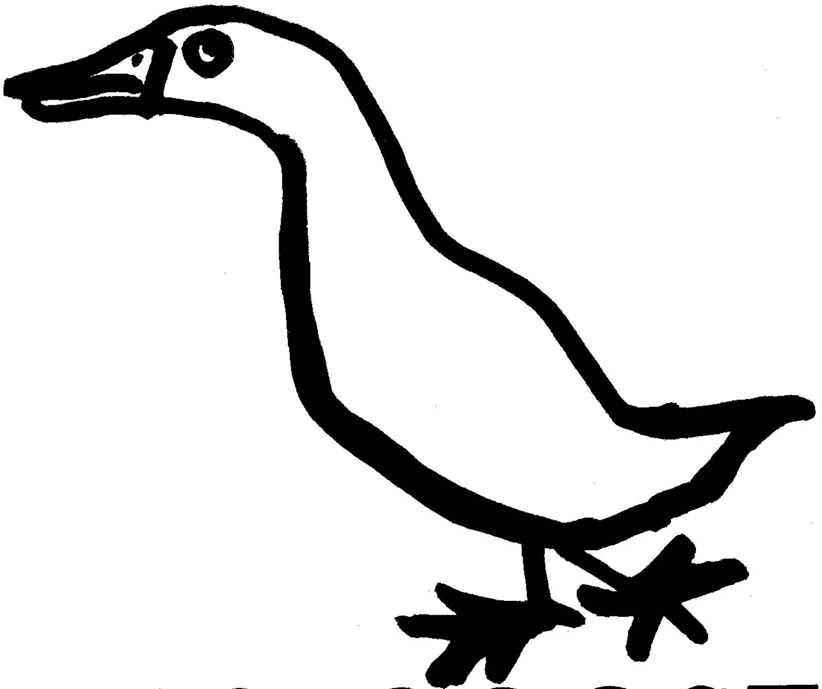

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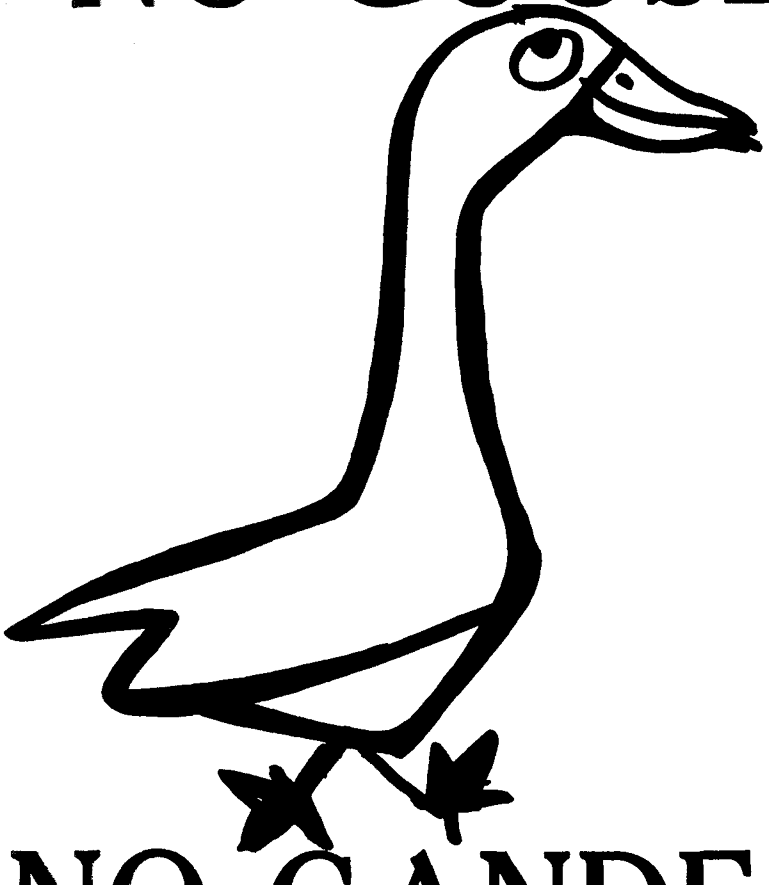

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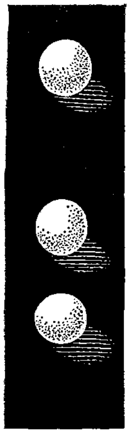

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published, along with its regular issue of December 31st, seventeen old two-page *Timeses*. This bundle began with a two-page *Times* dated December 12th (the day the strike began) and ended with a two-page *Times* dated December 28th (the day it ended). There were, to be sure, a number of imperfections in the game I immediately began playing. In the first place, my living quarters are in a stone house in a suburb of New York forty minutes from Grand Central Station. In the second place, the only servant employed there is a native American female from South Nyack, who comes only in the afternoon, and who doesn't understand pidgin English or any other known language. I do have, though, a female Labrador retriever who understands the word "paper." On the whole, she is an intelligent and undemanding dog. Before the strike, all I had to do to get the fresh morning *Times* at breakfast was to take some dog meal and boiling water, mix the two together in a large bowl until the mess had the consistency of hamburger and the odor of old quail, let her eat it, and then open the front door for her and cry "Paper!" Four mornings out of seven she would get the fresh *Times* and bring it in to me. On two of the mornings she would bring me my neighbor's fresh *Herald Tribune*, which made it necessary for me to take a walk in the snow in my bathrobe and bedroom slippers. On Sundays, of course, she couldn't do anything with either the fresh *Times* or the fresh *Herald Tribune* except tug at the stout twine they are wrapped in and strain and growl.

I had to go to considerable trouble to work out a more or less foolproof system for playing the game with those seventeen old two-page *Timeses*, but I think it was worth it, and I am prepared to do it again whenever the *Times* wants to try it. I began the game on January 1st and finished it on January 17th. A two-page paper, of course, confounds a dog just as much as a Sunday paper does, though for a different reason. While my dog knows the Sunday paper is a newspaper too heavy to get off the ground, she refuses to believe that a two-page newspaper is a newspaper at all. Fortunately for me, the first day I tried to play the game was a holiday and I was able to devote as many hours as I needed to working the thing out. I soon found that rolling up the two-page *Times* and putting a rubber band around it didn't make it represent a newspaper to the dog. She would go out and sniff it and

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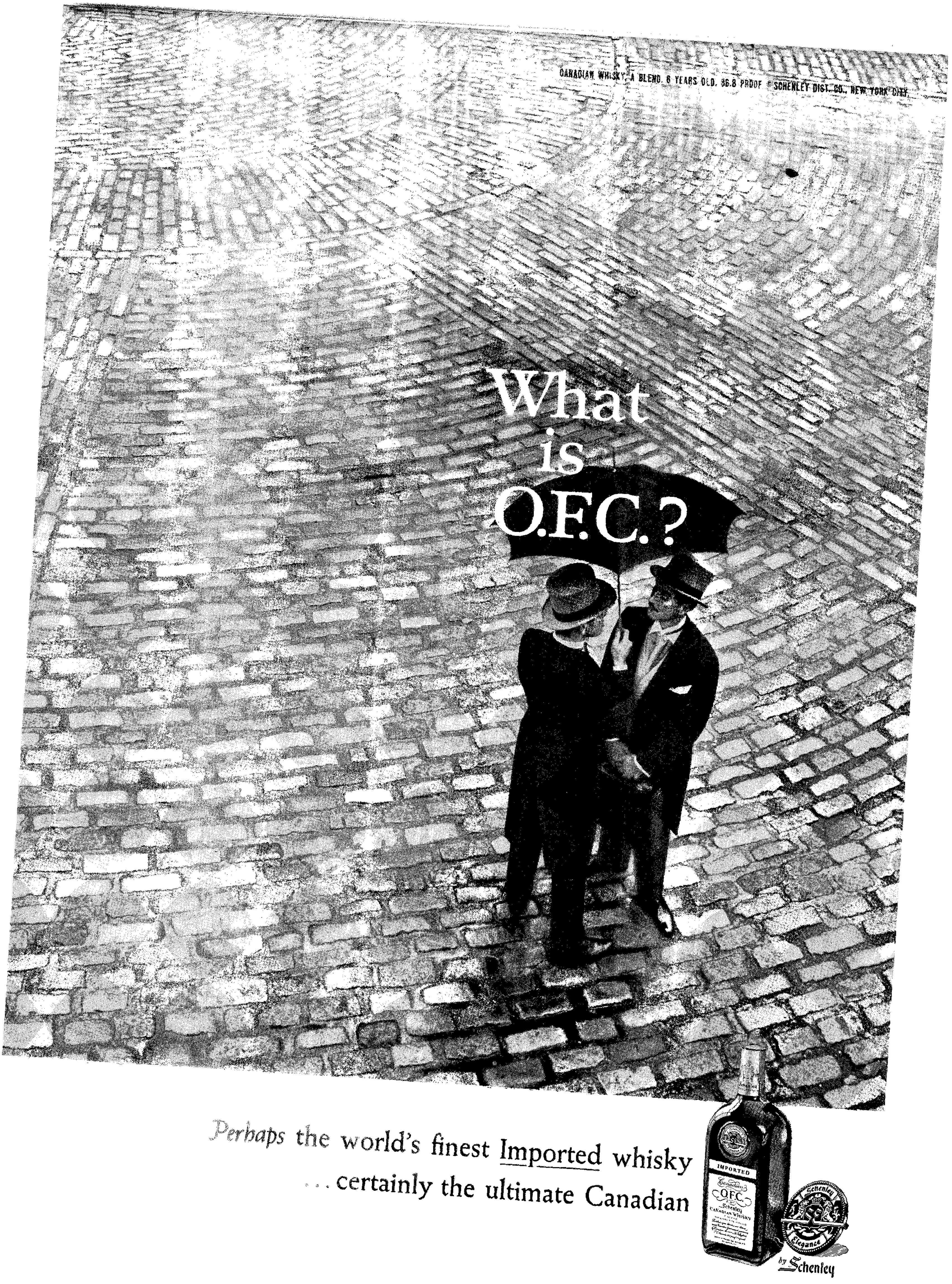
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KAPP RECORDS

paw it and then go over and get the neighbor's fresh, normal-sized *Herald Tribune*. As you probably recollect, the so-called two-page *Timeses* were actually only one-page *Timeses*—sixteen columns of news, editorials, and so on, printed on both sides of a single sheet of newsprint. When one of them was rolled up and secured with a rubber band, it did not look in the least like a newspaper. What I finally did on the first morning was to roll up the so-called two-page *Times* of December 12th inside the New Year's Day *Times*, go out and place it where the regular *Times* usually lands when the delivery-man throws it from his jeep, and come back inside and shut the door, avoiding the suspicious eyes of the dog as she stood inside with her paws on a window sill watching me do all this. Then I opened the front door and cried "Paper!" For a couple of hours, naturally, the dog paid no attention to me, indicating that she knew and I knew that she had already brought in the New Year's Day paper. In time, though, she decided I meant what I was saying, so she would go get the neighbor's fresh *Herald Tribune*. I returned it on each of these occasions, crying "No, no, not *Herald Tribune!*" to the dog, and beating her with a stick I had picked up on my first round trip to the neighbor's front yard. At last, she got the idea that I wanted her to bring in the New Year's Day paper, in spite of the fact that she had already brought it in once. On the second day of the game, I came down early, locked up the dog in the ground-floor guest room, slipped out and unfurled the fresh *Times* of January 2nd, rolled up the December 13th *Times* inside it, put the rubber band back on, let the dog out of the guest room and fed her, then opened the front door for her and cried "Paper!" as if everything was the same as it was before the strike. This worked reasonably well.

THE other major imperfection in the game as I played it was that I had absent-mindedly listened to the radio occasionally during the newspaper strike, and consequently I was aware, when I opened the fresh *Times* at breakfast and took the first old *Times* from it, that nothing extraordinary had happened in the world. However, as the seventeen days went on, I was able to achieve something at least fairly close to the state of mind of the British colonial I have envied all these years. Like him, I knew in my heart that no matter what the old newspaper said was going on, nothing could be done about it at

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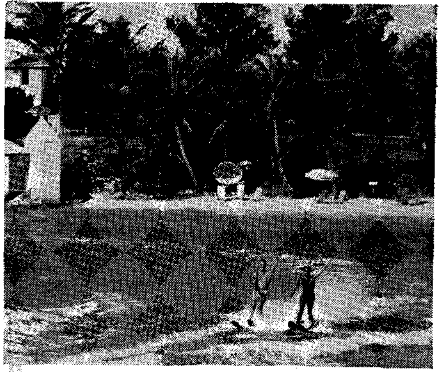

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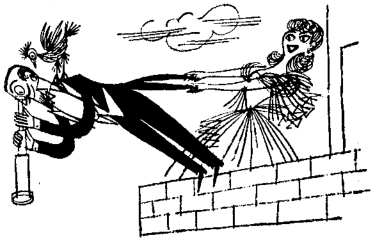

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WRITE FOR BOOKLET N.

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the late date on which I was reading about it. Like him, I was interested but detached, and I read everything in those sixteen columns every day. There was only one problem, really, that had come up during the December 12th-28th period that by January 17th hadn't already been solved or for which I couldn't suggest a solution. I won't go into the solutions I could suggest for the problems that weren't already solved, because it would take too much time and, besides, would cause widespread controversy. The one problem that came up during the period—and it is undoubtedly still coming up every week or so—for which I have no solution involves the leaving of quarter tips on the counter of the coat closet by guests who attend dinners at the White House. This first occurred on Thursday, December 11th, and was reported in the old *Times* of December 17th, which I read on January 6th. "The incident," says this old *Times*, "was first reported in the Washington *Evening Star* by Betty Beale, social columnist. A White House social assistant, amazed at hearing of the incident, pointed out today that 'any one who comes here regularly knows that it just isn't done.' Calling the incident 'very embarrassing,' the official reconstructed it this way: Apparently a guest was unfamiliar with the fact that the White House is considered a residence and 'not the same as a hotel or restaurant.'" And the guests that followed him also left quarters on the counter.

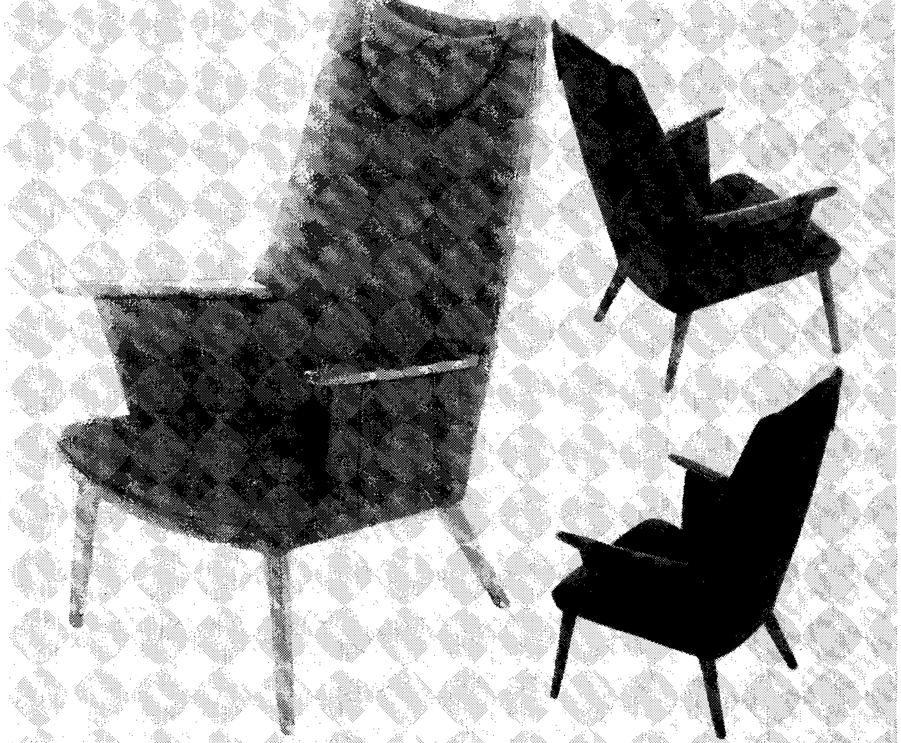
Well, is there any sensible solution? According to the old *Times* of December 17th, the "incident" took place at the December 11th dinner in honor of the Supreme Court, which "opened the White House social season." Such first-thought solutions as the hanging of a "No Tipping" sign on the White House cloakroom door, or slipping engraved notices bearing the same legend under the napkins of guests, or having some official stand at the cloakroom counter and insult well-meaning, generous guests by forcing them to take back their quarters after they have clapped them down would only multiply the initial embarrassment. There's nothing to do but let the thing ride, make the best of it, come to some thoughtful decision as to what to do with the money, and avoid trying to keep abreast of past events.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

•

Engle said he expects to take a boat trip to Panama "to lay like a lizard on a hard rock."—*Santa Monica (Calif.) Outlook.*

Not lizard eggs, surely?



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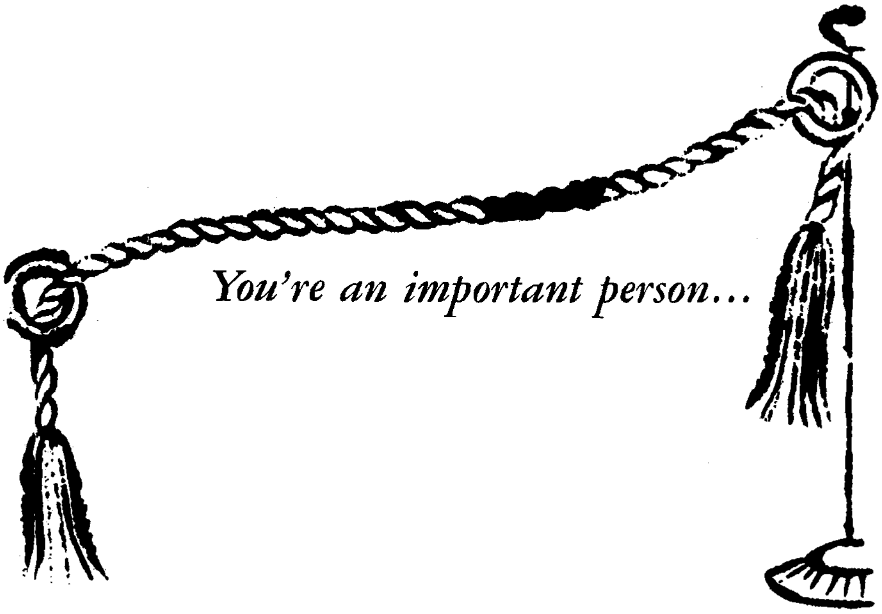
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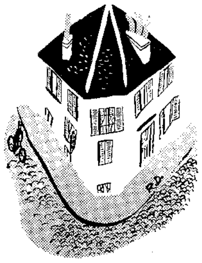
LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 14



NO French chief of state has ever been voted for so much or so often as Charles de Gaulle—first in the September referendum, second in the general presidential election, and then, for the third time, in the presidential election by the special electors—the newly invented founding formula of his Fifth Republic being triply tested to make sure it will stand. On Thursday's Eurovision, or European television hookup, covering the procedure in the sumptuous chandeliered ballroom of the Palais de l'Elysée by which the supreme office of the state was transferred from the shoulders of the outgoing President Coty to those of the incoming President de Gaulle (seen for the first, and probably only, time dressed in a civilian cutaway coat), it was to be noted that once more the vote played a role—its last one. It came when an unfamiliar little white-bearded old Frenchman, who looked like a figure left over from the early Third Republic of a lifetime ago but who turned out to be M. René Cassin, head of the provisional Constitutional Committee that created last September's new constitution, advanced to the microphone. In a voice trembling with a sense of history, he read aloud the number of ballots cast for the victor and the two losers in the special electors' voting (when, until almost the last minute, it had been supposed that de Gaulle would be the unique candidate). The votes for the General, M. Cassin said, were 62,394; those for the Communist candidate, M. Georges Marane, were 10,355; and those for the Radical Socialist candidate, M. Albert Chatelet, were 6,721. In consequence, he then declared, the provisional Constitutional Committee—and here his old voice rose—"proclaims General de Gaulle President of the Republic." With that phrase and at that precise moment—twelve minutes past noon of a sunny, cold Paris January day—in the eyes of the law and of French history Charles de Gaulle became the first Chief Magistrate of the Fifth Republic, which he created. Also at that moment began the twenty-one-gun salute fired by cannons placed beside the Seine to honor the arrival of a new head of state.

After General Georges Catroux,

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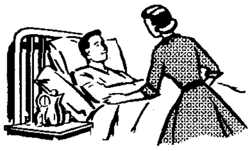

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Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, standing on tiptoe, hung around the giant de Gaulle's throat the great golden collar of the Grand Master of the Legion of Honor, founded by Napoleon—the badge of office with which all the French presidents are invested, and which they wear only at this ceremony—Coty recited his brief speech of welcome and adieu to the new incumbent of the palace. For this, he gracefully used Pascal's famous conjunction of "the grandeur of the establishment" and "the grandeur of the person." De Gaulle's speech of thanks was grave, impassioned. At first, he looked close to manly tears. He said that it was his duty to represent the interests of the nation and the *Communauté*, and even to impose them, since "these are my obligations." He added, in clear warning, "In this I shall not weaken—I bear witness to that in advance." After calling for the same aid that was given him last spring during national danger and is needed again "as the horizon brightens with our great hopes," he ended by crying, "*Vive la Communauté! Vive la République! Vive la France!*"—the new *vivat* of the Fifth Republic (which Coty recited backward in ending his speech). "*Communauté*" is de Gaulle's special term to include Algeria in what, before the rebels' war for liberty, was called L'Union Française, meaning the French colonial empire. De Gaulle's final shout of "*Vive la France!*" seemed to come from the very depths of his lungs, closest to his heart.

AND now what? De Gaulle's government supporters, exclusively Right and Center, add up to a parliamentary majority of 88.8 per cent. Parliament will have its first brief sitting tomorrow, to hear, debate, and certainly accept the government's program—the first debate it has had since early last June—after which it will go home again until the last week of April. It is not clear what it will do when it does return, except mostly continue to say yes, which it was largely elected to say by the French people. (Were it to prove fractious and start saying no or maybe, de Gaulle, by his constitution, has the power simply to dissolve it after one year.) At present, Parliament's noes and opposition consist of the Communists' bitter 2.2 per cent and the Socialists' 9 per cent—now that the latter have decided, in a rightabout-face at their weekend national caucus, to regard the General's austerity program of heavily boosted prices as "a defiance of good sense and justice." This is be-

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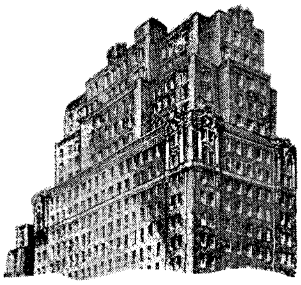

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cause, as usual, the financial pinch will most hurt the working and modest-salaried classes, who are, after all, the Socialists' main political customers or former followers. Yet Socialism's leader, the shilly-shallying Guy Mollet—as even his own party has lately considered him—was the greatest single Paris helper in bringing de Gaulle to power last spring, and until last week was the General's pillar Minister of State, and thus privy to the present harsh financial program. As the French intellectual Left analyzes it, the entire Left lost its strength and meaning by its démodé class-war ideology over the past two or three years, falling out of step with the Fourth Republic's surface prosperity, rising living standards, rising wages, and social-service handouts paid for almost entirely by the owner class, behind all of which were menacing state financial problems that were too much for mere dialectic to solve in a democracy. As for the Communists, the intellectuals think that Khrushchev, as much as anyone, cut them down from the biggest to the littlest French party, first costing them their belief in Moscow's infallibility by the revelations on Stalin, then undermining them with the bloody purges, followed by Budapest and, finally, even Boris Pasternak, whose "Le Docteur Jivago" (as it is called here) was the best-seller of 1958—and not only among the bourgeoisie. Since the Socialist and the Communist Parties, which were sworn enemies in Parliament, have lost their influential major-party seats, it is now feared that they will make their real opposition to de Gaulle outside Parliament, and together—in strikes.

Just last Sunday, the Union Française des Associations de Combattants, the largest ex-servicemen's organization, laid a wreath on the Champs-Elysées statue of old Clemenceau, who in 1918 said of the First World War veterans, "They have rights over us." This tacit protest by today's veterans was to air their views on de Gaulle's suppression, as an economy measure, of the pensions paid to able-bodied veterans. Another unpopular economy measure, psychologically, was to annul subsidies that had raised the pay of coal miners, whose mole-like existence invariably stirs the average citizen's imagination—especially now, with the price of coal going up. But de Gaulle's greatest economy error lay in the inexplicably sharp personal letter of reproof that he, himself the son of a professor, wrote to the president of the National Association of University Students after the students (along with most of their professors)

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walked out of every university in France in strikes aimed at obtaining a bigger education budget for adequate buildings to learn in. Here, again, there was a national identification, even among many of the humblest citizens, with the sacredness of France's young, brainy élite.

Prices are already jumping right and left, in many cases working out at higher levels than the government had foretold or foreseen. Men's haircuts have gone up fifteen to eighteen per cent, though tonsorial parlors were not mentioned in the government lists; French cigarettes have gone up fifteen to twenty per cent; and *Figaro* is piously editorializing to keep the wine tax down to a mere eight per cent, instead of a possible higher fifteen.

The French expected a miracle from de Gaulle, knowing full well that there are two kinds of miracles, depending upon the century. There is the Biblical kind, in which the loaves and fishes were not only multiplied but came free. The other kind is the modern surgical miracle, by which a desperately ill patient, if operated on in time, may be counted on to survive. According to most French, this second one is the kind of miracle that de Gaulle is probably working, that France, on the whole, is now patiently experiencing, and that is (so bad was her state) the only miracle she rationally expected.

THE national French radio recently offered a double treat—a chance to hear some fine modern music a second time, which is what most of us needed to understand it pleasurably. It presented the music on one of its regular Paris evening programs, from a recording made the first time the music was played, at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées a week earlier, by the Orchestre National, directed by Manuel Rosenthal, with the necessary male and female choruses. The main item was "Le Soleil des Eaux," a mystical poem written by René Char and set to music by Pierre Boulez—a music finer in mature intensity, it seemed, than what Boulez had earlier written for Char's "Le Marteau sans Maître." Only thirty-four years old, Boulez is now generally ranked as the first internationally influential French composer since Debussy. Although touched by Debussy's impressionism, he has passed, for his major influence, through the Austrian Schoenberg's dodecaphonism into the serial athematism of that now more favored Austrian creator, the refined genius Anton Webern. The didactic statement by the French critic André Hodeir that

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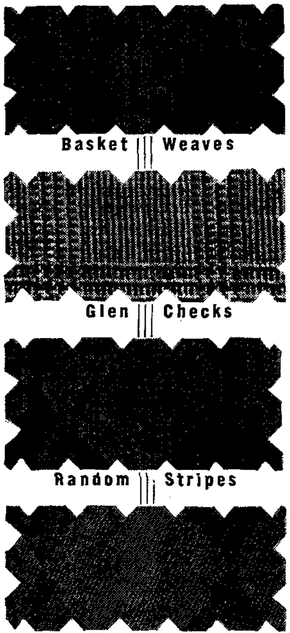

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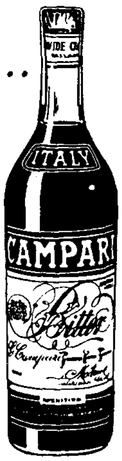

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Boulez's work offers "the most radical break with the past since the suspension of the tonal system by Schoenberg around 1910" will not mean much to most readers, so it would be perhaps more apt to define "Le Soleil des Eaux" in terms of sensuous pleasure. This is what it seemed to give the Champs-Elysées listeners—the high aural pleasure of listening to a first-rate new creation, with a refinement in the serial traceries that seemed melodic, and even comprehensible, to the layman's musical perception. It is a composition that conveys a sense of grandeur, emotion, and richly amplified musical poetics, and that becomes almost like something of Schumann's, melodically moved through a new idiom into the present century. In the choral parts especially, there was noticeable the rhythmic asymmetry that Stravinsky gave to the Western world, with the solo voices coming in on their own irregular mathematical timing. But all through the Boulez work is the pattern of Webern's spatial geometry—the new musical echo in our time. Preceding the Boulez work, like a point of departure, were Webern's famous "Five Pieces for Orchestra," with the exquisite timbre of his sparse and curious orchestration, which is the essence of his ethereal atonal sadness.

A few years ago, Jean-Louis Barrault perspicaciously engaged Boulez, who was living in an attic room near the Hôtel de Ville, as musical director for the Renaud-Barrault troupe, then still playing at the Marigny. This gave him his start. His notable series of non-conformist concerts called Le Domaine Musicale were first given, in 1954, in the Marigny's little upstairs workshop theatre, where listeners had to sit on wooden benches; wherever they chance to be given now, they are still the best unorthodox concerts in Paris.

THE constant rush of important political events has delayed mention of the most discussed, and praised, French film of the year's end, which is still running here and looks as though it might go on for months. It could not be shown in New York without cutting, and most likely will not be shown there at all. For if "Les Amants" had its second part—composed of astonishingly beautiful, passionate love scenes in a château park and bedroom—cut, there would be nothing left to look at except some tepid Paris adultery and one chukker of a polo game at Bagatelle, which furnish its opening framework. It was directed by the twenty-six-year-old Louis Malle, who was first noticed as

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cameraman and co-director of Commandant Jacques Cousteau's undersea film "Le Monde du Silence." This new film is like a talented, emotional first novel, dictated to a camera. The beginning chapters are conventional, showing a rich provincial matron, in one of her periodic escapes from her dull husband, on a trip to Paris to see her closest friend, a divorcee, and the friend's polo-playing lover, both of whom she invites to spend the next two days at her country château. As she is on her way home to prepare for them, her car breaks down on the road and she thumbs a ride to a garage from a lackadaisical-looking young man in a shabby 2-CV Citroën, who turns out to be the love of her life. He also conveniently turns out to be of good family, as well as an archeologist, when he finally identifies himself, upon being invited, out of mere thanks for the ride, to join the château houseparty. The strength of this photographic novel is that the beholder believes in the sudden kindling of love between two mortals. After the other household members have retired, the two, by chance, go separately to the park to see the full moon. The opening scenes between them take place in a little boat on the park stream, then change to her bedroom. These extraordinary, almost wordless scenes possess that modesty often observed in the great incomplete sketches of nudes drawn by Matisse, in which the human figures become mere aesthetic physical compositions, without details. The next morning, with the houseparty assembled early on the lawn to go on a fishing expedition, the wife calmly departs, without explanation or baggage, with her love in his shabby car. At the *bistro* where they stop for breakfast coffee, she says to her ravaged face in the *bistro* mirror, "I shall never regret it." But already she seems to be speaking of the memory of that one night—not of their possible future together. The well-known stage actress Jeanne Moreau perfectly plays the wife, with her disciplined, dissatisfied beauty; Jean-Marc Bory, plain-faced but attractive, plays the lover. This beautiful, rare film is the outstanding one to see if you come to Paris; you cannot see it in Nice, Switzerland, or Italy instead, where it has already been banned. —GENÊT

•

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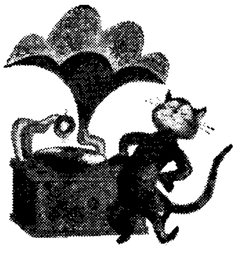

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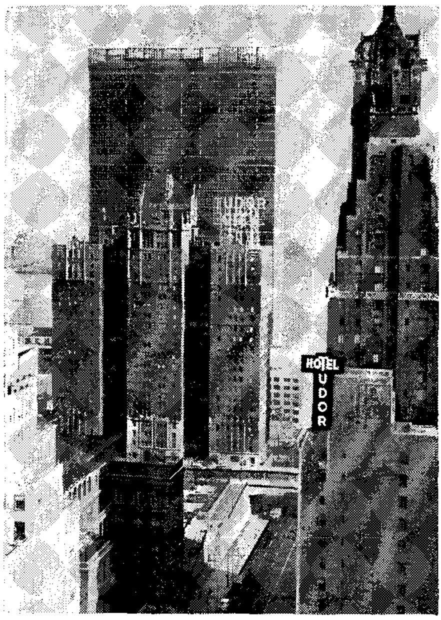

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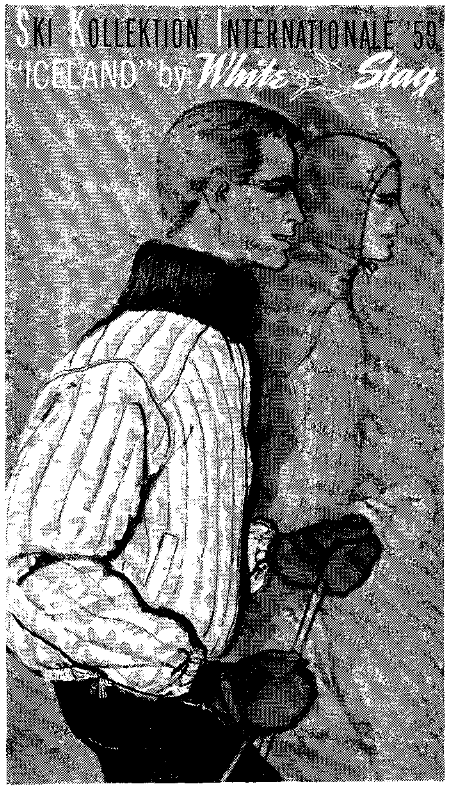

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BRONXVILLE, N.Y.,
JANUARY 12, 1959

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN your Talk of the Town department in the issue of December 20th, you published a pleasant little article about the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Grace Church. The article noted, in passing, that Grace Church was the scene, in the middle eighteen-sixties, of the marriage ceremony uniting General Tom Thumb (Charles S. Stratton) and "his tiny bride," Lavinia Warren. The historian Carl Carmer was employed by Grace Church to help celebrate its sesquicentennial, and he has written a delightful booklet entitled "Years of Grace," in the course of which he describes, at some length, the social to-do caused by this ceremony. Mr. Carmer quotes two letters now in the Grace archives; the first is a protest by an angry pew owner of that day, the second is a reply by the then rector of Grace, Thomas House Taylor, who, though a Christian man of God, was also a high-spirited Southerner, plainly incapable of turning the other cheek when he felt his honor and the honor of his church impugned.

Perhaps it would interest you to print these two little-known letters. I, for one, wish there were more ministers nowadays capable of dealing in this forthright fashion with members of their congregation—capable, too, of such epistolary eloquence.

The angry pew owner wrote as follows:

The Revd. Dr. Taylor.
SIR

The object of my unwillingly addressing you this note is to inquire what right you had to exclude myself and other owners of pews in Grace Church from entering it yesterday, enforced too by a cordon of police for that purpose. If my pew is not my property I wish to know it, and if it is I deny your right to prevent me from occupying it whenever the Church is open even at a marriage of mountebanks, which I would not take the trouble to cross the street to witness.

Respectfully
Your obdt. servt.
WILLIAM STEWART

CLARENDON HOTEL,
FEB. 11, 1863

To which the man of God, having let several days pass, possibly in the hope that his temper would cool but no less

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possibly in order to give it full vent, magnificently replied:

804 Broadway, New York,
February 16, 1863

Mr. William Stewart
Dear Sir,

I am sorry my valued friend that you should have written me the peppery letter that is now before me. If the matter of which you complain be so utterly insignificant and contemptible as "a marriage of mountebanks which you would not take the trouble to cross the street to witness" it surprises me that you should have made such strenuous, but ill directed efforts to secure a ticket of admission: and why, permit me to ask in the name of reason and philosophy, do you still suffer it to disturb you so sadly?

It would perhaps be a sufficient answer to your letter, to say that your cause of complaint exists only in your imagination! *You have never been excluded from your pew!*—As *Rector*, I am the custodian of the Church, and you will hardly venture to say that you have ever applied to me, for permission to enter, and been refused!—

Here I might safely rest, and leave you to the comfort of your own reflections in the case. But, as you in common with many other worthy persons, would seem to have very crude notions, as to your rights of *property* in Pews,—you will pardon me for saying that a Pew in a Church is property only in a peculiar and restricted sense. It is not property as your house or your horse is property. It invests you with no fee in the soil, you cannot use it in any way, and in every way, and at all times, as your pleasure or caprice may dictate. You cannot put it to any common or unhallowed uses: you cannot move it, nor injure it, nor destroy it. In short you hold by purchase, and may *sell* the *right* to the undisturbed possession of that little space within the Church Edifice you call your *Pew*, during the hours of Divine Service! But even that right must be exercised decorously, and with a decent regard for time and place, or else you may at any moment be ignominiously ejected from it. I regret to be obliged to add, that by the *law of custom*, you may during those said hours of Divine Service (but at no other time) *sleep in your pew*. You must however do so noiselessly and never to the disturbance of your sleeping neighbors! Your property in your Pew, has this extent and nothing more.

Now if Mr. William Stewart were at any time to come to me and say "Sir, I would that you should grant me the use of Grace Church for a solemn service (a marriage a Baptism or a Funeral as the case may be) and as it is desirable that the feeling of the parties should be protected

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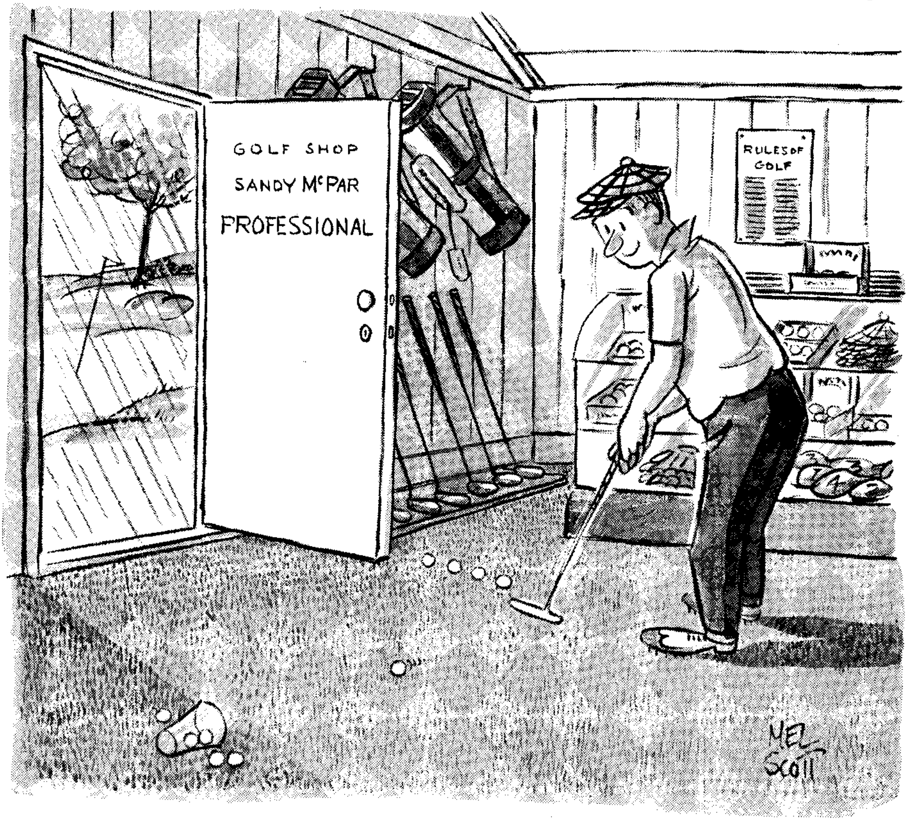
*Shakespeare; King John, IV, Sc. 2



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as far as possible from the impertinent intrusion and disturbance of a crowd from the streets and lanes of the city, I beg that no one may be admitted within the doors of the Church, during the very few moments that we expect to be there, but our invited friends only!"—It would certainly in such a case, be my pleasure to comply with your request and to meet your wishes in every particular; and I think that even "Mr. William Stewart" would agree that all this would be entirely reasonable and proper:—

Then, tell me, how would such a case differ from the instance of which you complain? Two young persons, whose only crime would seem to be, that they are neither so big, nor so stupid, nor so ill-mannered, nor so inordinately selfish, as some other people, come to me and say,—

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I tell you sir that whenever and from whomever such an appeal is made to my Christian courtesy although it should come from the very humblest of the earth I would go calmly and cheerfully forward to meet their wishes although as many William Stewarts as would reach from here to Kamtschatka clothed in fuss and frowns should rise up to oppose me.

In conclusion I will say that if the marriage of Charles S. Stratton and Lavinia Warren is to be regarded only as a pageant, then it was the most beautiful pageant it has ever been my privilege to witness—If on the contrary it is rather to be thought of as a *Solemn Ceremony*, then it was as touchingly solemn as a Wedding can possibly be rendered. It is true that the Bishop was not present but Mr. Stratton's own Pastor, the Revd. Mr. Willey of Bridgeport, Conn., read the service with admirable taste and impressiveness: and the bride was given away by her mother's Pastor and her own "next friend" a ven-

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Respectfully submitted by
Your obd. servt.
THOMAS HOUSE TAYLOR
Rector of Grace Church

You might suppose that such a letter would blow an angry William Stewart to smithereens, but the Stewarts of this world are tough, inside and out, and can stomach even the swallowing of their pride. Mr. Stewart kept his pew, and, if he slept in it, doubtless took care to do so noiselessly.

Yours,
MICHAEL GATES

•

SHAKUHACHI AND SAMISEN

I shall avoid the haunts of men
And seek the hidden way,
And strum upon my *samisen*[1]
A very soulful lay.

I am a solitary type;
I shall to some lagoon
And on a *shakuhachi*[2] pipe
A pibroch to the moon.

And when my *samisen* is dumb,
My *shakuhachi* still,
I shall upon my *koto*[3] strum
A song more sweet than shrill.

Shika no tone[4] I shall sing,
Honen odori, too.
I am assured that some such thing
Would be the thing to do.

[1] The *samisen* is finer far
Than all imagined things;
It is a species of guitar
That only has three strings.

[2] The *shakuhachi*, by repute,
Is blown across, not through—
An up-and-down, not sideways, flute
Constructed of bamboo.

[3] The *koto* is a kind of harp;
Its notes are loud and keen,
And some are flat and some are sharp
And some are in between.

[4] *Shika no tone* is a song,
Honen odori eke.
I may have got the scansion wrong;
My Japanese is weak.

—R. P. LISTER

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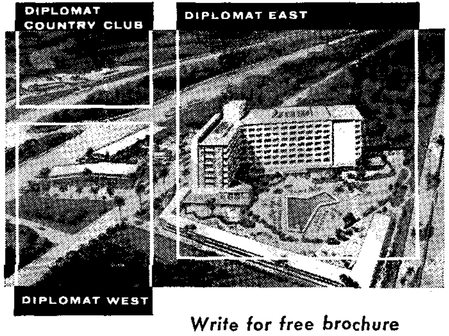

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Met in Full Glory

THE cast of the Metropolitan's current production of "Don Giovanni" will, I think, go down in operatic history as one of the great ones. It is not perfect. No operatic cast ever is. There are moments when one wishes that Lisa Della Casa, who sings Donna Elvira, had just a bit more of the temperament and dramatic flair that Eleanor Steber shows in the role of Donna Anna, and there are moments when one wishes that Miss Steber had just a bit more of the purity of tone that Miss Della Casa has. In addition, the conductor, Karl Boehm, is sometimes inclined toward softness and gentleness where vigor and incisiveness are called for. But these are very minor blemishes, and, looking back on the numerous "Don Giovannis" I have heard—many of them in Salzburg and, under Franz Schalk, at the Vienna Opera in the palmy twenties, as well as at the Metropolitan during the Edward Johnson regime—I can say that while I have now and then heard one or another role sung more memorably, I do not remember anywhere a group of artists who tackled the work with more generally satisfactory results. Cesare Valletti is the most limpid, assured, and nearly flawless Don Ottavio I have ever listened to. Cesare Siepi, as Don Giovanni, has now taken over the sort of world's championship in this role that once belonged to the late Ezio Pinza, and his interpretation of it, if a shade less robust than Pinza's, is agreeably youthful, visually charming, and beautifully sung. Fernando Corena is the ideal Leporello—vocally eloquent, and with a subtle enough sense of comedy to avoid clownishness. Roberta Peters and Theodor Uppman, as the peasant couple Zerlina and Masetto, are quite magnificent, although, to be sure, these roles were so affectionately written by Mozart that it is almost impossible to sing them ineffectively. William Wildermann is properly impressive as the Commendatore. Furthermore, the sets and costumes—created last season by Eugene Berman—are among the most stunning that have ever graced the Metropolitan stage. The *mise en scène*,

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by Herbert Graf, though it has lost a little of the polish it had at last season's première of this production, is still gripping enough to keep one in a state of suspense throughout the evening. All this, obviously, adds up to something of a monument.

The work itself has, of course, long since exhausted all the superlatives in the critical vocabulary. One can go on saying that it is the greatest opera of all time, which is true by such a large margin that one wonders whether it is not also perhaps the greatest single artistic creation in the history of Western civilization. But such stratospheric comparisons are futile and somewhat silly. Perhaps it is more meaningful to say that "Don Giovanni" is a genuine miracle, and that the repetition of this miracle—if it is adequately performed—is bound to be one of the outstanding events of any musical season. On Thursday evening of last week, it reëntered the Metropolitan's repertory—which up to that point in the season had been pretty conventional, not to say dull—and provided one of those occasions when the Met reaches its full glory. I can find a few other things to quibble about in the performance. Some of the ensembles, notably that in the opening duel scene, were a little muddy (this was Mr. Boehm's fault), and I wish the Met would get itself a harpsichord, instead of relying on a piano for the chords that accompany the *secco* recitatives, since the piano introduces an anachronistic note in this eighteenth-century work. Still, my advice is, if you can latch onto a ticket, don't miss "Don Giovanni." It is one of the really worth-while experiences to be encountered in Manhattan this year.

I REMEMBER the local début, several years ago, of the young conductor Robert Shaw, who, in the field of choral music, seemed to me at the time to possess qualities closer to true genius than have been exhibited by any other American maestro of his generation. On Wednesday evening, Mr. Shaw appeared here as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony, and presented a program consisting entirely of orchestral compositions, among them Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler," and the New York première of the Second Symphony of the late Robert Kurka. The result, where Mr. Shaw was concerned, was, I am afraid, a curious letdown, which naturally led me to speculate on the differences inherent in choral and orchestral conducting. It is obvious from Mr. Shaw's

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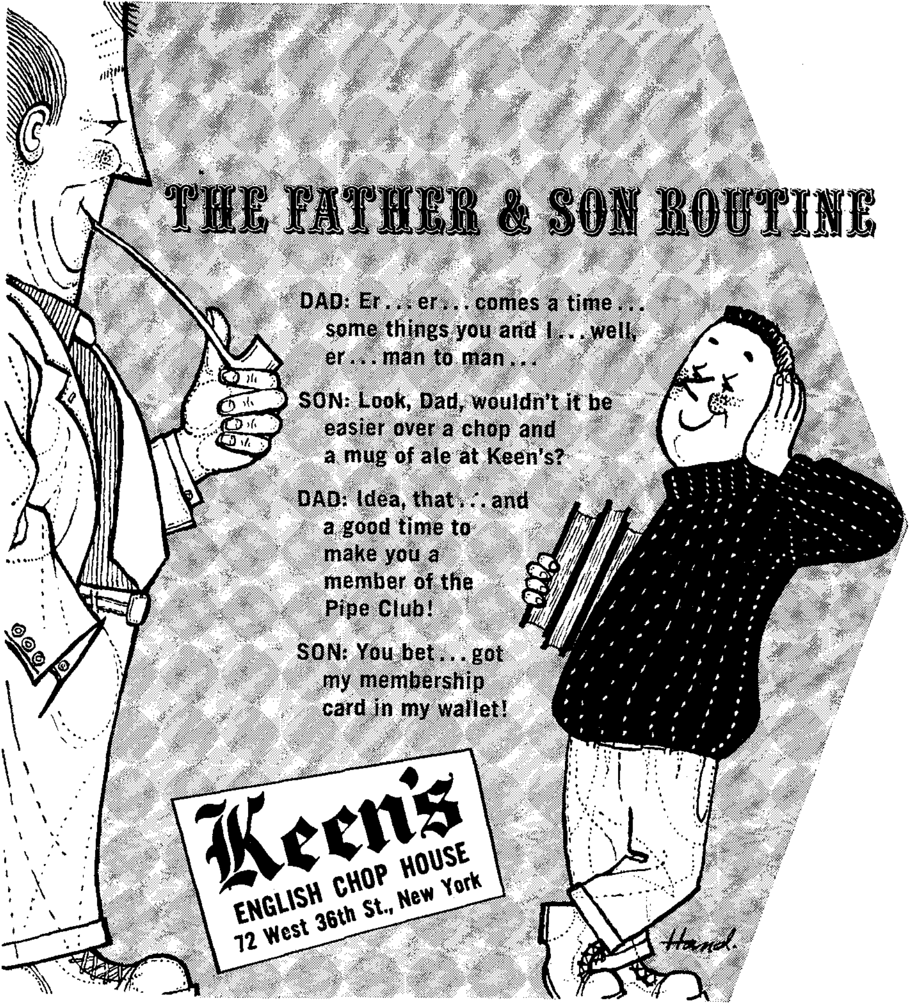

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work with choruses that he is an intuitive musician of extraordinary sensibility. But solely in the technical field there appears to be a wide gap between the sort of baton-wielding that can draw eloquence from a group of choral singers and the sort that can operate with hair-trigger efficiency on the playing of a highly responsive and professional instrumental ensemble. Mr. Shaw got through the evening presentably enough (it is not much of a trick, actually, to conduct Tchaikovsky's Sixth with an orchestra like the Boston Symphony, which could probably give a pretty good account of it without any conductor at all), but the peculiar brilliance and finish that have characterized his choral performances seemed entirely lacking in the orchestral music. This, I felt, was a great pity, since the shortcomings of Mr. Shaw clearly had nothing to do with artistry or musical intelligence but stemmed simply from an inadequacy in his means of communication with the musicians under him. The occasion was, I understand, his first essay in purely symphonic conducting here. Perhaps he will improve with further experience.

The Kurka symphony turned out to be a far stronger work than the same composer's opera "The Good Soldier Schweik," which was done here last spring at the City Center. It obviously owes a great deal to the style of Prokofieff, but, for all that, it is a composition of great individuality, and it has a sureness of draftsmanship and a quality of propulsion that are not often encountered in contemporary American symphonies. I should welcome the opportunity of hearing it again. It certainly shows that a major musical talent was cut down in its prime when Mr. Kurka died, of leukemia, just over a year ago, at the age of thirty-five.

ON Friday evening, I dropped into Carnegie Hall, along with a vast audience, to hear Artur Rubinstein give an all-Chopin recital. I had been through this experience a dozen times before, and I won't bother you with the details of the program, because they are really irrelevant. The important thing was the Old Master—his scintillating technique, his personal charm, and his inimitable address, which belongs in the grand tradition of nineteenth-century piano playing. Rubinstein's pianistry is not something that one can analyze and lay down scientific rules and regulations about. It is the fruit of an aristocratic school of musical thought, where not only the fingers are governed by habits of taste but the total personality as

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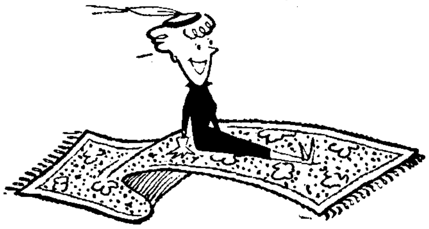

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well, and where authority reveals itself both in exactitude and in deviations from the exact. The fine line that divides sentiment from mush is a secret of this school, just as it was a secret of the Athenian sculptors and of the great Renaissance painters. Mr. Rubinstein has long walked it like a tightrope, and he did so again the other evening.

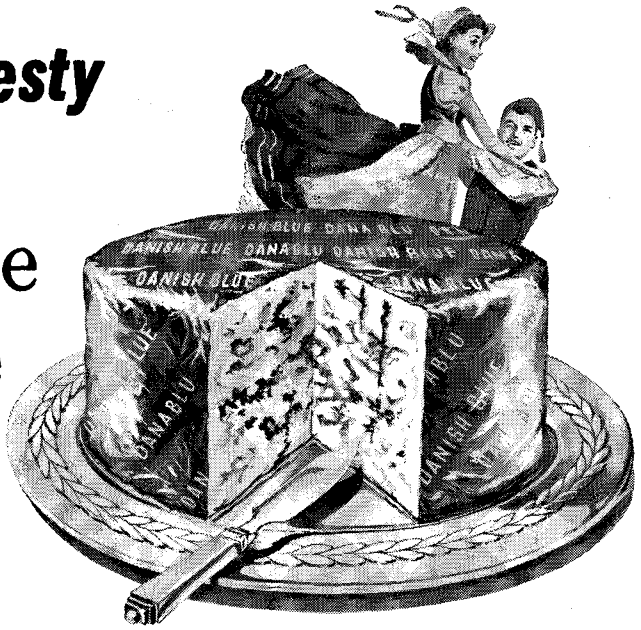
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

Mingus Among the Unicorns

LAST Friday night, in the Nonagon Art Gallery, on lower Second Avenue—a long, narrow, second-floor room whose fireplace, brooding beams, heavy chandeliers, and dark woodwork carved with unicorns, lions rampant, and medieval heads give it the air of a Hohenzollern hunting lodge—the third in a superior series of monthly modern-jazz concerts was devoted to the Charlie Mingus quintet. In addition to being a reaffirmation of the passionate intelligence Mingus has for several years been pouring into his work, it was perhaps the only first-rate affair of its kind held in New York since the Modern Jazz Quartet's Town Hall appearance last year. Fortunately, Mingus usually bears down with equal weight on his talents as composer, arranger, and bassist. He excels at fresh, poignant blues melodies and leisurely, almost ornate ballad numbers spelled out in long, graceful melodic lines that move as if they were being played in slow motion. He is an arranger who experiments continually with rhythm by supercharging his pieces with different but always related tempos, stop-time choruses, and complex double-time or staccato background effects whose near frenzy seems to endow whatever else is going on with a tranquillity and stateliness rare in modern jazz. He has also developed various raucous, rasping contrapuntal ensemble methods that, by persistently rubbing its melody the wrong way, fill the cheeks of the palest tune with color. Finally, Mingus has no peer, past or present, on the bass. He invariably gives the impression of accomplishing what the instrument was never intended for, and yet, peculiarly, it is not his virtuosity that one is hypnotized by but the daring and inimitable melodic and rhythmic content that is the result of it.

All of Mingus's sizable achievements—and his impressive bulk, which is approaching that of the late Sydney Greenstreet—were in evidence at the concert. On hand with him were Booker Erwin, tenor saxophone; John



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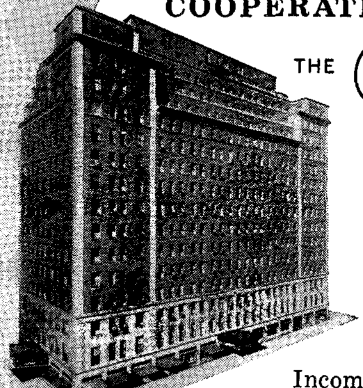

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Handy, alto saxophone; Richard Wyands, piano; and Dannie Richmond, drums. The first of the eight numbers, which ranged from seven to seventeen minutes, was a rather perfunctory medium up-tempo version of "Take the 'A' Train." It was followed by Mingus's attempt to capture the essence of Jelly Roll Morton—a direct forebear of Mingus—in a number called "Jelly Roll Jellies." Instead of being a celebration, the number turned into a clumsy takeoff; the saxophones mooed out a dolorous melody reminiscent not of Morton but of Art Hickman, and gave way to similarly parodying solos, which in turn evaporated into the various instrumentalists' own styles. The foolhardiest effort came from Richmond, who, before slipping into his own manner of playing, played several solo choruses, presumably modelled on Zutty Singleton and Baby Dodds, that made them into the world's least accomplished drummers. "Alice's Wonderland," a slow ballad by Mingus, with a wandering, thick-textured melody, followed, and it was, in contrast, a delight from beginning to end. After stating the melody, the horns, swelled abruptly by Mingus's humming in falsetto at the top of his lungs, slid into a weird, wavering descending figure, which was cut off by a short arhythmic interlude, with the piano fashioning porous, Impressionistic chords, the drummer pinging on finger cymbals, and Mingus playing rapid strumming phrases. There was a swaggering, exaggerated restatement of the melody by the horns, then some good solos, and, finally, a repetition by the ensemble of the patterns used at the outset. It was a near-perfect piece. Handy was particularly striking. A young musician from San Francisco, he played with flawless control, and though the work of Charlie Parker forms a broad dais for his style, he used, unlike most of his colleagues on the saxophone, a highly selective number of notes, a warm tone, and a couple of devices—a frequently prolonged trill astonishingly like that of the old New Orleans clarinettist George Baquet, and ivory-like sorties into the upper register reminiscent of Benny Carter's smooth ascents—that set him several paces away from his first model. "Billie's Bounce," done at a brisk tempo broken by stop-time rhythms and double-time effects in the background, disintegrated halfway through into a drum solo, which, not surprisingly, was long, lurid, and loud. (Modern drumming, which evolved from the nervous, expertly turned inventions of Kenny Clarke and

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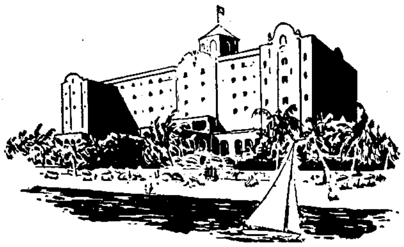

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Max Roach, has exasperatingly become a separate solo tradition, in which the drummer wades wildly and unconcernedly through almost every number as if there were no one present but himself.)

After the intermission, a ten-minute rendition of "I Can't Get Started" was built around Handy and Mingus, who produced an extraordinary solo three or four choruses long and full of quick, two-steps-at-a-time clambering around the scale, lightning strummings, sometimes carried out with both hands, and slow, booming notes that seemed to bulge out the walls. The concert closed, after another Mingus ballad, with "Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting," an irresistible rocking blues founded on the accents and rhythms of gospel music, which were pulled back and forth by a variety of rhythms. These also had the effect of elevating, at regular intervals, the head of a Medusa-haired spectator inexplicably drowsing in the second row, not eight feet from a roaring Richmond.

The concert was recorded on the spot, and although several selections were interrupted for brief retakes and admonishments by Mingus to his musicians (to his drummer: "Don't get so fancy. This is *my* solo, man"), these diversions only accentuated the general vibrancy of the evening.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

The capes teased the bull toward the picador, who aimed and thrust and held his goad—a half-inch-wide spike—into the bull's left shoulder to bleed and weaken him for the kill.

The picador has the face of a hard creditor in a poor neighborhood, of the business agent of a Teamsters local. He was cheered louder than Chamaco by fat men of the merchant class. They were cheering their own.

So, of course, that is what it is all about. The bull is the people, the picadors are the installment companies, the landlords and the whole race of the people's bleeders. And when the bull is weak enough and distracted enough, the matador comes with cape to exhaust and sword to kill him on this parched and alien floor. The matador is, of course, the politician; this ritual is so faithful to the allegory of all processes of government that it defines the matador's mission as "to stop, direct and tame the beast."

So what dies six times a saint's day in Barcelona is, then, the people. I do not offer this as a Marxist concept, because Marx, too, had his red cape and his short sword. It is an anarchist idea, and Barcelona was once the capital of the anarchists, whose sons and daughters come now to applaud their own disaster.—*Murray Kempton in the Post.*

The bull's shoulder, of course, is government ownership of railroads.

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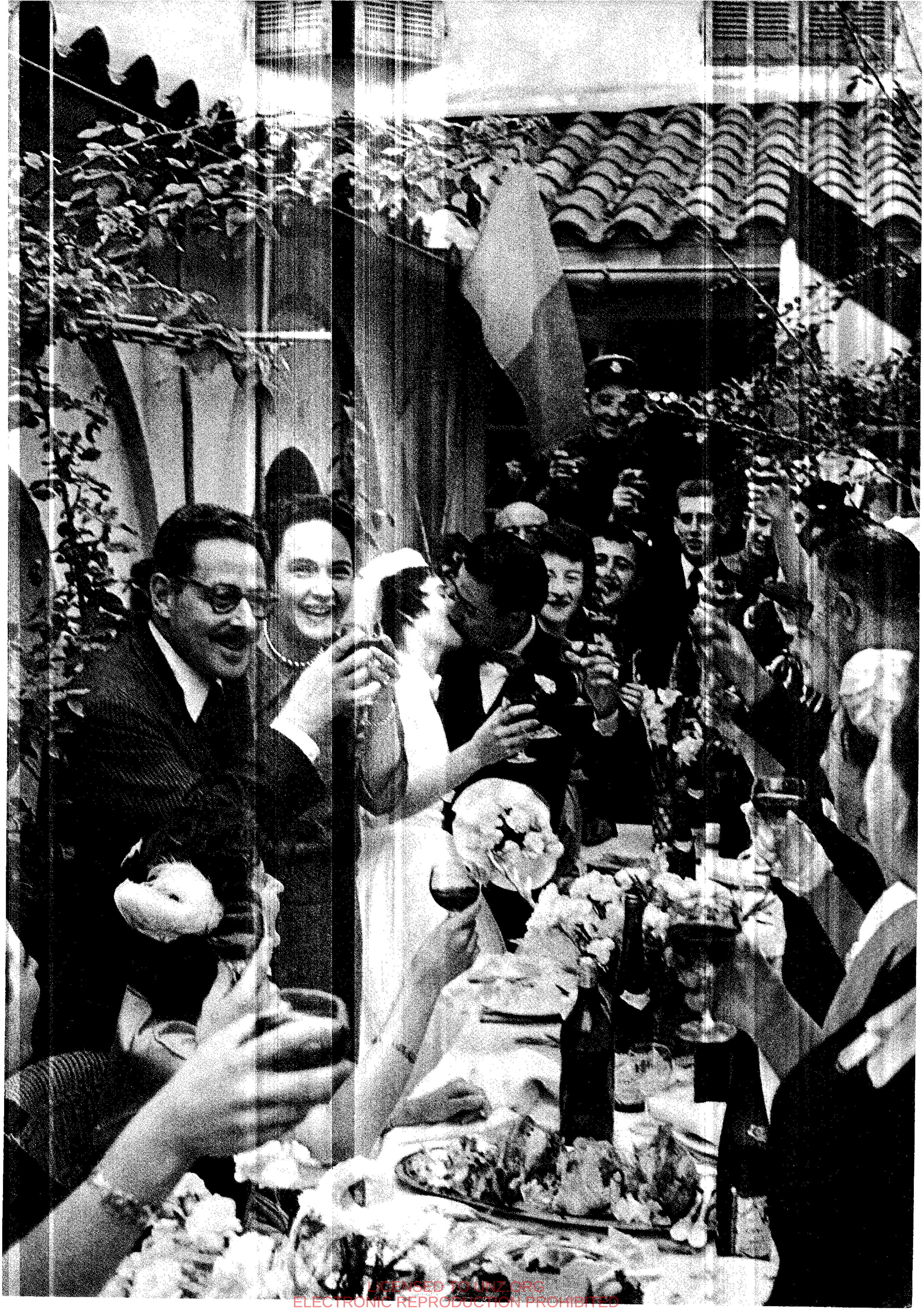
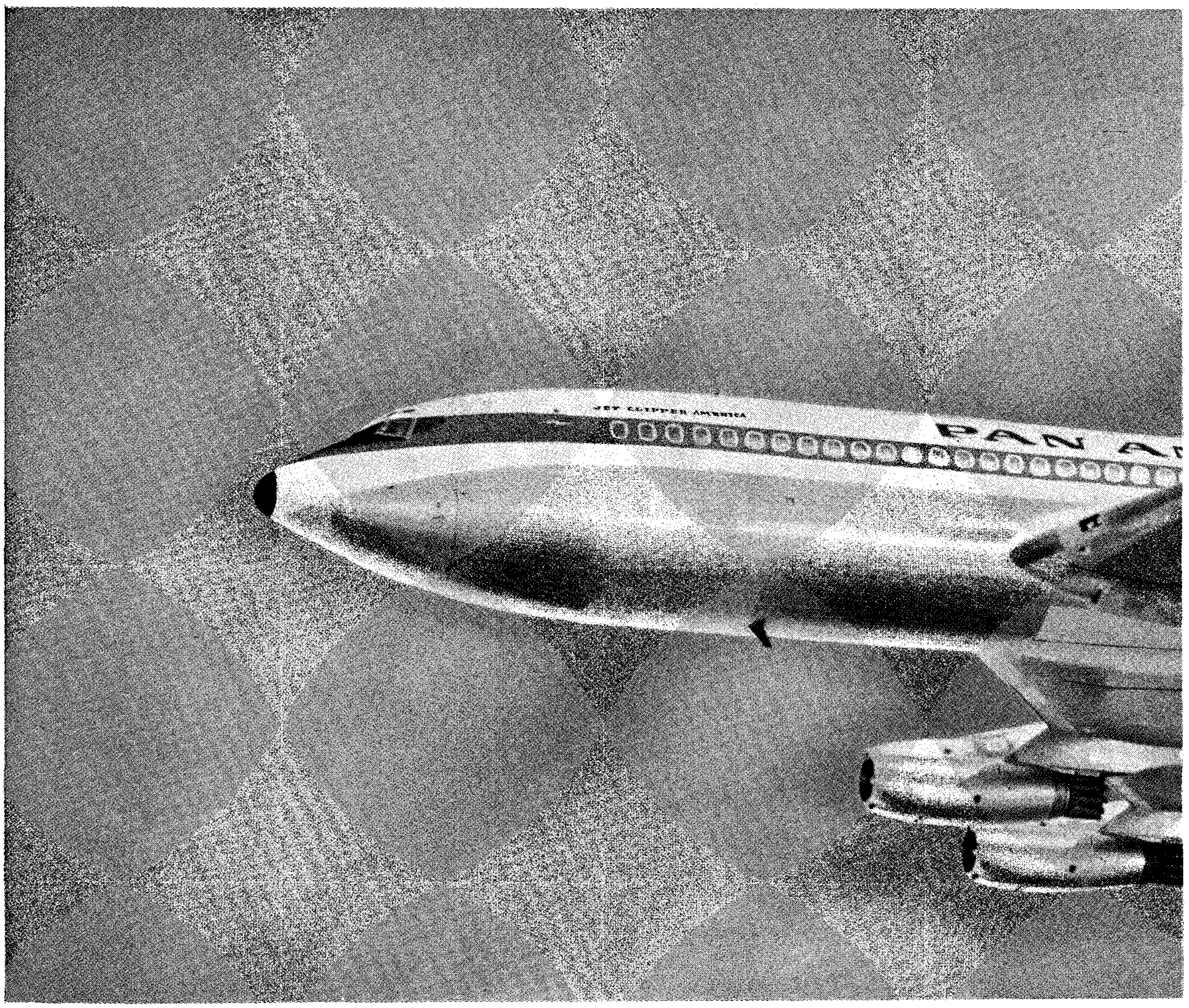
Mr. and Mrs. William Gronim of Freeport, New York,
come upon a wedding party in St.-Rémy, **PROVENCE,**
and are promptly invited to join the fun.
William Klein's camera records the happy event.



"Good morning, Ladies and Gentlemen



welcome aboard the new Pan Am

10:20 A.M.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen, this is the Captain speaking. On behalf of the flight crew and myself, I would like to welcome you aboard Pan Am's Jet Clipper *America.*

Our flight this morning will take us nonstop to London Airport.

Our flight plan calls for an arrival time fifteen minutes ahead of schedule as we will be benefiting from a substantial tail wind, courtesy of the jet stream. This means that for much of our flight our ground speed is expected to be 620 miles per hour.

We will fly at an altitude of 31,000 feet and will arrive at London Airport at 9:20 p.m. London time.

Now a word about the aircraft in which we are flying. It's a Boeing 707, the world's fastest airliner.

The Boeing 707 has been flown and tested on international air routes for over 4 years. Each of the four pure jet engines that you see under the wings can provide up to 13,000 pounds of thrust. The absence of pistons and propellers accounts for the quiet and lack of vibration you are now enjoying.

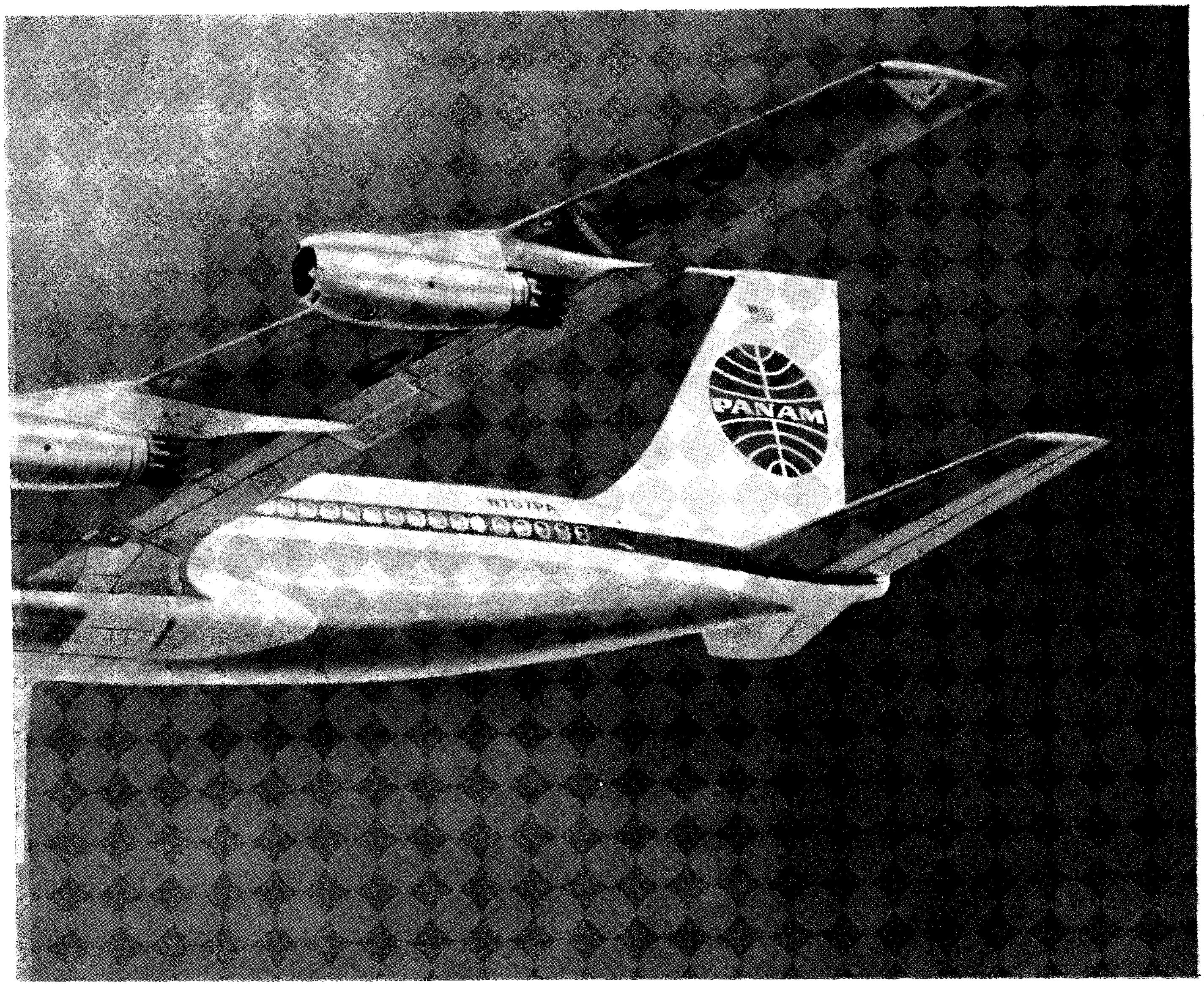
From time to time during our flight today, I will speak to you again pointing out items of interest. For example, out of the port window—your left side—you can see the New England coastline.

In a few minutes, attendants will pass down the aisle serving you luncheon and refreshments.

12:00 NOON

This is the Captain
We are now at cruising altitude, 31,000 feet. Ground speed—620 miles per hour as we have just entered the jet stream. For the next hour and a half we will continue to get an assist from this natural air current. Now—if you'll look out of your window you will notice how intensely blue

This is the Captain speaking . . .



Pan Am's Jet Clippers* will now fly you from New York to Europe . . . the fastest service to London, Paris and Rome.

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ıe sky is. That's because we're lmost in the stratosphere. It's a it chilly out there—some 60° elow zero!

3:30 P.M.

This is the Captain Ladies and gentlemen, I've just been talking with Flight Control at London Airport. The eather is bright and sunny and ıere's a light breeze—perfect nglish weather for walking, ghtseeing, or shopping.

A half hour from now we will be ready to make our descent, putting us down at 9:20 London time. If you have not already changed your watches, I suggest you do so. It is now exactly 8:30 London time.

By the way, ladies and gentlemen, there's a lot to see and do in London at night. And one of the most interesting is a walk along the Thames Embankment with an excellent view of the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben. With tonight's full moon you won't want to miss it.

4:00 P.M.

This is the Captain We are still flying at our cruising altitude of 31,000 feet. You can look outside and see the lights of Ireland. In a few minutes we will be over Bristol and making our descent. It was a pleasure having you aboard our Jet Clipper *America*. Hope to have you with us on your return flight. Thank you.”

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Pan American, world's most experienced airline,

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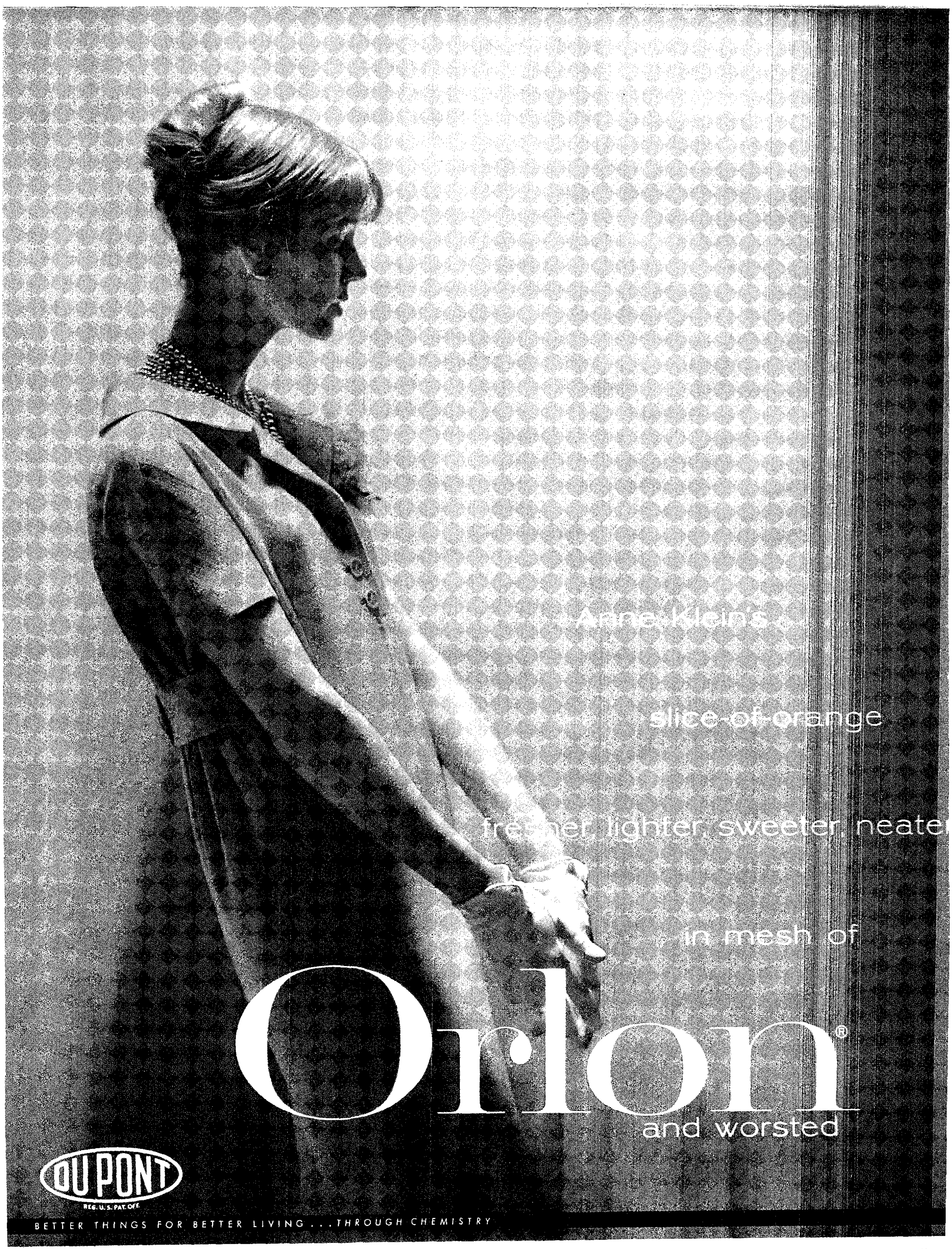
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slice-of-orange
fresher, lighter, sweeter, neate
in mesh of
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and worsted
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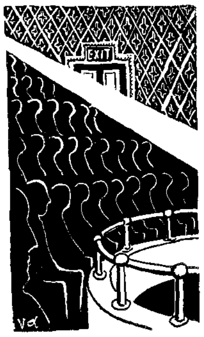
DU PONT'S BETTER LIVING FIBERS GIVE YOU SO MUCH MOR

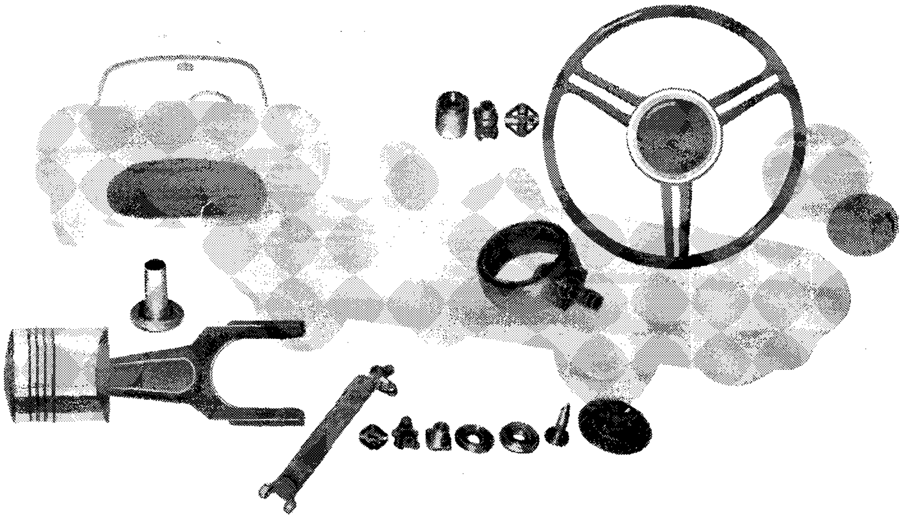
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Anna Again



AS the heroine of "Anna Lucasta," a dishevelled movie adapted by Philip Yordan from a play he wrote several years ago, Eartha Kitt portrays a young lady who dispenses her favors as if she were operating a notions counter, and has a heart of gold. Given these basic characteristics, one might assume that she selected prostitution as an occupation because she found the work congenial as well as rewarding. But Mr. Yordan is quick to disabuse us of any such superficial idea. Anna, it develops, is the victim of an emotionally confused father (Rex Ingram), who, when he discovers her innocently smooching with a young man, summarily tosses her out of his house. In the current version, the Lucastas are settled in Los Angeles, instead of a Pennsylvania mill town, and Anna, after her eviction, drifts down to San Diego to become a popular waterfront trollop, whose most frantic admirer is a sailor, played by Sammy Davis, Jr. After Miss Kitt and Mr. Davis have spent some time demonstrating that carnal love is a most nerve-racking pursuit, we are given a light respite when Anna's father is persuaded by his family to ask her to come back home. The family hopes that she will see her way clear to marrying a visiting Alabama farm boy (Henry Scott), who is the son of an old chum of Dad's and has turned up at the Lucastas' with four thousand dollars in his kick. Anna's mother (Georgia Burke) figures that Anna will stop sashaying around San Diego if she settles down with a solid man, but there are those in the family circle—particularly Anna's conniving brother-in-law (Frederick O'Neal)—who don't care anything about Anna's welfare but simply want to get their hands on the loot. Miss Burke is tolerable as the mother, but Mr. O'Neal plays the brother-in-law as if he had got his training in Dumont's Minstrels.

When the Lucastas are all assembled, they are not the most invigorating group in the world, and when Mr. Ingram tries to bust up the proposed marriage (for once, a father decides that a suitor



it takes 12 hours to assemble a sports car. .

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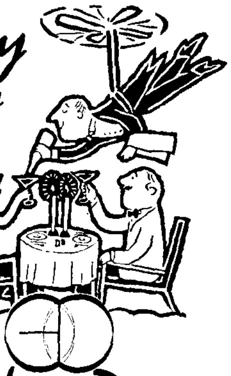

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Bring a friend. Bring your spouse. Bring your appetites. Schrafft's will see to it—as Schrafft's have seen to it so long—that you get what you deserve—Excellence!

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is too good for his daughter), the movie gets completely balled up in an attempt to explain the psychology of it all. Father, as I understand it, has a touch of incest in his makeup, and Daughter, far from being the sinuous and impassioned babe we've seen cavorting with Mr. Davis, is really as wholesome as Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Directed by Arnold Laven, "Anna Lucasta" doesn't offer much in the way of motion, and you'll probably find it tiresome to sit around while the family argues endlessly at the dinner table.

For the record, this is Mr. Yordan's third version of "Anna Lucasta." It began as a play about a white family but was first performed by a Negro cast. Then Mr. Yordan collaborated with Arthur Laurents on a picture with a white cast, in which Paulette Goddard played Anna. Now it is back again with a Negro cast, and we can only hope that Mr. Yordan has ended his variations on the theme. Naturally, there's always a chance that it will show up on television. You'd be well advised to make that a night for visiting your neighborhood playhouse.

—John McCarten

•

To get the lowdown on what outer space looks like, an N. W. Ayer artist went out to the Fels Planetarium and talked with Dr. I. M. Levitt, Director. The latter dug up dozens of photographs of outer space which proved beyond doubt that a void is a void and is to be avoided, as far as ad illustrations are concerned.

But since outer space has no lobby in Washington and does not comprise a pressure group, the artist felt he could take certain liberties with it in order to make space look lonely but still interesting.

Working from Dr. Levitt's photographs, the artist rearranged the moon, planets, galaxies, and nebulae so as to take the nothingness out of space and make it look like an attractive, if somewhat underpopulated, place to spend a hot summer's night.

The resulting ad bears the caption, "Is it Lonely Out There?" and the answer is, "Yes, but you should have seen it before N. W. Ayer went to work on it."—*United States Investor.*

Now we'll never know which way we like it better.

•

Washington (AP)—The Justice Department said today its anti-trust division is looking into the proposed merger of J. P. Morgan and Co. and Guaranty Trust Co. of New York City.

Officials reported both companies have been asked to supply details of the plan for consolidating the two bit banking concerns.
—*Fort Lauderdale News.*

Just give the news, please.

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Sapphire sea... a magnificent palm-fringed private beach . . . and The Lido Biltmore's Club-atmosphere. Perfect swimming, exciting fishing in protected waters, boating, 5 golf courses, tennis. Luxurious resort hotel on the Gulf, fabulous cuisine, social gaiety. American and European Plan.

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THEATRE DINNER
$4.75 from 6:30 to 8 except Sunday
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Dinner Music 8:30 to 9:30
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Tommy Purcell
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AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
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the Living Room
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MATT DENNIS
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THE RACE TRACK

Double Feature

IN one way, at least, last Friday's opening at Hialeah followed a pattern. When the Florida season began at Tropical Park on Thanksgiving Day, twenty-six sprinters came out for the Hurricane Handicap, and since the track wasn't wide enough for all of them to start together (there's an unwritten rule that every horse must have five feet of racing room at the barrier), the race was run off in two sections. The Royal Poinciana Handicap, which got things going at Hialeah last week, drew nineteen entries, so it, too, was split into two divisions. In the first, which from all accounts was something of a Donnybrook Fair, Solution, one of the hardy campaigners of Hasty House Farm, came through handsomely and paid $59.80. In the second, Calumet Farm's Kentucky Pride, who could do no better than third in the Hurricane, had it fairly easy, winning by lengths. This time last year, it may be remembered, Calumet thought Kentucky Pride was better than Tim Tam, but then he trained off. Now he seems in a fair way to regain his old form—or perhaps he just likes to run at Hialeah.

A double race like the Royal Poinciana is all right, but the real razzle-dazzle of opening day was the double dead heat in the first race. Behind a filly called Golden Wedding (isn't there a whiskey of that name?), who came down in front by six lengths, a couple of selling-platers, Replenish and Falcula, passed the winning post so nicely aligned that neither the camera nor the placing judges could separate them, and a nod back of them came two more, Belchise and Borette, and the camera and the judges couldn't split them, either. A roving outside man tells me the four were so close that practically everybody in the crowd thought it was a quadruple dead heat. Since the coming of the photo finish, twenty-odd years ago, there have been half a dozen triple dead heats but no quadruple. Obviously it could happen, because it almost did. What a gay time the tote boys would have had paying off on all those horses!

As for Saturday's Hibiscus Stakes, which I caught on television, there really isn't much to say. Octopus, who is

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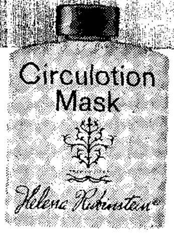

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Philco Predicta table TV, the new look of television! The picture, completely enclosed in its own case, "floats" and swivels above its 8" high cabinet. Finished all around, it can be placed anywhere. Gleaming brass trim and beautiful woods.

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Blond as shown $279.95

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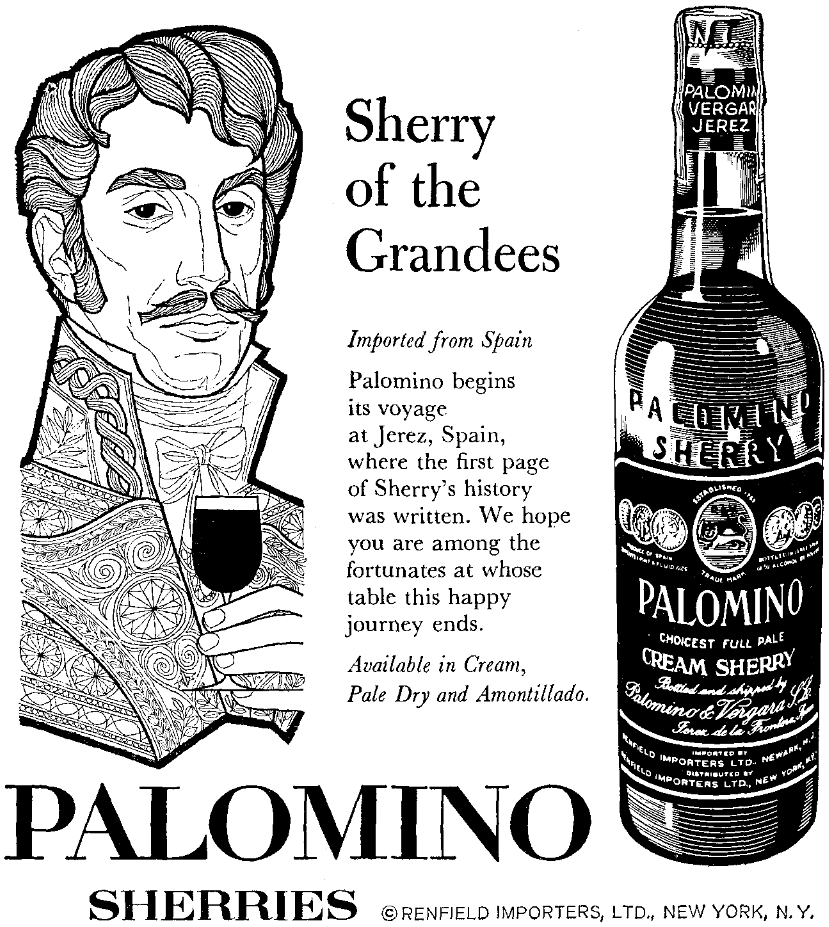

Sherry of the Grandees

Imported from Spain

Palomino begins its voyage at Jerez, Spain, where the first page of Sherry's history was written. We hope you are among the fortunates at whose table this happy journey ends.

Available in Cream, Pale Dry and Amontillado.

PALOMINO
SHERRIES

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charting a new course:
Gordon's colorful Jib Cloth Cotton Jacket. In bold flag stripes of blue, red, or brass on white—as well as solid shades and candy stripes. About $23.50. Pirate Pants, narrowed and ankle-length, in coordinated colors. About $11.00.

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Seattle . . . . **Albert Ltd.**
Nashville . . . . **Dix Ltd.**
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probably the best racer Jim Norris has owned since Jamie K., led all the way, winning comfortably from Mrs. A. L. Rice's pair, Cedar Brook and Rare Rice, who came in second and third, respectively, and eight others. The Hibiscus, which starts a series leading up to the Flamingo Stakes on February 28th, is the race in which Gallant Man first attracted attention two years ago, by beating Missile, King Hairan, Round Table, and Federal Hill. There was no Gallant Man or Round Table on hand last Saturday. Octopus is a speedy, useful colt (I like the remark his trainer made about him after the race: "He kinda trains himself"), but he's nothing First Landing need worry about. If you've puzzled over his name, it's a wry joke on the part of his owner. Mr. Norris was head of the International Boxing Club for years, and around Stillman's Gym and similar places, as you have no doubt heard, the I.B.C. was known as the Octopus.

OUT at Santa Anita last Saturday, Terrang won the Santa Catalina Handicap—practically the only noteworthy thing he's done since he won it last year. A beast named Ying and Yang, who ran in claiming races at Jamaica last spring, was second, Alibi Blue was third, and Eddie Schmidt was fourth. A statistician with time on his hands has figured out that Eddie Schmidt has carried off some part of the purse in each of his last twenty starts. Not bad. Speaking of money spinners, Round Table may run in the San Marcos Handicap over the turf course this weekend. It should be pie for him.

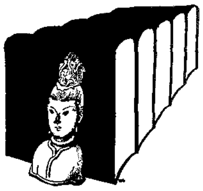
RACEGOERS, I'm sure, will all be as sorry as I was to hear that Ted Atkinson has been forced to retire, because of sacroiliac trouble. He was one jockey who never gave up, no matter how far behind he was, and the result was that not infrequently he would win on the second- or even the third-best horse. In the twenty-one years he was riding (Good Lord, is it that long?), he had 3,795 winners and headed the list twice—in 1944 and 1946. That's a record to be proud of.

LAST weekend, for the second Saturday in a row, the races at Charles Town were called off because of bad weather. Colonel Martingale, whose raccoon coat is in tatters, hopes the going will be better when Bowie opens, a fortnight from now.

—AUDAX MINOR

BOOKS

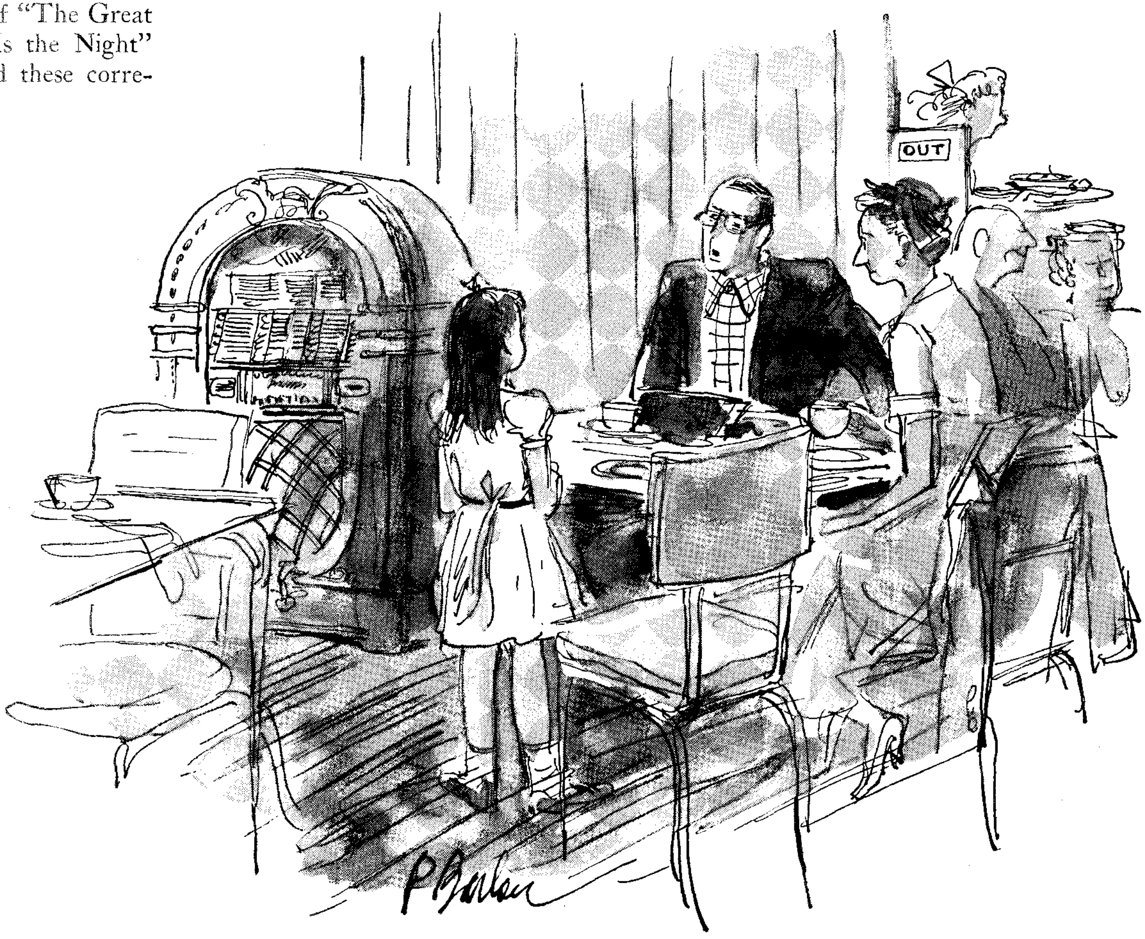
Sheilah Graham and Scott Fitzgerald



Cyril Connolly, in writing about F. Scott Fitzgerald seven years ago, noted that, "apart from his increasing stature as a writer, Fitzgerald is now firmly established as a myth, an American version of the Dying God, an Adonis of letters born with the century, flowering in the twenties, the Jazz Age which he perfectly expressed and almost created, and then quietly wilting through the thirties to expire—as a deity of spring and summer should—on December 21, 1940, at the winter solstice and the end of an epoch."

The transformation of Fitzgerald into a vegetable god had gone further even than Connolly could have known. The writer of the present review, who had known Fitzgerald since his college days, edited, after his death, two volumes of his uncollected or posthumous writings and, as a result of this, found himself for years the recipient of a flow of letters of a very curious kind. It was evident that it was not merely, or perhaps primarily, as the author of "The Great Gatsby" and "Tender Is the Night" that Fitzgerald interested these correspondents but that he had become the object of a cult which had gone beyond mere admiration for literature. He had taken on the aspect of a martyr, a sacrificial victim, a semi-divine personage. People would beg me to see them simply in order that they might have had the privilege of beholding and speaking with one who had looked upon and spoken with Fitzgerald. Of course I avoided such contacts; I realized that it would be quite impossible for such worshippers to form any realistic idea of what Scott Fitzgerald had been like, and that they might better be left with their myth. One lady was sure that she had crossed with Fitzgerald at a time when he had been travelling incognito—not, I gathered, without tender passages—and would not be disillusioned when I wrote her that Fitzgerald had always travelled with his family and that he had made no trip to Europe at the time she believed she had seen him. She sent me for verification a letter she was certain she had had from him—so banal in its chirography and style that it was difficult to know how anyone who had ever read a line he had written could have credited it to Fitzgerald. But this lady may very well still be convinced that she has played shuffleboard or walked the deck with an angel unawares. I had to recognize that my gifted but all too human old friend had been cast, just as Connolly had said, in the role of Attis-Adonis—the fair youth, untimely slain, who is ritually bewailed by women, then resuscitates, as Fitzgerald did, after perishing in the decline of his reputation, when his books were republished and more seriously read than they had usually been during his lifetime and when his legend became full-fledged and beyond his own power to shatter it.

This transformation into Attis-Adonis of a certain type of poet has been a recurrent phenomenon in literature (as well as in other fields), and it evidently repeats a pattern that springs from some instinctive need, some inevitable primitive imagery. There has been a strong element of this in the attitude of their admirers toward several of the Romantic poets. Shelley, who wrote of Keats as "Adonais," is himself one of the most obvious examples. The passing of Attis-Adonis was traditionally lamented by women, and the same has been true of these poets. Their devotees were sometimes called Maenads, and they seem to belong to the same family as the Maenad-Bacchantes of the cult of Dionysus, who tear to pieces a male sacrificial victim. You get all this in Shelley's case—the emotional fragmentation among several women, the drowning when the Don Juan went down, the burning of the body on the beach, the snatching of the heart by Trelawny (there are always a few male admirers). The poet Elinor Wylie was one of the devotees of Shelley



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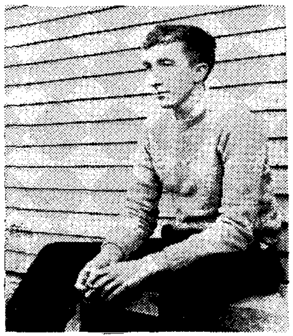

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for whom realistic insight was hardly possible, and in her novel "Orphan Angel" she effected a ritual resurrection by bringing him to life in America and providing him with a further career. D. H. Lawrence is an even more striking example. He, too, has been worshipped, lamented, and torn to bits by his feminine celebrants. And the late Dylan Thomas seems also to be undergoing this transformation. There is always in these cases an element of the feminine in the Attis-Adonis himself. It was the theory of the German scholar Böttiger—I learn from Smith's classical dictionary of 1844—that Attis, the beloved of Cybele, symbolically combined in himself both the masculine and the feminine principles of nature. I do not mean by this to suggest that there was, in the literal sense, in the case of Scott Fitzgerald, for example, anything in the least effeminate—an effeminate personage would never do to represent the force of fertility. But he readily in his fiction—from the flappers of his early stories to the young girls through whose eyes, in "Tender Is the Night" and "The Last Tycoon," so much of the action is witnessed—performs a kind of feminine ventriloquism, just as Lawrence in "Lady Chatterley" and so many other stories is writing from the woman's point of view. The woman reader finds a feminine self-identification on the part of the male writer, and she identifies herself with him. It is only such a poet as this—not the warrior or the builder or the abstract thinker—who can fully represent the renewal of life.

THIS is all by way of a prelude to a book that is not at all typical of the Attis-Adonis celebrant—Sheilah Graham's recent memoir of Fitzgerald. Sheilah Graham is much too down-to-earth British, too close to the practical struggle for life, to perform with the timpani and cymbals. The resurrection takes place, all right, but—like one of Dr. Zhivago's—it takes place in the familiar ignoble world, in flimsiest Hollywood, among massacred scripts and dropped options. It is not a ritual matter, but a renewal in enduring if unfinished production, and the paeans of jubilation, like the chants of lament, are soon curbed.

But since this memoir, "Beloved Infidel" (Holt)—written by Sheilah Graham in collaboration with Gerold Frank—is not merely a book about Scott Fitzgerald but, as its subtitle indicates, an account of "The Education of a Woman," we must begin, as the

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author does, at the beginning of the story of her life, which she has here for the first time made public.

Sheilah Graham, she tells us, was originally Lily Sheil—a name that "to this day horrifies me to a degree impossible to explain," that she has not pronounced for twenty years, and that she has "written here for the first time since my childhood." She was born in London's East End; her mother was "a cook in an institution," and she never knew much about her father, who died when she was eleven months old. She had no family except her mother, who put her into an orphanage at the age of six and left her there for eight years, during the first six of which, for hygienic reasons and to make her easily recognizable if she ran away, she had always to have her hair cropped. When she emerged from this institution, she worked at first as a housemaid, then demonstrated a new kind of toothbrush, then worked for a Major Gillam, who dealt in miscellaneous "fancy goods." Eventually, she married the major, who was twenty-five years older than she. He taught her correct table manners and English and got rid of her cockney accent. He even had her presented at Court. But she wanted to go on the stage, and got a job as one of "Cochran's Young Ladies." She played in Noël Coward's revue "This Year of Grace," and she won a silver cup as the "most beautiful chorus girl" in London. She began to have smart admirers and be invited to smart parties. In the meantime, she had adopted her present name, invented a past for herself with a family background in Chelsea and a finishing school in Paris, and equipped herself with bogus family photographs.

One day, when she had gone to St. Moritz with the Mitfords, a lady with whom she was skating remarked, "You're an adventuress, aren't you?," and, after a brief pause, she answered, "Yes, I am." She was aware that, in her present situation, she could not go on putting herself over in England, so, leaving her husband behind, she emigrated to the United States, where she imagined it would not matter so much where you came from or who you were. She had already attracted some attention by her articles in the London popular press, and in New York she very soon succeeded in making a modest reputation as a journalist. In time she was given a job doing a syndicated gossip column, and this has been her occupation ever since. She was persistently pursued over here—having divorced her husband in England—by a playboy

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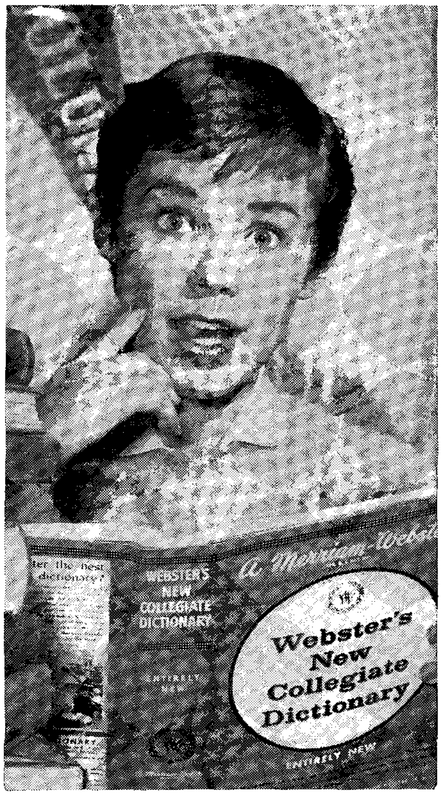
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Marquess of Donegall, who did a society column for a London daily, and she was evidently ready to marry him when— her suitor having returned to England—she found that she had set off vibrations in the romantic sensibility of Scott Fitzgerald, who, lonely and in eclipse, his wife in a mental institution and his daughter soon to enter college, had come out to Hollywood in the hope of making money to pay his debts.

Fitzgerald took over Sheilah and set out to complete her education. When he discovered that she was tongue-tied among his friends because she could not speak their language or take part in their clever games, he read her poetry and taught her history, laid out for her a whole course of study. She told him her real story—in spite of her youthful impostures, she strikes one as fundamentally an honest person, perfectly realistic and not given to deceiving herself— then waited with apprehension to see whether his manner toward her would change. It is obvious that Fitzgerald was fascinated. She could have done nothing better calculated to stimulate his interest and sympathy. Having lived so extravagantly beyond his means, having strained so to meet the standards of the rich people of St. Paul and Chicago among whom he had had to grow up without ever having the money to compete with them, he was well qualified to put himself in Sheilah's place. She had already exercised upon him a kind of spell which she could not at first have understood. She was afterward to find their relationship transposed into fictional terms in the story of Kathleen and Stahr, in his unfinished Hollywood novel, "The Last Tycoon." Stahr is attracted to Kathleen by a fancied resemblance to his dead wife, as Fitzgerald had been attracted to Sheilah by a blond beauty that resembled Zelda's. This sort of thing is likely to happen after the loss of a woman still loved, and it may lead to mistaken appraisals—a species of optical illusion—that seem strange to an outside observer. But in this case the fundamental difference of Sheilah Graham's character from Zelda's that lay behind the former's glamour turned out to be extremely fortunate. Where Zelda had the charm of a sophisticated child— imaginative, amusing, capricious—and the lack of inhibitions of an Alabama belle, Sheilah Graham was quite mature: sober and self-controlled. If the fairies had been tipsy at the christening of Zelda (as Stevenson said in another connection) and had heedlessly squandered upon her, with a minimum of the stabilizing qualities, choice gifts that were

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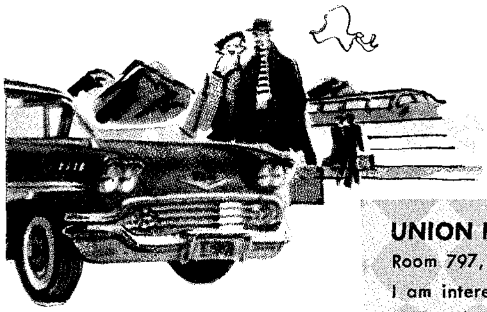

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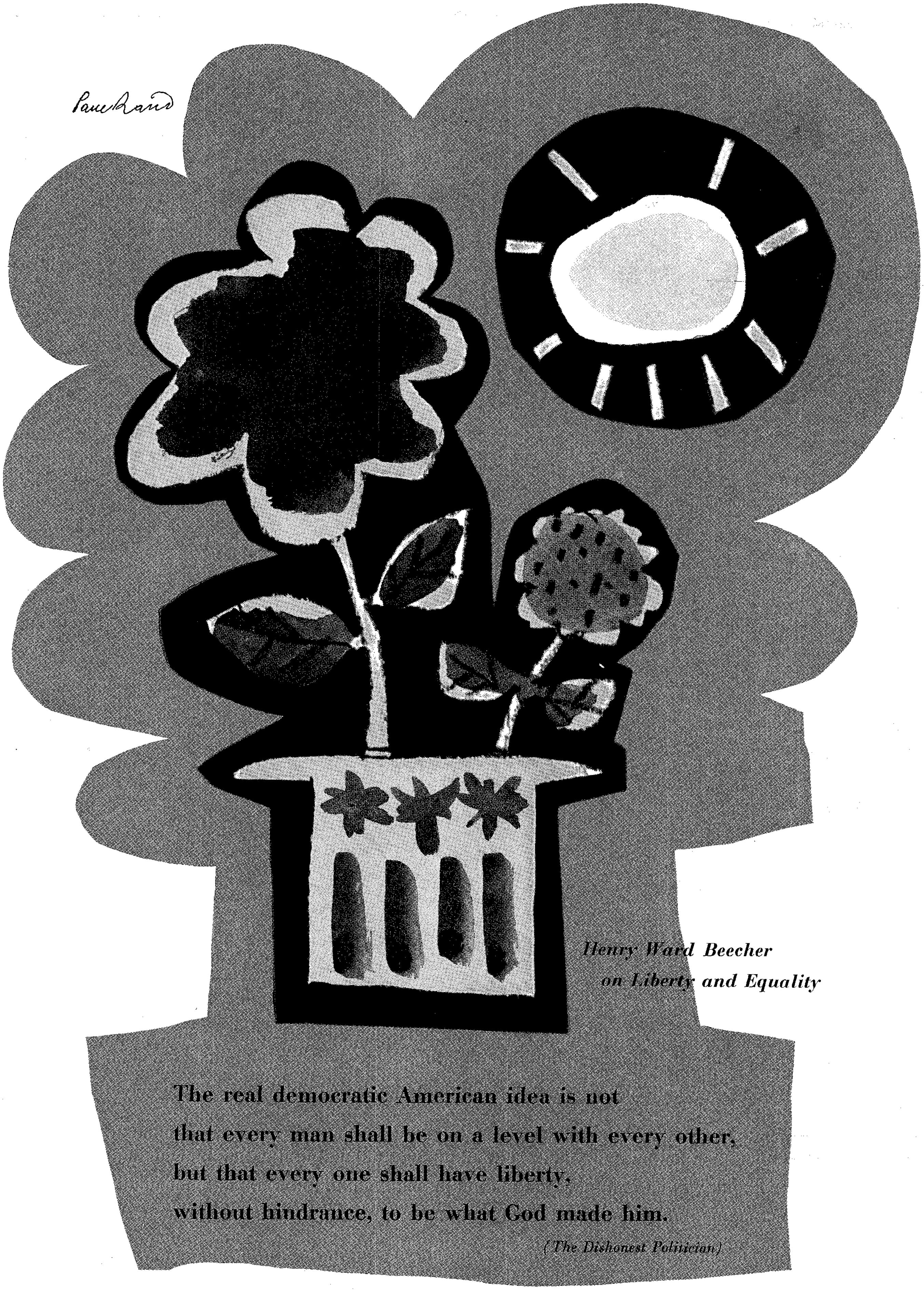

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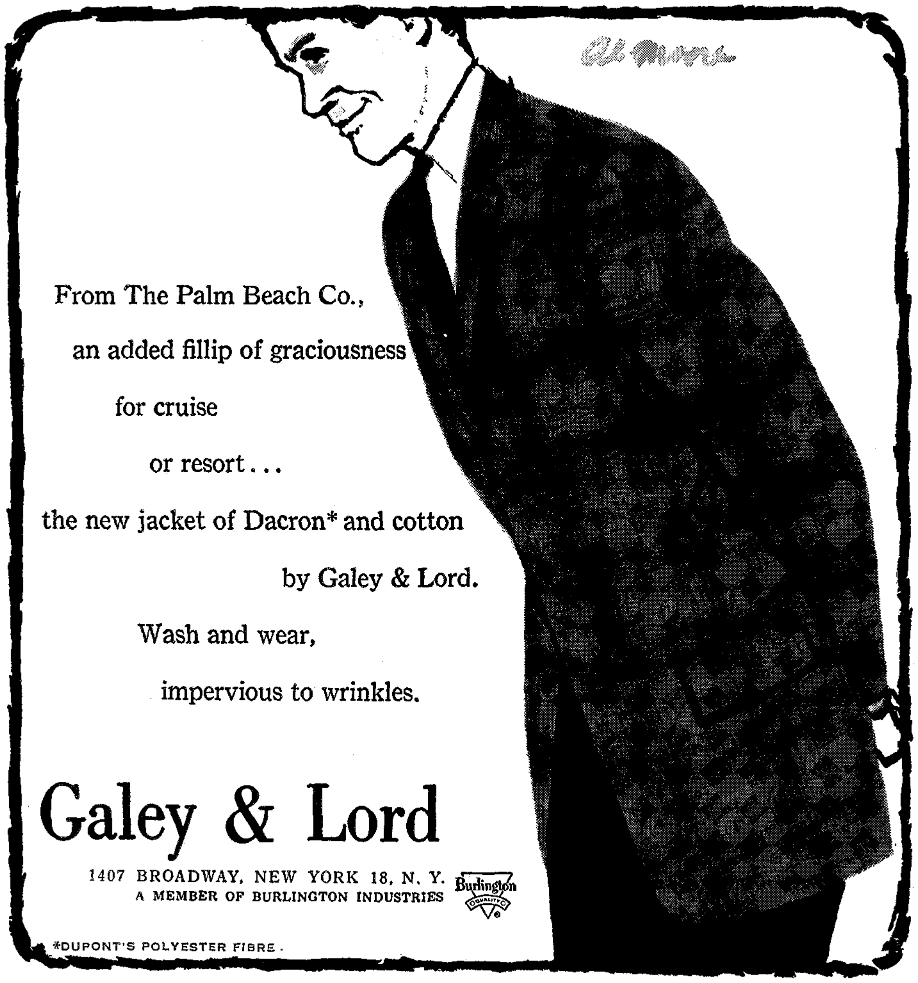
squandered by herself, Sheilah Graham had had to learn slowly and to make herself a place in the world. Where Zelda would have flown away with any topic of conversation, no matter how little she knew about it, and enchanted—though she occasionally exasperated—the company with her opalescent fancies, Sheilah Graham would sit in silence, or, if she should hazard an inept remark, at once become aware of her error and be deeply embarrassed by it. When Fitzgerald set out to instruct her, she mastered what he had to teach with an accuracy that gave her in Hollywood a reputation of being exceptionally well informed. So not only did she rouse in him the sense of romance without which he could not flourish; she was able, with her affection and her common sense, to do everything a woman could to console him, to keep up his morale and to provide him with the necessary conditions for work—all of which meant making it possible for Fitzgerald to insulate himself from the distracting and, for him, the humiliating life of the moving-picture world. And she was admirable in her relations with Fitzgerald's daughter, at the time she was in her late teens and in Vassar, when her motherless relations with her father were evidently something of a problem, since Fitzgerald's imagination accompanied his daughter to college and pursued her in his letters and precepts with a commentary on her career there that became as much of a fiction taking flight from the actuality as any of his professional fiction.

Scott Fitzgerald, of course, failed as a Hollywood writer. Though he tried to take a hopeful view of the possibilities of the cinema and to acquire its peculiar techniques, he could not help despising its people and parodying and otherwise insulting them with the invincible Irish mockery that was likely to take possession of him when he was trying to induce himself to perform some uncongenial task. And he was not used to being rewritten or to working with other people. His incapacity to function under Hollywood conditions drove him, finally, back to his fiction. He succeeded, in "The Last Tycoon," in identifying his own predicament with that of his hero, a brilliant producer, an old-fashioned American individualist, with ideals of artistic excellence, who has always been in the habit of doing everything for himself in his own way but is eventually to be destroyed by the crass, uncreative elements which are converting the moving pictures into a big mechanical industry that has no regard for persons or for quality. "It occurred to me," says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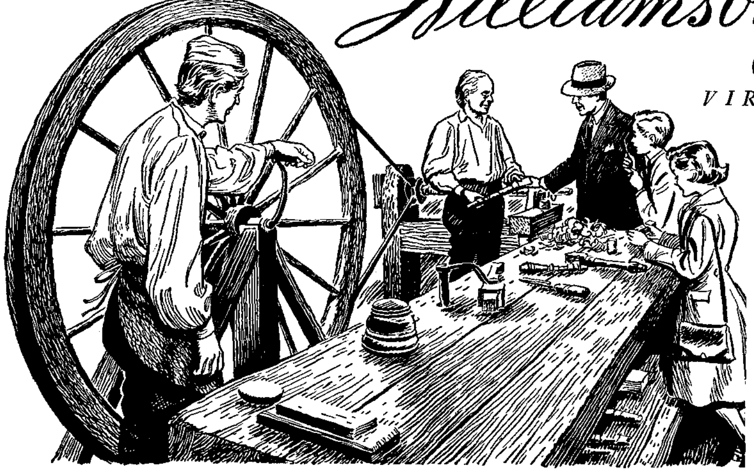

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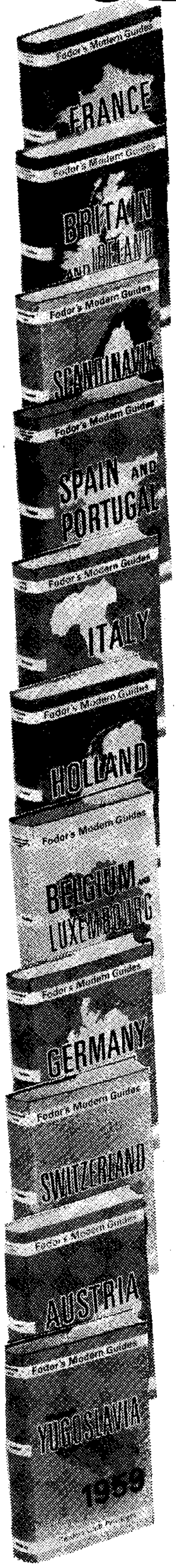
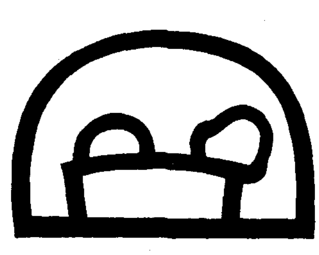


Sheilah Graham, "that I was of some value to Scott, for I could never tell him too much about Hollywood." She is too modest; if it had not been for her, we should undoubtedly have had no "Last Tycoon" at all. Not only did she bring him the gossip; she provided him with the base and supported him with the confidence that gave him the heart to return to his serious work, and anyone concerned with Fitzgerald must feel a special satisfaction that it has been possible for Sheilah Graham, with little vanity and no sentimentality, to do herself this overdue justice. It was impossible, while Zelda was alive, for Fitzgerald to marry Sheilah, and it was impossible, after his death, for a biographer or editor to acknowledge her help. In the biography by Arthur Mizener, Sheilah Graham is not mentioned by name, and this episode of his final years, so important but then difficult to deal with, had to be given too scant attention.

THIS hiatus in the story has now been filled, and the memoir by Sheilah Graham turns out to be the very best portrait of Fitzgerald that has yet been put into print. Zelda Fitzgerald's novel "Save Me the Waltz" was merely a facet of the fantasy that he and she lived together; Arthur Mizener had never known Fitzgerald and did not in certain respects perhaps very well understand him; Budd Schulberg did know him briefly and in his novel "The Disenchanted" was able to reproduce quite faithfully the way Fitzgerald talked and behaved when, confronted with something that frightened him, he went to pieces and took to clowning (though some of the lines I have seen quoted in reviews of the play recently made from this novel would have given poor Fitzgerald gooseflesh). But Sheilah Graham shows us Fitzgerald at both his worst and his best, and, never having been fused into the Fitzgerald fantasy, has been able to put together a picture which, though intimate, is calm and objective. We are a long way here from Attis-Adonis.

When Sheilah Graham first knew Fitzgerald, he had for some time been safely on the wagon; in Hollywood, he went out to few parties, and, when he did, would remain in the background and usually get away early, before the heavy seas began. But his regime was upset by a trip to Chicago, where Sheilah was to make a broadcast. She had not yet got the hang of radio and was somewhat nervous about it, and Fitzgerald went along to give her moral support,



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but was evidently nervous, too. Before starting, he resorted to the bottle, with the inevitable consequences of chaos and farce. Having helpfully rehearsed her before they left, he insisted, at the actual rehearsal, on sitting in the front row and beating time with an imaginary baton and otherwise distracting her to such a degree that he had to be removed by the stagehands. These lapses continued at intervals in the course of their years together, and for Sheilah, who had never before had to contend with the maniacal American spree—in her better circles in England she had merely heard of people being "tiddly"—this presented a dismaying problem. The series of these aberrations was to culminate in a terrible crisis, which forced her to call the police and to refuse to see Fitzgerald for weeks.

This episode, shocking though it is, has so much dramatic significance that—from the long-term point of view—I do not think that Sheilah Graham, in including it, is guilty, as some feel, of bad taste. Fitzgerald threw back at her with sneers, and even threatened to proclaim to Hollywood, what she had told him about her origins. It was the familiar alcoholic phenomenon of impotence—Fitzgerald must have felt powerless in Hollywood either to do work that met his own standards or to succeed on Hollywood's terms—that turns into frenzied aggression, of self-hatred that seeks for relief by directing its fury against someone else. But Sheilah, as a result of this scene, had a rather welcome interval of freedom, when she was able to go out with other men and to circulate in a normal way: his possessiveness had been a tyranny, preventing her, on one occasion, from putting up a woman friend who had come on a visit to Hollywood and, on another, from seeing the head of her syndicate, who was making the rounds of the newspapers to which his features were sold.

But when Fitzgerald had well recovered—his recoveries were long and arduous—he turned to Sheilah again, and she found that she could not reject him. They rented two apartments in the same building, one above the other. He knew now that he had a bad heart, so lived on the bottom floor. He was working on "The Last Tycoon," and this reviewer, who sorted out his manuscripts, can testify to the scrupulous discipline he was able to impose on himself. He had revised the early chapters again and again, had calculated the value of every touch. One day when, Sheilah says, he had been reading the papers and eating

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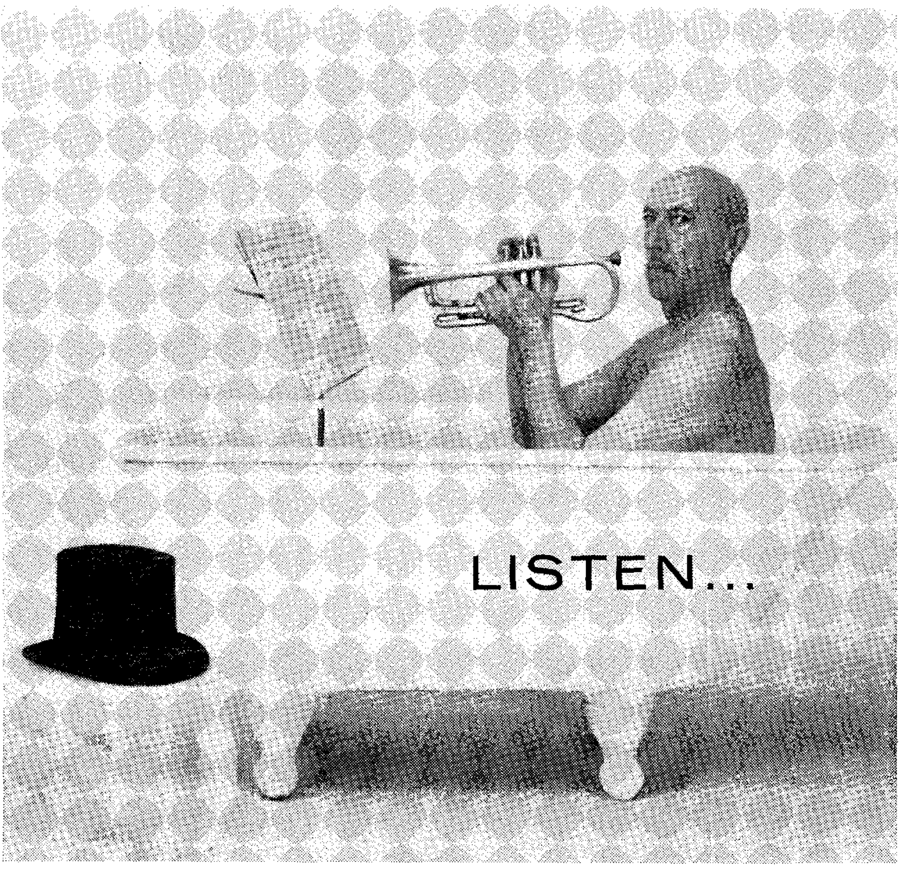

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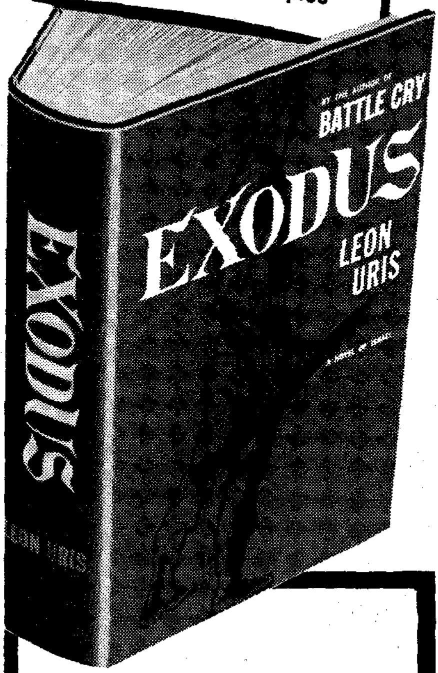

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chocolate bars, when he had been telling her that if his book were successful he would take her back to the East and then they would travel together—"if ever I get out of this mess, I'll make it up to you, Sheilo"—he suddenly got up from his chair, clutched the mantelpiece, and fell dead on the floor.

THIS whole story I have found moving. The book fully justifies, it seems to me, all of Sheilah Graham's revelations about both herself and Scott. They have both of them—she despite the pretenses of her youth, he despite his neurotic divagations—too much dignity at the core of their characters for this memoir to have anything sordid, and Sheilah Graham saw Scott Fitzgerald, as few even of his close friends did, when he was serious, self-exacting, hard-working; she had the best of his charm and humor, his imaginative consideration; and she has done well to leave this record.

To the reviewer, the whole thing seems so far away, so much part of an already classic tale, that the question of scandal can hardly arise. It may be that the intervention of Sheilah Graham's collaborator has something to do with this. No collaborator can quite get away from the conventions of the popular magazine, which act as a non-conductor, which put us at a muffling remove from the emotions of the actual experience. But the story is skillfully told; it has undoubtedly, from this point of view, profited from Mr. Frank's handling, and, though ironed out, it never sounds false. It almost seems to take its place as a part of Fitzgerald's work, which has become, only eighteen years after his death, already so much an established thing—left intact when the dreams and disorders which it embodies have themselves died away, and we see it from a bleaker world.

But, tell, shall he, the tourist, find
Our isles the same in violet-glow
Enamouring us what years and years—
Ah, Ned, what years and years ago!

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TAMBOURINES TO GLORY, by Langston Hughes (John Day). This new offering from Mr. Hughes, who could singlehandedly keep any publisher in manuscript for any given year, revolves around two fortyish Harlem women—Laura Reed, a trim scamp, and Essie Belle Johnson, a plump, religiously inclined woman given to

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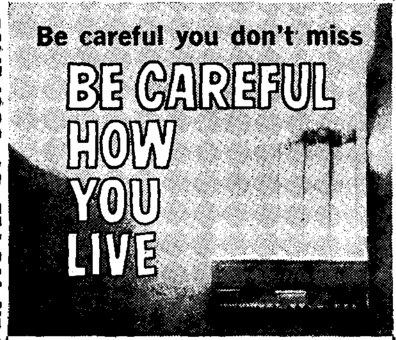

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meditative silences, or "pauses," that sometimes last for hours. Driven by economic need, they start their own gospel church, which in a year or so grows from its street-corner beginnings into Harlem's most prosperous independent denomination. The inevitable happens. Laura, surfeited with men, drink, Cadillacs, and furs, gets in deep trouble, and Essie, glowing with the Word, rises from her lifelong stupor to become a selfless religious leader. Mr. Hughes is mildly stern about religious shamming, but he also has a good deal of fun celebrating the words and music that are the marvel of the gospel churches.

ESPRIT DE CORPS, by Lawrence Durrell (Dutton). Eleven farcical tales of high jinks in the British Foreign Service. Most of them are quite funny, although they tend, in bulk, to pall a little, because the humor lies not so much in situation or character as in the mock portentousness of the telling: " 'In Diplomacy,' said Antrobus, 'quite small things can be One's Undoing; things which in themselves may be Purely Inadvertent. The Seasoned Diplomat keeps a sharp eye out for these moments of Doom and does what he can to avert them. Sometimes he succeeds, but sometimes he fails utterly—and then Irreparable Harm ensues.' " Illustrated with drawings by Vasiliu.

GENERAL

SOLITARY LIFE, by Richard Katz, translated from the German by Hetty Kohn (Reynal). In 1936, the author, a widely travelled German journalist just turned forty-eight, lost his taste for people and far places and retired to a country cottage in a mountain valley near Locarno. This book, which was written several years later, is a record of his life as a solitary. The publishers tell us that it has long been known and esteemed throughout Europe. It is not hard to understand why. For Mr. Katz, though tired of people, is anything but tired of life, and his years of wandering about the world have given him the raw material from which to form, as he digs in his garden or roams with his dogs or eats a lonely supper by the fire, his own opinion of the human situation. The result is a most enjoyable evening with the most amiable of misanthropes. Illustrated with wood engravings by Peggy Clarke.

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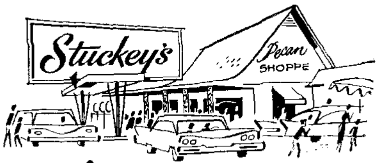

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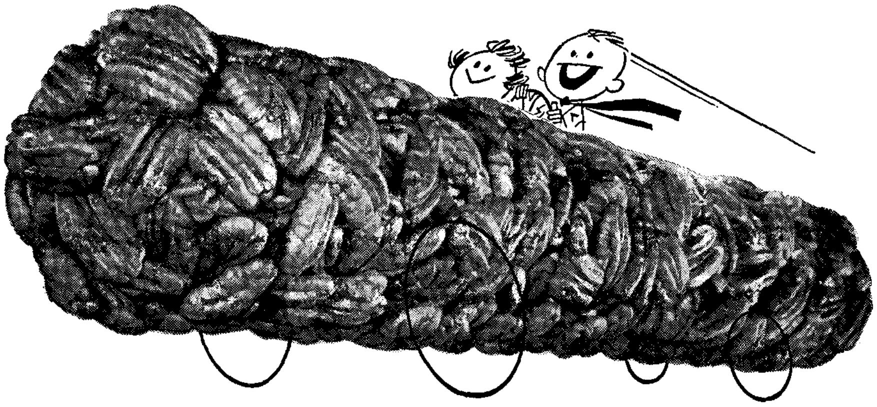

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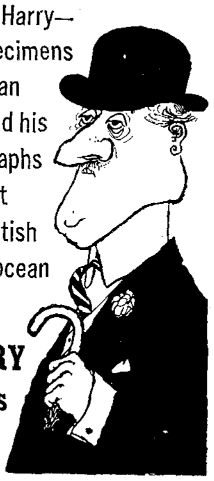

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(Philosophical Library). This is an interesting study of all the invasions of Russia, written by a British Army officer who has taught at the Royal Staff College and at Sandhurst. During the Middle Ages, Russia was successfully invaded a few times, but in the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries, Charles XII of Sweden, Napoleon, and Hitler all tried it and were licked. The story of their campaigns, which Colonel Jackson tells in considerable detail, is an awe-inspiring record of military ineptitude. The invaders lopped off huge stretches of territory and only then discovered that Russia, like an amoeba, doesn't mind amputations. The Russian armies retreated, wondering why they had not been able to stop the enemy at the border; these confused retreats later looked like wisdom, because by the time the Russians were ready to counterattack, the invaders were exhausted from chasing them. Since the French imagined they could avoid the mistakes that the Swedes had made, and the Germans were certain they would avoid the mistakes that the French had made, and none of them did anything except make mistakes, Colonel Jackson's moral—don't invade Russia—seems unimpeachable.

The Pageant of Elizabethan England, by Elizabeth Burton, illustrated by Felix Kelly (Scribner). The author, who is not alone in her belief that the long reign of Elizabeth I was a golden age, has set out to describe the everyday life of Englishmen who were lucky enough to live in it. It is the kind of book—a grab bag of facts, gossip, statistics, guesswork, and art history—that is hard to make readable, but Miss Burton has done so. She has organized a remarkable assortment of information (she tells us, for instance, that the prisoners in London jails in this happy era passed the time manufacturing loaded dice for sale on the outside) into pleasant, vivid, amusing prose.

W. Somerset Maugham, by Karl G. Pfeiffer (Norton). Since Maugham has asked that no biography of him be written, this is not a biography but "A Candid Portrait," by an old friend and bridge companion who teaches English at N.Y.U. Mr. Pfeiffer shows the formative importance of Maugham's stammer, ventures the opinion that he is "ripe for conversion to Roman Catholicism," and offers the judgment that Maugham's stature as a writer may

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ultimately be limited by a lack of human warmth and a poverty of ideas. Candid, in short, but never really adding up to a portrait. Photographs.

A Prison, a Paradise, by Loran Hurnscot (Viking). The first part of this tiresome work is drawn from diaries covering the years between 1922 and 1933, in which Miss Hurnscot describes her unhappy life with her husband, her unhappy life with her first lover, and the unhappiness she suffered during her long struggle to recover from these two misfortunes. The second part of the book begins with a fairly short summary of her childhood, which was unhappy, and then the narrative reverts, spasmodically, to diary form. These later diaries, extending from 1936 to 1958, describe the author's prolonged effort to understand herself, and her attempt, through various kinds of religious experience and practice, to find God. Miss Hurnscot has obviously had a difficult life, but her eye has never wavered from its rapt contemplation of herself. One is tempted to observe that her mother and her husband and her first lover, among them, imparted every fear to her except the fear of boring others. This is presented as an autobiographical work, but we are cautioned, more than once and rather importantly, to bear in mind that Loran Hurnscot is not the real name of the author.

The Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke and Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis, translated and with an introduction by Nora Wydenbruck (New Directions). Rilke was thirty-four and Princess Marie fifty-four when they first met, in Paris, in 1909. They remained close friends and correspondents until his death, in 1926. Rilke had come to a crucial period of his life—an increasing restlessness, the inability to write. His need for a sympathetic friend and patron is evident; at the same time, he struggles to keep his freedom, and never becomes a permanent member of the Princess's entourage at Duino (her castle near Trieste) or elsewhere. His final breakthrough into sustained poetic expression (in the "Duino Elegies" and "Sonnets to Orpheus," in 1922) is here recorded, together with his continuing gratitude for help received. The choice of material seems rather capricious; the letters are cut, but all excisions are given in an appendix, in the form of notes. An important and interesting

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addition to the Rilkean chronicle in English.

THE MAGIC-MAKER: E. E. CUMMINGS, by Charles Norman (Macmillan). Cummings' popularity among a large group of readers is now established, and this shift of position—from a highly specialized avant-garde poet, who had difficulty in finding a publisher, to an accepted writer—seems to show a change in his audience, rather than a change in his methods or material. Mr. Norman has traced the details of this change, while giving his subject full marks for his poetry, plays, and prose. Cummings' story is interesting, and Norman has made the most of his access to family papers and correspondence, particularly in the case of the poet's experiences, soon after receiving his Master's degree at Harvard, in a concentration camp in France, in 1917 (described in "The Enormous Room"). The production of the play "Him" at the Provincetown Playhouse in 1928 is also carefully documented, as well as the circumstances leading up to Cummings' delivery of the Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard in 1952-53. Illustrated with photographs, and with good reproductions of the poet's drawings and paintings.

NOTE: "In Every War but One," a greatly expanded version of Eugene Kinkead's report (first published in this magazine) on American soldiers who became prisoners of the Chinese during the Korean War, has been issued by Norton.

•

Dr. Donald O'Connor, pastor of the First Methodist Church, had planned to speak today on the trials of Job, Biblical character who stood steadfast in his faith even though he was afflicted with painful boils from the hand of Satan.

Last night, however, Dr. O'Connor announced that he will be unable to appear at the 11 A.M. services. In his place, he has engaged James Peterson, nationally-famous marriage counselor from southern California.

The minister explained he had been ordered to bed by his physician, because of a serious boil he developed Friday.—*Las Vegas Sun.*

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•

THE TELEVISION LIFE
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[*From the Times*]

Another new Sunday program to fill the gap left by the disappearance of professional football from the network's schedule is "The World of Ideas," which starts Jan. 18.

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